HEAVEN IN SONG

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HEAVEN IN SONG:

COMPRISING THE

GEMS OF ALL AGES

ON

THE BETTER LAND.

BY

HENRY C. FISH, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF "HISTORY AND REPOSITORY OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE," "HANDBOOK OF REVIVALS," "THE HOUR FOR ACTION," "PRIMITIVE PIETY REVIVED," ETC.

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THIS VOLUME

IS

LOVINGLY INSCRIBED

TO

Miss DELIA J. FISH,

To whose essential aid it owes its preparation.





THE rabbins report that when Joseph gathered much corn in Egypt, he threw the chaff into the Nile, that, flowing to the neighboring cities and nations more remote, they might know what was laid up for them. So God hath thrown some husks to us in this world, that, tasting the sweetness thereof, we might aspire to his bounty above.—SPENCER.



PREFACE.

IT is Coleridge who says, that

> In some hours of solemn jubilee
> The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
> Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild,
> Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
> And odors snatched from beds of amaranth.

The purpose of this volume is to gather up and present some of these echoes of unearthly melodies, poured forth in Christian song.

As a LYRA CŒLESTIS, embracing the master-pieces and choicest lyrics upon Heaven, selected from all the hymnological sources, home and foreign, modern and ancient, it is the most extensive collection that has hitherto been attempted.

We must view it as a cause for gratitude that so many of the hymnists have chosen this as their theme. Every reader of these pages will be impressed with the variety

and richness of their productions. Heaven, indeed, in the words of Bishop Hall, hath many tongues to talk of it.

As a book for the parlor-table and the shelf of the library; for the closet and the sick-room; for hours of literary enjoyment and of devotional musing; for the use of young disciples and of experienced saints, it is hoped that "Heaven in Song" will prove a favorite gift.

May it please the Blessed One, whose presence is the glory of Heaven, to accept the offering, and make it an inspiration and a joy to many in the house of their pilgrimage.

H. C. F.

NEWARK, N. J., *November*, 1873.

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NATURE OF HEAVEN.

We have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—2 Cor. 5 : 1.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.—1 Cor. 2 : 9.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.—John 14 : 2.

I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me, where I am, that they may behold my glory.—John 17 : 24.



NATURE OF HEAVEN.

EVERLASTING LIGHT.

WILLIAM COWPER.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

"There, like streams that feed the garden
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow;
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign,
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

"Ye, no more your sun's descending,
Waning moons no more shall see,
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me;

God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your Everlasting Light."

ONWARD INTO LIGHT.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

OUR course is onward, onward into light;
What though the darkness gathereth amain?
Yet to return or tarry, both are vain.
How starry, when around us thick is night?
Whither return? What flower yet ever might,
In days of gloom, and cold, and stormy rain,
Enclose itself in its green bud again,
Hiding from wrath of tempest out of sight?
Courage! we travel through a darksome cave;
But still, as nearer to the light we draw,
Fresh gales will meet us from the upper air,
And wholesome dews of heaven our foreheads lave,
The darkness lighten more, till full of awe
We stand in the free sunshine, unaware.



MY NATIVE LAND.

From the Spanish, by H. W. Longfellow.

CLEAR fount of light! my native land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
Mansion of Truth! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;
But sentinelled in Heaven, its glorious presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not death.
Beloved country! banished from thy shore,
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
That whither my love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

MY COUNTRY'S LOVELINESS.

From the Latin of Casimir, by R. C. Trench.

IT kindles all my soul,
My Country's loveliness! Those starry choirs
That watch around the pole,
And the moon's tender light, and heavenly fires
Through golden halls that roll.

O, chorus of the night! O, planets, sworn
The music of the spheres
To follow! Lovely watchers, that think scorn
To rest till day appears!
Me, for celestial homes of glory born,
Why here, oh why so long
Do ye behold an exile from on high?
Here, oh ye shining throng,
With lilies spread the mound where I shall lie:
Here let me drop my chain,
And dust to dust returning, cast away
The trammels that remain;
The rest of me shall spring to endless day.

HEAVEN OF HEAVENS.

EDMUND SPENSER.

LOOK thou no further, but affixe thine eye
On that bright shynie, round, still moving masse,
The house of blesséd God, which men call skye,
All sowed with glistering stars more thicke than grasse,
Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe.
But those two most which, ruling night and daye,
As king and queene, the heaven's empire sway.

And tell me then, what hast thou ever seene
That to their beautie may comparéd bee?
Or can the sight that is most sharpe and keene
Endure their Captain's flaming head to see?
How much lesse those much higher in degree,

And so much fairer, and much more than these,
As these are fairer than the land and seas?

For farre above those heavens which here we see
Be others farre exceeding these in light;
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse, and in height,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
That need no sunne t' illuminate their spheres,
But their own native light farre passing theirs.

And as these heavens still by degrees arize,
Until they come to their first Mover's bound,
That in his mightie compasse doth comprize,
And carrie all the rest with him around;
To those likewise, doe by degrees redound,
And rise more faire, till they at last arrive
To the most faire, whereto they all do strive.

Faire is the Heaven, where happy souls have place
In full enjoyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face
Of the Divine Eternall Maiestie;
More faire is that, where those Idees on hie
Enraunged bee, which Pluto so admyred,
And pure Intelligences from God inspyred.



HERE AND THERE.

J. P. LANGE.

WHAT no human eye hath seen,
What no mortal ear hath heard,
What on thought has never been
In its noblest flights conferred—
This has God prepared in store
For His people evermore!

When the shaded Pilgrim-land
Fades before my closing eye,
Then revealed on either hand,
Heaven's own scenery shall lie;—
Then the veil of flesh shall fall,
Now concealing, darkening all.

Heavenly landscapes, calmly bright,
Life's pure river, murmuring low;
Forms of loveliness and light
Lost to earth long time ago;
Yes, mine own lamented long,
Shine amid the angel throng!

Many a joyful sight was given
Many a lovely vision here—
Hill, and vale, and starry even,
Friendship's smile,—affection's tear;
These were shadows sent in love,
Of realities above!

When upon my wearied ear
 Earth's last echoes faintly die,
Then shall angel-harps draw near,—
 All the chorus of the sky;
Long-hushed voices blend again
Sweetly in that welcome strain!

Here, were sweet and varied tones—
 Bird, and breeze, and fountain's fall;
Yet creation's travail-groans
 Ever sadly sighed through all.
There no discord jars the air—
Harmony is perfect There!

When this aching heart shall rest,
 All its busy pulses o'er,
From her mortal robes undrest
 Shall my spirit upward soar.
Then shall unimagined joy
All my thoughts and powers employ.

Here, devotion's healing balm,
 Often comes to soothe my breast.
Hours of deep and holy calm—
 Earnests of eternal rest.
But the bliss is here unknown,
Which shall There be all my own!

Jesus reigns, the Life, the Sun
 Of that wondrous world above;
All the storms and clouds are gone,
 All is light, and all is love;
All the shadows melt away
In the blaze of perfect day!

THE DWELLING-PLACE ABOVE.

BISHOP MANT.

THERE is a dwelling-place above;
Thither, to meet the God of love,
The poor in spirit go;
There is a paradise of rest;
For contrite hearts and souls distrest
Its streams of comfort flow.

There is a goodly heritage,
Where earthly passions cease to rage;
The meek that haven gain.
There is a board, where they who pine,
Hungry, athirst, for grace divine,
May feast, nor crave again.

There is a voice to mercy true;
To them who mercy's path pursue
That voice shall bliss impart—
There is a sight from man concealed,
That sight—the face of God revealed—
Shall bless the pure in heart.

There is a name, in Heaven bestowed,
That name, which hails them "Sons of God."
The friends of peace shall know:
There is a kingdom in the sky,
Where they shall reign with God on high,
Who serve him best below.

Lord, be mine like them to choose
The better part,—like them to use
The means Thy love hath given.
Be holiness my aim on earth,
That Death be welcome as a birth
To life and bliss in Heaven!

THE GOODLY LAND.

Mrs. Anne Steele.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Far distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise
And dwell on earth no more!

There, pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom—
And endless pleasure reigns.

From discord free, and war's alarms,
And want, and pining care,
Plenty and peace, unite their charms,
And smile unchanging There.

There, rich varieties of joy,
Continual feast the mind;
Pleasures which fill, but never cloy—
Immortal and refined!

No factious strife, no envy there,
The sons of peace molest;
But harmony, and love sincere
Fill every happy breast.

No clouds those blissful regions know,
Forever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter There.

There, no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory, from the Sacred Throne
Spreads everlasting day.

The glorious Monarch There displays
His beams of wondrous grace;
His happy subjects sing His praise,
And bow before His face.

Oh, may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join,
The chorus of the sky!

YON BRIGHT WONDER-LAND.

From Schiller, by A. C. KENDRICK.

FROM this vale, with mists hung over,
With eternal storms oppressed,
Could I but a path discover,
Ah, how deeply were I blest!
Clothed in bloom that ne'er shall wither,
Yonder hills allure my eye;
Give me wings, and quickly thither,
O, how quickly would I fly!

There melodious murmurs ringing,
Breathe a deep, a heavenly calm;
And the gentle winds are winging
Richest spices' fragrant balm.
Fruits of golden hue are glowing,
Which the dark green leaves embower;
And the flowers that there are blowing
Feel no iron Winter's power.

O, how sweet to dwell and wander
Where the sun-light gushes free!
Balmy airs that wanton yonder,
O, how soothing must they be!
But before that wondrous dwelling
Doth this angry torrent roll;
And, in wrathful surges swelling,
Spreads dismay through all my soul.

Lo! yon rocking bark appearing!
But, alas! the oarsman fails;
Cheerly in then, never fearing;
Breath of heaven inspires the sails.
Thou must trust, and *thou* must venture;
Heaven will pledge no helping hand;
Wondrous might alone can enter
Into yon bright wonder-land.

"HOW CAN WE KNOW THE WAY?"

The following is the translation of the foregoing of Schiller, by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

FROM out this dim and gloomy hollow,
Where hang the cold clouds heavily,
Could I but gain the clue to follow,
How blesséd would the journey be!

Aloft, I see a fair dominion,
Through time and change, all vernal still;
But where the power, and what the pinion,
To gain the ever-blooming hill?

Afar, I hear the music ringing,
The lulling sounds of Heaven's repose;
And the light gales are downward bringing
The sweets of flowers the mountain knows.

I see the fruit, all golden glowing,
Beckon, the glossy leaves between:—
And o'er the winds that there are blowing,
Nor blight nor winter's wrath hath been.

Ye suns that shine forever yonder,
O'er fields that fade not, sweet to flee;
The very zephyrs there that wander,
How healing must their breathing be!

NONE IN HEAVEN BUT THEE.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

LORD of earth! thy bounteous hand
Well this glorious frame hath planned;
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power,
All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought;—
Friendship,—gem transcending price,
Love, a flower of Paradise;—
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
"Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?"

Lord of Heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light;
There, in Love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall join again;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze, a glorious company;—
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraph strings;

Oh that scene is passing fair!
Yet shouldst Thou be absent there
What were all its joys to me?
"Whom have I in Heaven but Thee!"

Lord of earth and Heaven! my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest;
I was lost—Thy accents mild
Homeward lured Thy wandering child;
I was blind—Thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away;
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe;
Yet should once Thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
What were Heaven on earth to me?
"Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?"

SONNET TO HEAVENLY BEAUTY.

DU BELLAY, 1550.

IF this our little life is but a day
In the Eternal,—if the years in vain
Toil after hours that never come again,—
If everything that hath been must decay,
Why dreamest thou of joys that pass away,
My soul, that my sad body doth restrain?
Why of the moment's pleasure art thou fain?
Nay, thou hast wings,—nay, seek another stay.

There is the joy whereto each soul aspires,
And there the rest that all the world desires,
And there is love and peace and gracious mirth;
And there in the most highest heaven shalt thou
Behold the Very Beauty, whereof now
Thou worshippest the shadow upon earth.

NO NIGHT SHALL BE IN HEAVEN.

THOMAS RAFFLES.

NO night shall be in Heaven,—no gathering gloom
Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come;
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers
That breathe their fragrance through celestial bowers.

No night shall be in Heaven,—no dreadful hour
Of mental darkness, or the tempter's power;—
Across those skies no envious cloud shall roll,
To dim the sunlight of the enraptured soul.

No night shall be in Heaven. Forbid to sleep,
These eyes no more their mournful vigils keep;
Their fountains dried, their tears all wiped away,
Their gaze undazzled on Eternal Day.

No night shall be in Heaven,—no sorrows reign,
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain,
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there—
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

No night shall be in Heaven,—but endless noon;
No fast-declining sun, nor waning moon;
But There the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

No night shall be in Heaven,—no darkened room,
No bed of death, nor silence of the tomb;
But breezes ever fresh with love and truth
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth!

No night shall be in Heaven. But night is here—
The night of sorrow and the night of fear;
I mourn the ills that now my steps attend,
And shrink from others that may yet impend.

No night shall be in Heaven. Oh, had I faith,
To rest in what the Faithful Witness saith,
That faith should make these hideous phantoms flee,
And leave no night henceforth on earth to me!

NO GRAVES ARE THERE.

R. A. Rhees.

"NO graves are there,"
No willow weeps above the grassy bed
Where sleeps the young, the fondly loved, the fair,
The early dead!

No funeral knell
Blends with the breeze of spring its mournful tone,
Bidding henceforth the balmy breezes tell
Of loved ones gone.

O'er the cold brow
No bitter tears of agony are shed ;
None o'er the still, pale form, in anguish bow,
Whence life has fled.

" No graves are there,"
Nor sunny slope, green turf, or quiet grot,
Those sad mementoes of departure bear,
For death is not.

That fearful foe !
Here, ever bearing from us those we love,
Resistless as his power is owned below,
Has none above.

No ! in the tomb
Ends his dominion ;—there his power is o'er,
And they who safely tread its path of gloom
Shall die no more !

" No graves are there ; "
Father, we thank thee that there is a clime
Guarded alike from death, and grief, and care,
Untouched by Time.

We praise Thy name
That from the dust and darkness of the tomb
We can look up in faith, and humbly claim
Our future home.

Hasten the day
When, passing death's dark vale without a fear,
We, as we reach that heavenly home, may say
No graves are here!

ATTRACTIONS OF HEAVEN.

NO sickness There—
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray!

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief,
No tearful eye, no broken heart are There!

Care has no home
Within that realm of ceaseless praise and song;
Its surging billows toss and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit-throng.

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies;
Its wailings blend not with the voice of Spring,
As some too tender floweret fades and dies.

No night distils
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;
No morn is needed There! the light which fills
The land of glory, from its Maker came.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep—
No bed of death—enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep!

No withered flower,
Or blasted bud, celestial gardens know!
No scorching blast or fierce descending shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe.

No battle-word
Startles the sacred hosts with fear and dread;
The song of Peace, Creation's morning heard,
Is sung wherever angel footsteps tread!

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul!
Look up, thou stricken one! Thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With Faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to tread the way,—
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the Haven of eternal day?



ALLUREMENTS OF HEAVEN.

E. H. Bickersteth.

THUS Heaven is gathering, one by one, in its capacious breast,
All that is pure and permanent, and beautiful and blest;
The family is scattered yet, though of one home and heart,
Part militant in earthly gloom, in heavenly glory part;
But who can tell the rapture, when the circle is complete,
And all the children, scattered now, before the Father meet?
One fold—one Shepherd—one employ—one universal home!
"Lo, I come quickly." Even so—"Amen—Lord Jesus, come!"

REUNION.

Bishop Mant.

I COUNT the hope no day-dream of the mind,
No vision fair, of transitory hue,—
The souls of those whom once on earth we knew
And loved, and walked with, in communion kind,
Departed hence, again in Heaven to find!
Such hope to nature's sympathies is true;
And such, we deem, the holy word to view
Unfolds, an antidote for grief designed;

One drop from comfort's well. 'Tis true we read
The book of life; but if we read it not amiss,
By God prepared, fresh treasures shall succeed,
To kinsmen, fellows, friends, a vast abyss
Of joy, nor aught the longing spirit need
To fill its measure of enormous bliss!

KNOW AS WE ARE KNOWN.

BISHOP KEN.

THE saints on earth, when sweetly they converse,
And the dear favors of kind Heaven rehearse,
Each feels the other's joys, both doubly share
The blessings which devoutly they compare.
If saints such mutual joy feel here below,
When they each other's heavenly foretastes know,—
What joys transport them at each other's sight,
When they shall meet in the empyrean height!
Friends e'en in Heaven one happiness would miss,
Should they not know each other, when in bliss.

THE MEETING-PLACE.

HORATIUS BONAR.

WHERE the faded flower shall freshen—
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the faded sky shall brighten—
Brighten never more to shade;

Where the sun-blaze never scorches,
 Where the starbeams cease to chill;
Where no trumpet stirs the echoes
 Of the wood, or wave, or hill;
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
 And the noon the joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,
 'Mid the burst of holy song;—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blessed!

Where no shadow shall bewilder,
 Where life's vain parade is o'er,
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
 And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond is never severed,—
 Partings, claspings, sobs and moans,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
 Heavy noon-tide,—all are done.
Where the child has found its mother,
 Where the mother finds her child;
Where dear families are gathered,
 That were scattered on the wild;—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blessed!

Where the hidden wound is healéd,
 Where the blighted life reblooms,
Where the smitten heart, the freshness
 Of its buoyant youth resumes;
Where the love that here we lavish

On the withering leaves of Time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,
In an ever spring-bright clime;
Where we find the joy of loving
As we never loved before—
Loving on unchilled, unhindered,
Loving once, and never more!
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blessed!

Where a blasted world shall brighten,
Underneath a bluer sphere;
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Sheds its healing splendor There;
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
Putting on her robes of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been,—
Where a King, in kingly glory,
Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the Righteous Sceptre,
Claim and wear the holy crown;—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blessed!

THE LAND OF WHICH I DREAM.

HORATIUS BONAR.

SURELY yon Heaven, where angels see God's face,
Is not so distant as we deem
From this low earth !—'Tis but a little space,
The narrow crossing of a slender stream ;—
'Tis but a mist which winds might blow aside.
Yes, these are all that us of earth divide
From the bright dwellings of the glorified ;—
The Land of which I dream.

These peaks are nearer Heaven than earth below,
These hills are higher than they seem ;
'Tis not the clouds they touch, nor the soft brow
Of the o'erbending azure, as we deem :
'Tis the blue floor of Heaven that they upbear,
And, like some old and wildly rugged stair,
They lift us to the land where all is fair,—
The Land of which I dream.

These ocean waves, in their unmeasured sweep,
Are brighter, bluer than they seem ;
True image here of the celestial deep,
Fed from the fullness of the unfailing stream ;
Heaven's glassy sea of everlasting rest,
With not a breath to stir its silent breast,
The sea that laves the land where all are blest,—
The Land of which I dream.

And these keen stars, the bridal gems of night,
 Are purer, lovelier than they seem;
Filled from the inner fountain of deep light,
 They pour down Heaven's own beam;
Clear, sparkling, from their throne of glorious blue,
In accents ever ancient, ever new,
Of the glad home above, beyond my view,—
 The Land of which I dream.

This life of ours, these lingering years of earth,
 Are briefer, swifter, than they seem;
A little while, and the great second birth
 Of Time shall come,—the prophet's ancient theme.
Then He, the King, the Judge, at length shall come,
And from this desert, where we sadly roam,
Shall give the Kingdom, for our endless home,—
 The Land of which I dream.

MORE BLEST THAN EDEN.

BISHOP COXE.

THERE is a land like Eden fair,
 But more than Eden blest;
The wicked cease from troubling There,
 The weary are at rest.

There is a land of calmest shore,
 Where ceaseless summers smile,
And winds, like angel-whispers, pour
 Across the shining isle.

There is a land of purest mirth,
 Where healing waters glide;
And There, the wearied child of earth
 Untroubled may abide.

There is a land where Sorrow's sons
 Like ocean wrecks are tossed;
But There revive those weeping ones,
 When life's dull sea is crossed.

There is a land where small and great
 Before the Lord appear;
The spoils of fortune and of fate,
 Whom heaven alone can cheer.

There is a land where star-like shine
 The pearls of Christ's renown;
And gems long buried in the mine
 Are jewels in His crown.

There is a land like Eden fair,
 But more than Eden blest;
Oh, for a wing to waft me There,
 To fly, and be at rest!

HIS THRONE AND TEMPLE.

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

SINCE o'er thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strewn,
Oh, what magnificence must glow,
My God, about Thy throne!
So brilliant here those drops of light—
Where the full ocean rolls, how bright!

If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a glittering canopy
With royal diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer veil
What splendor at the shrine must dwell!

The dazzling sun, at noontide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
Till vale and mountain blaze,—
But shows, O Lord, one beam of Thine,
What, then, the Day, where Thou dost shine!

Oh, how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays;
Or how my spirit, so impure,
Upon thy glory gaze?
Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light!

TO BE THERE!

ELIZABETH MILLS.

WE speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair—
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be There!

We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walks decked with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold—
But what must it be to be There!

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be There!

We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the Church of the First-born above—
But what must it be to be There!

Do Thou, Lord, midst sorrow and woe
Still for Heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be There!

THE OTHER WORLD.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

IT lies around us like a cloud,—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us There to be!

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,—
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard;

The silence—awful, sweet, and calm—
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,—
As fain to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream, in loving arms
To swoon to That—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,—
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts—into our prayers
With gentle helpings glide.

Let Death between us be as naught—
A dried and vanished stream;
Our joy, be the reality—
Our suffering—life, the dream.

HEAVEN NEAR.

Mrs. Mary J. Robinson.

OH, Heaven is nearer than mortals think,
When they look with a trembling dread
At the misty future, that stretches on
From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle in a boundless main,
No brilliant, but distant shore,
Where the lovely ones who are called away
Must go, to return no more.

No, Heaven is near us ;—the mighty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
That we see not always the angel bands
On the shores of Eternity.

Yet oft, in the hours of holy thought,
To the thirsting soul is given
That power to pierce through the mist of sense,
To the beauteous scenes of Heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall ;
Till the soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angels' call.

I know when the silver cord is loosed,
When the veil is rent away,
Not long and dark shall the passage be
To the realms of endless day.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour
Will open the next in bliss;
The welcome will sound in the heavenly world
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

THE VOICEFUL LAND.

C. H. A. Bulkley.

"Into the Silent Land
Ah! who shall lead us thither?"—*Longfellow.*

'TIS not a Silent Land!
Tones of harmonic spheres,
Heard not by mortal ears,
Thither their echoes roll
Into the answering soul;
Oh! 'tis a Voiceful Land!

'Tis not a Silent Land,
Voices of angel-throngs
Rain down their chorus-songs
Over ethereal hills,
'Till the rapt spirit thrills;
Oh! 'tis a Voiceful Land!

'Tis not a Silent Land!
Harps, with their golden-strings,
Dipped as in music-springs,
Swept by the touch of love,
Ring in the realms above!
Oh! 'tis a Voiceful Land!

'Tis not a Silent Land!
Footsteps of spirits sound
All through the air profound,
Gently as wind-tones make
Ripples on stream and lake;
Oh! 'tis a Voiceful Land!

'Tis not a Silent Land!
Ever celestial wings,
Bathed in the amber-springs
Deep of God's ocean light,
Fan the swift paths of flight;
Oh! 'tis a Voiceful Land!

'Tis not a Silent Land!
Psalm-breaths of joy arise,
Pulsing through inner skies,
When the sin-child returns
Whither Truth's incense burns;
Oh! 'tis a Voiceful Land!

'Tis not a Silent Land!
Hosts of the pure and true,
Shouts of delight renew

Round the beloved, fled
Far from the speechless dead;
Oh! 'tis a Voiceful Land!

'Tis not a Silent Land!
Welcomes divine are given,
Whene'er, death's fetters riven,
Holy ones evermore
Step on the better shore;
Oh! 'tis a Voiceful Land!

'Tis not a Silent Land!
Far from the song-wrapt throne
Peals the unchanging tone,
Keying all notes above,
To the unisons of love!
Oh! 'tis a Voiceful Land!

HEAVEN'S JOYS.

THOMAS A'KEMPIS—1380–1471.

HIGH the angel choirs are raising
Heart and voice in harmony;
The Creator King, still praising,
Whom in beauty there they see.

Sweetest strains from soft harps stealing;
Trumpets, notes of triumph pealing;
Radiant wings, and white stoles gleaming,
Up the steps of glory streaming;

Where the heavenly bells are ringing;
Holy, holy, holy! singing—
To the mighty Trinity!
Holy, holy, holy! crying;
For all earthly care and sighing
In that city cease to be!

Every voice is there harmonious,
Praising God in hymns symphonious;
Love each heart with light unfolding,
As they stand in peace beholding
There the Triune Deity!
Whom adore the seraphim
Aye, with love eternal burning;
Venerate the cherubim,
To their Fount of honor turning;
Whilst angelic thrones adoring,
Gaze upon His majesty.

O how beautiful that region!
And how fair that heavenly legion,
Where thus men and angels blend!
Glorious will that city be,
Full of deep tranquillity,
Light and peace from end to end!
All the happy dwellers there
Shine in robes of purity,
Keep the laws of charity,
Bound in firmest unity;—
Labor finds them not, nor care.

Ignorance can ne'er perplex,
Nothing tempt them, nothing vex;—
Joy and health their fadeless blessing,
Always all things good possessing!

THE INCORRUPTIBLE.

HORATIUS BONAR.

NO joy is true, save that which hath no end;
No life is true, save that which liveth ever;
No health is sound, save that which God doth send;
No love is real, save that which changeth never.

Heaven were no heaven, if its dear light could fade;
If its fair glory could hereafter wane;
If its sweet skies could suffer stain or shade,
Or its soft breezes waft one note of pain.

But now its beauty is forever vernal;
Its glory is the glory of its King,
Undying, incorruptible, eternal;
And ever new the song its dwellers sing.

O heaven of heavens, how true thy life must be!
O home of God, how excellent thy light!
O long, long Summer of eternity,
Bright noon of angels, ever clear and bright!

THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

ALL day sigh on the shore the surging billows
That steal with greedy lips our joys away;
All night roll on the ever-shifting pillows
On which the weary breathe their lives alway.

Awhile the waves are bright with flashing sunlight,
There are dark silent graves far, far below;
And while they darkly toss, 'mid gloom of midnight,
Our treasures heavily beneath them go.

We are not safe! The foe too near us glideth,
Serenely, silently, insidiously;
And all the safeguards passionate love provideth
It sweeps from clinging grasps relentlessly.

All round the island of our lives it surges,
Enwraps us closely—there is no escape;
And while the syren's voice our ruin urges,
The restless billows far beneath us gape.

Thus rolls the sea of care and sorrow ever
Above our very hearts, close to our homes;
We deprecate its rule with vain endeavor,
The heavy roaring wave still nearer comes.

"*There shall be no more sea.*" O, golden city,
The loved, the longed for, the eternal blest;
The waves shall touch not those who have God's pity,
In thy fair homes of perfect peace and rest.

"There shall be no more sea." O God, our Father,
When sorrow's waters beat us ceaselessly,
Help us to bear the grief till thou shalt gather
Thy loved, thy cared for, where is no more sea.

LIFE'S QUESTIONS.

HENRY ALFORD.

DRIFTING away
Like mote on the stream,
To-day's disappointment
Yesterday's dream;
Ever resolving—
Never to mend—
Such is our progress;
Where is the end?

Whirling away
Like leaf in the wind;
Points of attachment
Left daily behind;
Fixed to no principle,
Fast to no friend—
Such our fidelity;
Where is the end?

Floating away
 Like clouds on the hill,
Pendulous, tremulous,
 Migrating still;
Where to repose ourselves?
 Whither to tend?
Such our consistency;
 Where is the end?

Crystal the pavement,
 Seen through the stream;
Firm the reality
 Under the dream.
We may not feel it,
 Still we may mend—
How we have conquered
 Not known till the end.

Bright leaves may scatter,
 Sport of the wind;
But stands to the winter
 The great tree behind.
Frost shall not wither it,
 Storms cannot bend;
Roots firmly clasping
 The Rock at the end.

Calm is the firmament
 Over the cloud;
Clear shine the stars through
 The rifts of the shroud.

There our repose shall be;
Thither we tend—
Spite of our waverings,
Approved at the end.

TALK TO ME OF HEAVEN.

Mrs. Southey.

OH! talk to me of heaven! I love
To hear about my home above;
For there doth many a loved one dwell
In light and love ineffable.
Oh! tell how they shine and sing,
While every harp rings echoing,
And every glad and tearless eye
Beams, like the bright sun, gloriously.
Tell me of that victorious palm
Each hand in glory beareth;
Tell me of that celestial calm
Each face in glory weareth.

Oh! happy, happy country! where
There entereth not a sin;
And death, who keeps its portals fair,
May never once come in.
No grief can change their day to night—
The darkness of that land is light.
Sorrow and sighing God has sent
Far thence to endless banishment.

And never more may one dark tear
 Bedim their burning eyes;
For every one they shed while here,
 In cheerless agonies,
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem,
In their immortal diadem.

Oh! lovely, blooming country! there
Flourishes all that we deem fair,
And though no fields nor forests green,
Nor bowery gardens there are seen,
 Nor perfumes load the breeze,
Nor hears the ear material sound,
Yet joys at God's right hand are found—
 The archetypes of these.
There is the home, the land of birth
Of all we highest prize on earth;
The storms that rack this world beneath—
 Must forever cease;
The only air the blessed breathe
 Is purity and peace.

Oh! happy, happy land! in thee
Shines the unveiled Divinity,
Shedding through each adoring breast
A holy calm, a halcyon rest,
And those blessed souls, whom death did sever,
Have met to mingle joys forever.
Oh! soon may Heaven unclose to me!
Oh! may I soon that glory see!
And my faint, weary spirit stand
Within that happy, happy land!

THE WITNESS OF EARTH TO HEAVEN.

THOMAS B. GILL.

WHAT sweetness on Thine Earth doth dwell!
How precious, Lord, these gifts of thine!
Yet sweeter messages they tell,
These earnests of delight divine.

Yes! glory out of glory breaks,
More than the gift itself is given:
Each gift a glorious promise makes;
Thine earth does prophesy of Heaven.

These mighty hills we joy to climb,
These happy streams we wander by,
Reveal the Eternal Hills sublime,—
Of God's own river prophesy.

These odors blest, these gracious flowers,
These sweet sounds that around us rise,
Give tidings of the Heavenly Bowers,
Prelude the Angelic Harmonies.

These vernal hours—what news they bring!
What tidings these bright summers tell!
They fore-announce the Eternal Spring,
Foreshow the Light Ineffable.

And in these gracious ones so dear,
 These just souls that our souls make strong,
We feel the holy angels near,
 We mingle with the Blissful Throng.

O mercies kindly incomplete!
 Dear joys our hearts that may not fill!
Strange grace! that in Thy gifts most sweet
 We read of gifts diviner still.

Lord! from Thy gifts to Thee we rise;
 But with more strength we soar above
Upon these glorious prophecies,
 These earnests of Thy dearer love.

DOWN BELOW, AND UP ABOVE.

Dublin University Magazine.

DOWN below, the wild November whistling
 Through the beech's dome of burning red,
And the Autumn, sprinkling penitential
 Dust and Ashes on the chestnut's head.

Down below, a pall of airy purple,
 Darkly hanging from the mountain-side,
And the sunset from his eyebrow staring
 O'er the long roll of the leaden tide.

Up above—the Tree with leaf unfading,
By the everlasting River's brink,
And the Sea of Glass, beyond whose margin
Never yet the sun was known to sink.

Down below, the white wings of the sea-bird
Dashed across the furrows, dark with mould,
Flitting, like the memories of our childhood,
Through the trees, now waxen pale and old.

Down below, imaginations quivering
Through our human spirits, like the wind;
Thoughts, that toss, like leaves about the woodland,
Hopes, like sea-birds, flashed across the mind.

Up above—the host no man can number,
In white robes, a palm in every hand,
Each some work sublime forever working
In the spacious tracts of that Great Land.

Up above—the thoughts that know not anguish,
Tender care, sweet love for us below,
Noble pity, free from anxious terror,
Larger love, without a touch of woe.

Down below, a sad, mysterious music,
Wailing through the woods, and on the shore,
Burdened with a grand majestic secret,
That keeps sweeping from us evermore.

Up above—a music that entwineth
With eternal threads of golden sound,
The great poem of this strange existence,
All whose wondrous meaning hath been found.

Down below, the church, to whose poor window
Glory by the autumnal trees is lent,—
And a group of worshippers in mourning,
Missing some one at the sacrament.

Up above—the burst of Hallelujah,
And (without the sacramental mist
Wrapped around us, like a sunlit halo,)
The great vision of the face of Christ.

Down below, cold sunlight on the tombstones,
And the green wet turf, with faded flowers.
Winter-roses, once like young hopes burning
Now beneath the ivy dripped with showers.

And the new-made grave, within the churchyard,
And the white cap on that young face pale,
And the watcher, ever as it dusketh,
Rocking to and fro, with that long wail.

Up above,—a crowned and happy spirit,
Like an infant in the eternal years,—
Who shall grow in love and light forever,
Ordered in his place, among his peers.

Oh, the sobbing of the winds of autumn!
Oh, the sunset streak of stormy gold!
Oh, the poor heart! thinking in the churchyard
Night is coming, and the grave is cold!

Oh, the pale, and plashed, and sodden roses!
Oh, the desolate heart, that grave above!
Oh the white cap, shaking as it darkens
Round that shrine of memory and love!

Oh, the Rest forever, and the rapture!
Oh, the Hand that wipes the tears away!
Oh, the golden Homes, beyond the sunset,—
And the Hope, that watches o'er the clay!

"SOON AND FOREVER."

J. S. MONSELL.

SOON and forever!
Such promise our trust,
Though "ashes to ashes
And dust to dust,"—
Soon, and forever,
Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer, in Thee.

When the sins and the sorrows
 Of Time shall be o'er,
Its pangs and its partings
 Remembered no more!
When life cannot fail,
 And when death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be
 Soon and forever!

Soon and forever
 The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds
 Of sorrow away;
Soon and forever
 We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
 Of things that have been;
When trials without us,
 And fears from within,
Shall weary no more
 In the warfare of sin;
Where tears and where snares,
 And where death shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be
 Soon and forever.

Soon and forever
 The work shall be done—
The warfare accomplished,
 The victory won!

Soon, and forever,
The soldier lay down
His sword for a harp,
And his cross for a crown.
Then droop not in sorrow,
Despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow
Is brightening and near!
When, blessed reward
Of each faithful endeavor,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon and forever!

THE GATES OF THE CELESTIAL CITY.

I SEE them far away,
In their calm beauty on the evening skies;
Across the golden west, their summits rise
Bright with the radiance of departing day.
And often ere the sunset light was gone,
Gazing and longing, I have hastened on,
As with new strength, all weariness and pain
Forgotten, in the hope those blissful heights to gain!

Heaven lies not far beyond;—
But then these hills of earth—our changeful air
Circles around them, and the dwellers there
Still own mortality's mysterious bond.

The ceaseless contact, the continued strife
Of sin and grace, which can but close with life,
Is not yet ended, and the Jordan's roar
Still lies between their path and the Celestial shore.

Courage, poor fainting heart!
These happy ones, in the far distance seen,
Were sinful wanderers once, as thou hast been,
Weary and sorrowful, as now thou art.
Linger no longer on the lonely plain—
Press boldly onward—and thou too shalt gain
Their vantage-ground; and then, with vigor new,
All thy remaining race and pilgrimage pursue.

ETERNITAS! ETERNITAS!

From the Latin, by C. F. Coxe.

ETERNITY! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
Yet onward still to thee we speed,
As to the fight the impatient steed,
As ship to port, or shaft to bow,
Or swift as couriers homeward go.
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
As in a ball's concentric round
Nor starting-point nor end is found,

So thou, Eternity so vast,
No entrance and no exit hast.
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
Came there a bird each thousandth year,
One sand-grain from the hills to bear,
When all had vanished, grain by grain,
Eternity would still remain.
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

HEAVEN AT LAST.

ANGEL voices sweetly singing,
Echoes through the blue dome ringing,
News of wondrous gladness bringing;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Now, beneath us all the grieving,
All the wounded spirit's heaving,
All the woe of hopes deceiving;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Sin forever left behind us,
Earthly visions cease to blind us,
Fleshly fetters cease to bind us;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

On the jasper threshold standing,
Like a pilgrim safely landing,
See the strange bright scene expanding!
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

What a city! what a glory!
Far beyond the brightest story
Of the ages old and hoary;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Christ himself the living splendor,
Christ the sunlight mild and tender;
Praises to the Lamb we render;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

AT HOME.

H. B. Collins.

AT home. For thou hast reached,
At length, thro' wearying toils and sighs and pains,
The far-off shore our faith so dimly sees,
Looking thro' tears. The pearly gates, flung wide
To welcome thee, are passed; the threshold crossed;
Of thine own mansion—one of the "many," full prepared
And waiting to receive thee. Blessed state!
The long-sought rest! the higher, purer life

Fraught with celestial good, and all secure
From every ill. Secure, for round thee now
The walls of heaven's eternal city rise!
Her golden streets and gorgeous palaces
Thronged with glad millions, who nor day nor night
Hush the loud chorus of Redeeming Love—
Her stately towers and glittering domes and spires
Gleaming on high in heaven's eternal light;
And birds of Paradise, and fruits and flowers,
And trees immortal on the sunny banks
Of living waters—all are before thee, round thee,
All are thine; angels thy company; and God,
Father of all, adored of all, glory of all,
Even God is thine.

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

From the Congregationalist.

NOT here! not here! not where the sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sands as we draw near;
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters—
I shall be satisfied—but oh! not here.

Not here! where every dream of bliss deceives us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal:
Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
Where Heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told us,
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied! satisfied! The spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds—
The silent love that here meets no returning—
The inspiration which no language finds—

Shall they be satisfied? the soul's vague longing—
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
O! what desires upon my soul are thronging
As I look upward to the heavenly hill.

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending—
Saviour and Lord! with Thy frail child abide!
Guide me toward home, where all my wanderings ending,
I then shall see Thee, and "be satisfied."



THE ETERNAL SMILE.

HENRY KIRK WHITE.

HAIL! the heavenly scenes of peace,
Where all the storms of passions cease;
Wild life's dismaying struggle o'er,
The wearied spirit weeps no more,

But wears the eternal smile of joy
Attaining bliss without alloy!
Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
Where no passing tempest lowers;

Where the azure heavens display
The everlasting beams of day;
Where the radiant seraph choirs
Pour their strain from golden lyres;

Where calm the spirit sinks to ease
Lulled by angelic symphonies!
O, then to think of meeting there
The friends whose grave received our tear!

The child long lost, the wife bereaved,
Back to the widowed arms received;
And all the joys which death did sever,
Given to us again forever!

O Lamb of God, by sorrow proved
The Friend of man, the Christ beloved,
To Thee this sweetest hope we owe
Which warms our shivering hearts below.

JUST BEYOND.

WEARY life we live below;
Shadows dim the sunlight so!
There's a Home of endless rest
Waiting for the ransomed blest,
Just beyond.

Desert thirst oppresses here,
Yearning for a better sphere;
There the crystal waters flow;
Precious "fulness" we shall know,
Just beyond.

Death will meet us here below;
Through "dark waters" we must go.
Soon our anguish will be o'er;
Jesus standeth on the shore,
Just beyond!

LIGHT AND LOVE.

ALICE CARY.

LIGHT waits for us in heaven: Inspiring thought!
That when the darkness all is overpast,
The beauty which the Lamb of God has bought
Shall flow about our savéd souls at last,
And wrap them from all night-time and all woe:
The Spirit and the Word assure us so.

Love lives for us in heaven; Oh, not so sweet
Is the May dew which the mountain flowers inclose,
Nor golden raining of the winnowed wheat,
Nor blushing out of the brown earth, of rose,
Or whitest lily, as, beyond time's wars,
The silvery raising of these two twin stars!

THE LAND OF PEACE.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THERE breathes no sigh from those calm hearts in that abode of peace,
The home of all the happy, where the sorrow all shall cease;
No harsh heart-breaking words are heard, for the lips are love-tinged there,
In the land of all the beautiful, the perfect, and the fair.

There falls no pain upon the heart, where sickness
cannot come,
No shrieks of agony are wrung within that blissful
home ;
Cool on the fevered spirit falls the soothing music-
tone,
And the brow has no more sign of pain, in that blessed
world unknown.

No rough winds blow across the waves of that bright
glassy sea ;
There the timid ones are safe at home, in the dwelling
of the free ;
Life's fearful journey over, they are resting now, at
last,
And the spirits sing a grateful song that the troublous
times are past.

Oh, Father, pity us, who weep along the wayside
drear,
And bring us also to that land, with the holy and the
dear ;
Guide thou us to the home of love, to the blessed land
of peace,
Where our tears forever wiped away—our fears and
bondage cease.



DIES ILLA, DIES VITAE.

A Hymn of the 12th Century.

LO! the day, the day of life, the day of unimagined light,
The day when death itself shall die, and there shall be no more night.
Steadily that day approacheth when the just shall find their rest,
When the wicked cease from troubling, and the patient reign most blest.

See the King desired for ages, by the just expected long;
Long implored, at length He hasteth, cometh with salvation strong.
Oh, how past all utterance happy, sweet and joyful it will be
When they who, unseen, have loved Him, JESUS face to face shall see.

In that day how good and pleasant, this poor world to have despised;
And how mournful and how bitter, dear that lost world to have prized:
Blessed then earth's patient mourners, who for CHRIST have toiled and died,
Driven by the world's rough pressure in those mansions to abide.

There shall be no sighs nor weeping, not a shade of doubt or fear,
No old age, no want, nor sorrow, nothing sick or lacking there:
There the peace will be unbroken, deep and solemn joy be shed;
Youth in fadeless flower and freshness, and Salvation perfected.

What will be the bliss and rapture none can dream and none can tell,
There to reign among the Angels, in that Heavenly home to dwell.
To those realms, just Judge, oh call me, deign to open that blest gate,
Thou whom seeking, looking, longing, I with eager hope await.

PARADISE: IN A DREAM.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

ONCE in a dream I saw the flowers
That bud and bloom in Paradise;
More fair they are than waking eyes
Have seen in all this world of ours.
And faint the perfume-bearing rose,
And faint the lily on its stem,
And faint the perfect violet
Compared with them.

I heard the songs of paradise:
 Each bird sat singing in his place;
 A tender song so full of grace
It soared like incense to the skies.
Each bird sat singing to his mate
 Soft cooing notes among the trees·
The nightingale herself were cold
 To such as these.

I saw the fourfold River flow,
 And deep it was, with golden sand;
 It flowed between a mossy land
Which murmured music grave and low.
It hath refreshment for all thirst,
 For fainting spirits strength and rest:
Earth holds not such a draught as this
 From east to west.

The Tree of Life stood budding there,
 Abundant with its twelvefold fruits;
 Eternal sap sustains its roots,
Its shadowing branches fill the air.
Its leaves are healing for the world,
 Its fruit the hungry world can feed,
Sweeter than honey to the taste
 And balm indeed.

I saw the gate called Beautiful;
 And looked, but scarce could look, within;
 I saw the golden streets begin,
And outskirts of the glassy pool.

Oh harps, oh crowns of plenteous stars,
 Oh green palm-branches many-leaved—
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor heart conceived.

I hope to see these things again,
 But not as once in dreams by night;
 To see them with my very sight,
And touch, and handle, and attain:
To have all Heaven beneath my feet
 For narrow way that once they trod;
To have my part with all the Saints,
 And with my GOD.

THE ONE GLAD DAY.

FREDRICK D. HUNTINGTON.

THERE is no night in heaven;
 In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
 For work itself is love.
There is no night in heaven;
 Yet nightly round the bed
Of every Christian wanderer
 Faith hears an angel tread.

There is no grief in heaven;
 For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
 Which all have passed away.

There is no grief in heaven;
 Yet angels from on high,
On golden pinions earthward glide,
 The Christian's tears to dry.

There is no sin in heaven;
 Behold that blessed throng;
All holy in their spotless robe,
 All holy in their song.
There is no sin in heaven;
 Here who from sin is free?
Yet angels aid us in our strife
 For Christ's true liberty.

There is no death in heaven;
 For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
 And they can die no more.
There is no death in heaven;
 But when the Christian dies,
The angels 'wait his parted soul,
 And waft it to the skies.



THE MOURNER'S HEAVEN.

THOMAS H. GILL.

"Make us glad according to the days wherein Thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil."

HOW bright they bloom, those Heavenly Bowers,
For all Thy people, Lord!
What sweetness from the unfading flowers
O'er all their path is poured!

That Heavenly Home—what joy is there
For hearts with love that beat!
That Better Land, that Holy Air,
For seeking souls how sweet!

But brightest, Lord, on weeping eyes
The Happy Fields do break;
Those golden gates, those smiling skies
Thy mourners gladdest make.

O eager to the Realm of Rest
The weary pilgrims come;
What hearts, like hearts forlorn, are blest
In the sweet Heavenly Home!

The memory of these mournful years
The heavenly joy fulfils;
More sad and lone the Vale of Tears,
More bright the Eternal Hills.

THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

THE Land beyond the Sea!
When will life's task be o'er?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore,
O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and roar?
When shall we come to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea?

The Land beyond the Sea!
How close it often seems,
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams;
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait, and dreams!
It longs to fly to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
Sometimes distinct and near
It grows upon the eye and ear,
And the gulf narrows to a threadlike mere;
We seem half way to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
Sometimes across the strait,
Like a drawbridge to a castle gate,
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait
For us to pass to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
Oh how the lapsing years,
Mid our not unsubmissive tears,
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers
Of those we love to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
How dark our present home!
By the dull beach and sullen foam
How wearily, how drearily we roam,
With arms outstretched to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
When will our toil be done?
Slow-footed years! more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun!
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
Why fadest thou in light?
Why art thou better seen towards night?
Dear Land! look always plain, look always bright,
That we may gaze on thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!
Sweet is thine endless rest,
But sweeter far that Father's Breast
Upon thy shores eternally possest;
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

THE SHORE OF ETERNITY.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

ALONE! to land alone upon that shore!
With no one sight that we have seen before,—
Things of a different hue,
And the sounds all new,
And fragrances so sweet the soul may faint.
Alone! Oh that first hour of being a saint!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar,
Perhaps no shape of ground,
Perhaps no sight or sound,
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange,—
But to begin alone that mighty change!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
Knowing so well we can return no more:
No voice or face of friend,
None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand,
But to arrive alone in such a land!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
To begin alone to live for evermore,
To have no one to teach
The manners or the speech
Of that new life, or put us at our ease:—
Oh might we die in pairs or companies!

Alone! No! God hath been there long before,
Eternally hath waited on that shore
For us who were to come
To our eternal home;
And He hath taught His angels to prepare
In what way we are to be welcomed there.

Like one that waits and watches He hath sate,
As if there were none else for whom to wait,
Waiting for us, for us
Who keep Him waiting thus,
And who bring less to satisfy His love
Than any other of the souls above.

Alone? The God we know is on that shore,
The God of whose attractions we know more
Than of those who may appear
Nearest and dearest here:
Oh is He not the life-long friend we know
More privately than any friend below!

Alone? The God we trust is on that shore,
The Faithful One whom we have trusted more
In trials and in woes
Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife,—
Oh we shall trust Him more in that new life!

Alone? The God we love is on that shore,
Love not enough, yet whom we love far more,
And whom we've loved all through,
And with a love more true
Than other loves,—yet now shall love Him more:—
True love of Him begins upon that shore!

So not alone we land upon that shore:
'Twill be as though we had been there before;
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove,
And be at home at once with our Eternal Love!

THE LAST DAY AND ETERNAL LIFE.

PAUL GERHARDT: Translated by JOHN KELLY.

THE time is very near
When, Lord, Thou wilt be here:
The signs whereof Thou'st spoken
Thine advent should betoken,
We've seen them oft fulfilling
In number beyond telling.

What shall I do then, Lord?
But rest upon Thy word,
The promise Thou hast given
That thou wilt come from heaven,
Me from the grave deliver
And from all woe for ever.

Ah! Jesus Christ, how fair
Will be my portion there!
The welcome thou'lt address me,
Thy glances, how they'll bless me,
When I the earth forsaking,
My flight to Thee am taking.

Ah! what will be the word
Thou'lt speak, my Shepherd Lord!
What will be then Thy greeting,
Me and my brethren meeting?
Thy members Thou wilt own us,
And near Thyself enthrone us.

And in that blessed hour,
How shall I have the power
Mine eyelids dry of keeping,
How tears of joy from weeping
Refrain, that flowing over
My cheeks, like floods would cover?

And what a beauteous light
Will from Thy face so bright
Beam on me, then in heaven,
When sight of Thee is given,
Thy goodness then me filling,
Joy will my breast be swelling.

I'll see then and adore
Thy body bruised sore,
Whereon our faith is founded,
The prints of nails that wounded
Thy hands and feet be greeting,
Thy gaze with rapture meeting.

Thou, Lord, alone dost know
The joys so pure that flow
In life's unfailing river
In paradise for ever,
Thou can'st portray, and show them:
By faith alone I know them.

What I've believ'd stands sure,
Remaineth aye secure;
My part the wealth surpasseth,
The richest here amasseth;
All other wealth decayeth
My portion ever stayeth.

My God, my fairest Part!
How will my bounding heart
With joy be overflowing,
Praise evermore renewing,
When through the door of heaven
By Thee is entrance given?

Thou'lt say, "Come, taste and see,
Oh! child, belov'd by me,
Come, taste the gifts so precious
I and my Father gracious
Have to bestow, come hither,
In pleasure bask forever."

Alas! thou world so poor!
Of wealth, what is thy store?
Mean is it to be holden,
Compar'd with all the golden
Crowns and thrones Jesus placeth
For whom He loves and graceth.

Here is the angel's home,
Bless'd spirits hither come,
Here nought is heard but singing,
Nought seen but joy up-springing,
No cross, no death, no sorrow,
No parting on the morrow.

Hold! hold! my sense so weak!
What dost thou think and speak,
What's fathomless, art sounding?
What's measureless, art bounding?
Here must man's wit be bending,
The eloquent be ending.

Lord! I delight in Thee,
Thou ne'er shalt go from me,
Thy hand in bounty giveth
More than my heart conceiveth,
Or I can e'er be counting,
So high Thy mercy's mounting.

How sad, O Lord, am I,
Until I from on high
See Thee in glory hither
Come, Thine own to deliver,
Wert Thou but now revealing
Thyself! my wish fulfilling!

The time is known to Thee;
It best becometh me
To be prepar'd for going,
And all things so be doing,
That every moment even
My heart may be in Heaven.

This grant, Lord, and me bless.
That so Thy truth and grace
May keep me ever waking,
That Thy day not o'ertaking
Me unawares, affright me,
But may, O Lord, delight me!

THE EVERLASTING REST.

THOMAS H. GILL.

"There remaineth a rest for the people of God."

PATIENT art Thou, Lord, and gracious
With Thy servants in their woe;
In Thy sight the tears are precious
From Heaven-turned eyes that flow:
Yet why sorrow,
Heirs of rest eternal, so?

Hast Thou nought for them that love Thee,
No sweet guerdon for their pains?
Lacks their love the power to move Thee,
Want and woe their only gains?
Boundless Giver!
For Thine own a rest remains.

Would they for some treasure tarry,
Of more sweetness be possessed?
Would they lighter burdens carry,
With more pleasant tasks be blessed?
Bootless yearning,
Theirs the everlasting rest.

Spare them, Lord, no task diurnal,
Spare Thine own no burden sore!
They can wait the Year Eternal,
They can wait the heavenly shore;
Calm they tarry,
Heirs of rest forevermore.

Here below a glorious gladness
Maketh sweet their toils and pains;
Here they drop the song of sadness
For the glad immortal strains;
Thou hast spoken!
For Thine own a rest remains.

HOW GLORIOUS MUST THE MANSION BE.

REGINALD HEBER.

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day."

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber, and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon, and sun, in answer said,
"Our days of light are numberéd."

O God! O good beyond compare!
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth, and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!

THE BETTER LAND.

Mrs. Felicia Hemans.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! O where is that radiant shore,—
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away in some region old
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

LOOK UP YE SAINTS.

HENRY W. BAKER.

THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one,
And Spirit, evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side!
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love;
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

THE SECOND DAY OF CREATION.

T. WHYTEHEAD.

THIS world I deem
But a beautiful dream
Of shadows that are not what they seem,
Where visions rise,
Giving dim surmise
Of the things that shall meet our waking eyes.

Arm of the Lord!
Creating Word!
Whose glory the silent skies record
Where stands Thy name
In scrolls of flame
On the firmament's high-shadowing frame.

I gaze o'erhead,
Where Thy hand hath spread
For the waters of Heaven that crystal bed,
And stored the dew
In its deeps of blue,
Which the fires of the sun come tempered through.

Soft they shine
Through that pure shrine,
As beneath the veil of Thy flesh divine,
Beams forth the light
That were else too bright
For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

I gaze aloof
On the tissued roof,
Where time and space are the warp and woof,
Which the King of kings
As a curtain flings
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things,—

A tapestried tent
To shade us meant
From the bare everlasting firmament;
Where the blaze of the skies
Comes soft to our eyes
Through a veil of mystical imageries.

But could I see
As in truth they be,
The glories of Heaven that encompass me,
I should lightly hold
The tissued fold
Of that marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

Soon the whole
Like a parchéd scroll
Shall before my amazéd sight uproll,
And without a screen
At one burst be seen
The Presence wherein I have ever been.

O! who shall bear
The blinding glare
Of the Majesty that shall meet us there?
What eye may gaze
On the unveiled blaze
Of the light-girdled throne of the Ancient of days?
Christ us aid!
Himself be our shade,
That in that dread day we be not dismayed!



MY GUESS OF HEAVEN.

THOMAS KEN.

"For the hope which is laid up for you in Heaven."

NOR eye, ear, thought, can take the height
To which my song is taking flight,
Yet raised on humble wing,
My guess of Heaven I'll sing;
'Tis Love's reward, and Love is fired
By guessing at the bliss desired.

Guess then at saints' eternal lot,
By due considering what 'tis not,
No misery, want, or care,
No death, no darkness there,
No troubles, storms, sighs, groans, or tears,
No injury, pains, sickness, fears.

There souls no disappointments meet,
No vanities the choice to cheat,
Nothing that can defile,
No hypocrite, no guile,
No need of prayer, or what implies,
Or absence or vacuities.

There no ill conscience gnaws the breast,
No tempters holy souls infest,
No curse, no weeds, no toil,
No errors to embroil.
No lustful thought can enter in,
Or possibility of sin.

From all vexations here below,
The region of sin, death and woe.
Song, to your utmost stress
Now elevate your guess,
Sing what in sacred lines you read,
Of bliss for pious souls decreed.

They dwell in pure ecstatic light,
Of God Triune have blissful sight,
Of Fontal Love, who gave
God Filial, man to save;
Of Jesus' Love, who death sustain'd,
By which the saints their glory gain'd;

Of Love co-breathed the boundless Source.
From which saints' love derives its force.
Within the gracious shine
Of the co-glorious Trine,
The saints in happy mansions rest,
Of all they can desire possess'd.

Saints' bodies there the sun outvie
Temper'd to feel the joys on high,
Bright body and pure mind,
In rapture unconfined,
Capacities expand, till fit
Deluge of Godhead to admit.

In all-sufficient bliss they joy,
Duration in sweet hymns employ;
With angels they converse,
Their loves and joys rehearse,
Taste suavities of Love immense,
Of all delights full confluence.

With God's own Son they reign co-heirs,
Each saint with Him in glory shares,
Like Godhead, happy, pure,
Against all change secure,
In boundless joys they sabbatise,
Which Love Triune will eternise.

By boundless Love, for souls refined,
And joys unspeakable design'd,
When I those joys imbibe,
I then may them describe;
Joys to full pitch will hymn excite,
When from sensation I endite.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

HORATIUS BONAR. [On the Great Exhibition, 1851.]

HA! yon burst of crystal splendor,
Sunlight, starlight, blent in one;
Starlight set in arctic azure,
Sunlight from the burning zone!
Gold and silver, gems and marble,
All creation's jewelry;
Earth's uncovered waste of riches,
Treasures of the ancient sea.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Iris and Aurora braided—
How the woven colors shine!
Snow-gleams from an Alpine summit,
Torch-light from a spar-roofed mine.
Like Arabia's matchless palace,
Child of magic's strong decree,
One vast globe of living sapphire,
Floor, walls, columns, canopy.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Forms of beauty, shapes of wonder,
Trophies of triumphant toil;
Never Athens, Rome, Palmyra,
Gazed on such a costly spoil.
Dazzling the bewildered vision,
More than princely pomp we see;
What the blaze of the Alhambra,
Dome of emerald, to thee?
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Farthest cities pour their riches,
Farthest empires muster here,
Art her jubilee proclaiming
To the nations far and near.
From the crowd in wonder gazing,
Science claims the prostrate knee;
This her temple, diamond-blazing,
Shrine of her idolatry.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Listen to her tale of wonder,
Of her plastic, potent spell;
'Tis a big and braggart story,
Yet she tells it fair and well.
She the gifted, gay magician,
Mistress of earth, air, and sea;
This majestic apparition,
Offspring of her sorcery.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

What to that for which we're waiting
Is this glittering earthly toy?
Heavenly glory, holy splendor,
Sum of grandeur, sum of joy.
Not the gems that time can tarnish,
Not the hues that dim and die,
Not the glow that cheats the lover,
Shaded with mortality.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

Not the light that leaves us darker,
Nor the gleams that come and go,
Not the mirth whose end is madness,
Not the joy whose fruit is woe;
Not the notes that die at sunset,
Not the fashion of a day;
But the everlasting beauty,
And the endless melody.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

City of the pearl-bright portal;
City of the jasper wall;
City of the golden pavement;
Seat of endless festival.
City of Jehovah, Salem,
City of eternity,
To thy bridal-hall of gladness
From this prison would I flee.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

Ah! with such strange spells around me,
Fairest of what earth calls fair,
How I need thy fairer image,
To undo the syren snare,
Lest the subtle serpent-tempter
Lure me with his radiant lie!
As if sin were sin no longer,
Life were no more vanity.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me?

Yes, I need *thee*, heavenly city,
My low spirit to upbear;
Yes, I need thee—earth's enchantments
So beguile me with their glare!
Let me see thee, then these fetters
Break asunder; I am free;
Then this pomp no longer chains me;
Faith has won the victory.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

Soon where earthly beauty blinds not,
No excess of brilliance palls,
Salem, city of the holy,
We shall be within thy walls!
There, beside yon crystal river,
There, beneath life's wondrous tree,
There, with naught to cloud or sever—
Ever with the Lamb to be!
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

MARTYRS' SONG.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

WE meet in joy, though we part in sorrow;
We part to-night, but we meet to-morrow.

Be it flood or blood the path that's trod,
All the same it leads home to God:

Be it furnace-fire voluminous,
One like God's Son will walk with us.

What are these that glow from afar,
These that lean over the golden bar,

Strong as the lion, pure as the dove,
With open arms and hearts of love?

They the blessed ones gone before,
They the blessed forevermore:

Out of great tribulation they went
Home to their Home of Heaven-content;

Through flood, or blood, or furnace fire,
To the Rest that fulfils desire.

What are these that fly as a cloud,
With flashing heads and faces bowed,

In their mouths a victorious psalm,
In their hands a robe and a palm?

Welcoming Angels these that shine,
Your own Angel, and yours and mine;

Who have hedged us both day and night
On the left hand and on the right,

Who have watched us both night and day,
Because the Devil keeps watch to slay.

Light above light, and Bliss beyond bliss,
Whom words cannot utter, lo! Who is This?

As a King with many crowns He stands,
And our names are graven upon His Hands;

As a Priest, with God-uplifted Eyes,
He offers for us His Sacrifice;

As the Lamb of God for sinners slain,
That we too may live He lives again;

As our own Champion, behold Him stand
Strong to save us at God's Right Hand.

God the Father give us Grace
To walk in the Light of Jesus' Face.

God the Son give us a part
In the hiding-place of Jesus' Heart.

God the Spirit so hold us up
That we may drink of Jesus' Cup.

Death is short and Life is long;
Satan is strong, but Christ more strong.

At His Word, Who hath led us hither,
The Red Sea must part hither and thither;

At His Word, Who goes before us too,
Jordan must cleave to let us pass through.

Yet one pang searching and sore,
And then Heaven for evermore;

Yet one moment awful and dark,
Then safety within the Veil and the Ark;

Yet one effort by Christ His Grace,
And then Christ forever Face to face.

God the Father we will adore,
In Jesus' Name, now and evermore:

God the Son we will love and thank
In this flood and on the further bank:

God the Holy Ghost we will praise,
In Jesus' Name, unto endless days.

God Almighty, God Three in One,
God Almighty, God Alone.

WHEN NIGHTLY THROUGH THE SKY.

From the Spanish of Luis de Leon. Translated by Archdeacon CHURTON.

WHEN nightly through the sky
I view the stars their files unnumbered leading,
Then see the dark earth lie
In deathlike trance, unheeding
How Life and Time with those bright orbs are speeding:

Strong love and equal pain
Wake in my heart a fire with anguish burning;
The tear-drops fall like rain,
Mine eyes to fountains turning,
And my sad voice pours forth its tones of mourning:

O Mansion of high state,
Bright Temple of bright Saints in beauty dwelling,
The Soul, once born to mate
With these, what force repelling
Hath bound to earth, its light in darkness quelling?

What mortal disaccord
Hath exiled so from Truth the mind unstable?
Why, of its blest reward
Forgetful, lost, unable,
Seeks it each shadowy fraud and guileful fable?

Man lies in slumber dead,
Like one that of his danger hath no feeling,
The while with silent tread
Those restless orbs are wheeling,
And as they fly his hours of life are stealing.

O Mortals, wake and rise;
Think of the loss that on your lives is pressing;
The Soul, that never dies,
Ordained for endless blessing,
How shall it live false shows for Truth caressing?

Ah, raise your fainting eyes
To that firm sphere where still new glory weareth,
And scorn the low disguise
The flattering world prepareth,
And all the world's poor thrall hopeth or feareth.

O what is all earth's round,
Brief scene of man's proud strife and vain endeavor,
Weighed with that deep profound,
That tideless Ocean-river,
That onward bears Time's fleeting forms forever?

Once meditate, and see
That fixed accord in wondrous variance given,
The mighty harmony
Of courses all uneven,
Wherein each star keeps time and place in heaven.

Who can behold that store
Of light unspent, and not with very sighing
Burst earth's frail bonds, and soar,
With Soul unbodied flying,
From this sad place of exile and of dying?

There dwelleth sweet Content;
There is the reign of Peace; there, throned in splendor,
As one pre-eminent,
With dove-like eyes so tender,
Sits holy Love—honor and joy attend her.

There is revealed whate'er
Of Beauty thought can reach; the source internal
Of purest Light, that ne'er
To darkness yields; eternal
Bloom the bright flowers in clime forever vernal.

There would my Spirit be,
Those quiet fields and pleasant meads exploring,
Where Truth immortally,
Her priceless wealth outpouring,
Feeds through the blissful vales the Souls of Saints adoring.

WHAT SHALL WE BE?

ANONYMOUS.

WHAT shall we be, and whither shall we go,
When the last conflict of our life is o'er,
And we return, from wandering to and fro,
To our dear home, through heaven's eternal door?
When we shake off the last dust from our feet,
When we wipe off the last drop from our brow,
And our departed friends once more shall greet,—
The hope which cheers and comforts us below!

What shall we be, when we ourselves shall see,
Bathed in the flood of everlasting light,
And from all guilt and sin entirely free,
Stand pure and blameless in our Maker's sight?
No longer from His holy presence driven,
Conscious of guilt and stung with inward pain,
But friends of God and citizens of heaven,
To join the ranks of his celestial train!

What shall we be, when we drink in the sound
Of heavenly music from the spheres above,
When golden harps to listening hosts around
Declare the wonders of redeeming love?
When, far and wide, through the resounding air
Loud Hallelujahs from the ransom'd rise,
And holy incense, sweet with praise and prayer,
Is wafted to the Highest through the skies!

What shall we be, when the freed soul shall rise
With unrestrain'd and bold aspiring flight
To Him, who by His wondrous sacrifice
Hath open'd heaven and scatter'd sin's dark night?
When from the eye of faith the thin veil drops,
Like wreaths of mist before the morning's rays,
And we behold the end of all our hopes,
The son of God in full refulgent blaze!

ATHANATOS.

H. KIRK WHITE.

AWAY with Death—away
With all her sluggish sleeps and chilling damps,
Impervious to the day,
Where nature sinks into inanity.
How can the soul desire
Such hateful nothingness to crave,
And yield with joy the vital fire,
To moulder in the grave!
Yet mortal life is sad,
Eternal storms molest its sullen sky;
And sorrows ever rife
Drain the sacred fountain dry—
Away with mortal life!
But hail the calm reality,
The seraph Immortality!
Hail the Heavenly bowers of peace!
Where all the storms of passion cease.

Wild Life's dismaying struggle o'er,
The wearied spirit weeps no more;
But wears the eternal smile of joy,
Tasting bliss without alloy.
Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
Where no passing tempest lowers;
But the azure heavens display
The everlasting smile of day;
Where the choral seraph choir,
Strike to praise the harmonious lyre;
And the spirit sinks to ease,
Lull'd by distant symphonies.
Oh! to think of meeting there
The friends whose graves received our tear,
The daughter loved, the wife adored,
To our widow'd arms restored;
And all the joys which death did sever,
Given to us again forever!
Who would cling to wretched life,
And hug the poison'd thorn of strife;
Who would not long from earth to fly,
A sluggish senseless lump to lie,
When the glorious prospect lies
Full before his raptured eyes?



THE EXILE'S VISION.

PAUL GERHARDT: Translated by JOHN KELLY.

BY John was seen a wondrous sight,
A noble light,
A picture very glorious:
A multitude stood 'fore him there
All bright and fair,
On heav'nly plain victorious;
Their heart and mood
Were full of good,
That mortal man
With gold ne'er can
Procure, so high 'tis o'er us.

Palm branches in their hands they bore;
They stood before
The Lamb's throne, 'fore the Saviour;
Praise from their lips did ever flow,
Their robes like snow;
Their song still higher ever,
So sweetly rang;
God's thanks they sang,
And in their song
The holy throng
Of angels joined ever.

"Who," said the wond'ring John, "are they
In white array,
Whom now I see before me?"
"They are," said one from out the crowd,
That round him stood,
One of the elders hoary,
"They're men, my son,
Who fought and won
The fight of faith,
Despis'd the scath,
Attain'd the prize of glory

"They're those who on the earth below,
Long, long ago,
Pass'd through great tribulation,
Who for the honor of their Lord
And of His word,
And grief and all vexation,
From blame all free
But patiently,
Though smarting sore
By God's help bore,
O'ercame with exultation.

"They wash'd their robes and made them white
(Their hearts were right),
In faith's bath them renewing,
And they resisted evermore
With all their pow'r
Hell's art, it quite subduing,

Did aye deride
Earth's pomp and pride,
Chose Jesu's blood
As their chief good,
All other good eschewing.

" And therefore with their doings, they
Stand there for aye,
Where God's fair temple's standing,
The temple where they night and day
Praise God for aye,
His glorious name commending.
There do they live
With nought to grieve,
From toil all free
Joys taste and see,
That never know an ending.

" There in His dwelling sitteth God
And spreads abroad
His goodness as a cover,
There with bliss manifold is bless'd
In quiet rest,
The wearied whose life's over;
What pleasure gives,
The heart relieves,
The longing stills,
And the eye fills,
In full bloom stands there ever.

"No thirst, nor hunger there, no need;
The heav'nly bread
All wants aye satisfieth;
And shineth there the sun no more
In too great pow'r,
Its light poor joy supplieth;
Heav'n's sun so bright
And heart's delight,
Is our great Lord
The living Word,
Who no good thing denieth."

The Lamb His flock will ever feed
E'en as they need,
In pastures never wasting,
He will them to the fountain bring,
Whence ever spring
Streams of life everlasting;
And certainly
Ne'er rest will He,
Till wash'd away
All tears for aye
Are, and His bliss we're tasting.

THINGS UNSEEN AND UNHEARD.

GILES FLETCHER.

HERE may the band that now in triumph shines,
And that (before they were invested thus)
In earthly bodies carried heavenly minds,
Pitch round about in order glorious,
Their sunny tents and houses luminous;
All their eternal day in songs employing,
Joying their end without end of their joying,
While their Almighty Prince destruction is destroying.

Their sight drinks lovely fire in at their eyes,
Their breath sweet incense with fine breath accloys,
That on God's sweating altar burning lies;
Their hungry ears feed on the heavenly noise
That angels sing to tell their untold joys;
Their understanding, naked truth, their wills,
The all and self sufficient goodness fills,
That nothing here is wanting but the want of ills.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow;
No bloodless malady empales their face;
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow;
No nakedness their bodies doth embase;
No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace;
No fear of death the joy of life devours;
No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers;
No loss, no grief, no change wait on their wingéd hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks and laughs at pain;
The infant wonders how he came so old,
The old man how he came so young again;
Still resting, though from sleep they still refrain;
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe;
And all are kings, and yet no subjects know,
All full, and yet no time they do on food bestow.

About the holy city rolls a flood
Of molten crystal, like a sea of glass,
On which weak stream a strong foundation stood;
Of living diamonds the building was,
That all things else, besides itself, did pass.
Her streets, instead of stones, the stars did pave,
And little pearls for dust it seemed to have,
On which soft streaming manna, like pure snow, did wave.

It is no flaming lustre made of light;
No sweet consent, or well-tuned harmony,
Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite;
Or flowery odor mixed with spicery;
No soft embrace or pleasure bodily:
And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
A harmony that sounds within the breast,
An odor, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

A heavenly feast no hunger can consume;
A light unseen, yet shines in every place;
A sound no time can steal; a sweet perfume
No winds can scatter; an entire embrace

That no satiety can e'er unlace ;
Ingraced into so high a favor there
The saints with their beaupeers whole worlds outwear,
And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear.

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater gains ;
Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
Spending your endless evening that remains
Among those white flocks and celestial trains
That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes, and frame
That heavenly music of so wondrous frame,
Psalming aloud the holy honors of His name!

HARPS IN HEAVEN.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

AND at Oriel's signal came
My father, bearing in his hand a harp
Of simplest form, but manifold in tones
Of musical modulations without end,
And gave it to me, saying, "Take it, my son ;
It is Heaven's workmanship, and made for thee."
I took it, nothing loth ; and, though on earth
In lute or harp my skill was nothing, then
Immediately I felt the tremulous strings
Responsive to my every thought, as when
The wind in sportive or in pensive mood
Wakens Æolian music. Strung it was

And pitch'd in most mysterious unison
With my heart's sympathies ; for when I laid
My fingers on its airy chords, straightway
My very soul gush'd forth in melody,
The harp and harper vibrating in tune ;
While words, like echoes of an old refrain
That heard in childhood, haunts our riper years,
Broke in heaven's music from my lips.

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

A HOME in Heaven! what a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot!
His heart opprest, and with anguish driven,
From his home below, to his home in heaven.

A home in Heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home ; what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

A home in Heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid ;
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

A home in Heaven! when the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds ;
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

A home in heaven! when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl by the terror-stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

Our home in heaven! oh, the glorious home!
And the Spirit, join'd with the bride, says "come!"
Come, seek His face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven!

INVITATIONS FROM HEAVEN.

COME to the land of peace!
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,
The shadow passes from the soul away,
The sounds of weeping cease!

Fear hath no dwelling there!
Come to the mingling of repose and love,
Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove
Through the celestial air!

Come to the bright and blest,
And crowned forever—'midst the shining band,
Gathered to heaven's own wreath from every land,
Thy spirit shall find rest!

Thou hast been long alone;
Come to thy mother! on the Sabbath shore,
The heart that rocked thy childhood back once more
Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left,
Come to thy sisters!—joyously again
All the home-voices, blest in one sweet strain,
Shall greet their long bereft.

Over thine orphan head
The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's bough;
Come to thy father!—it is finished now;
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace;
And, O, bright victory!—death by love no place!
Come, spirit, to thy God!

MINISTER'S WELCOME TO HEAVEN.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

IN amaze
I asked what meant such gratulation there,
And one of many answered, "From thy mouth
We heard of Jesus' love, and thine the hand
That led us to His feet." It was enough;
For all the Parent and the Pastor woke
Within me: all the holy memories
Of bygone days flowed in a refluent tide

Over my soul once more. Some I had known
From rosy dawn of childhood. . .
Some I had shepherded, yea, many. And
Some in after years had poured the burden
Of a wounded spirit into mine.
And others, dying, heard me read of him
Who on the cross for mercy cried to Christ;
Heard, and themselves believed. All these I knew,
And quick as light their story flashed on me.
But in that group of filial spirits came
Many I knew not—*part of that great store*
Of unsuspected treasure heaven conceals.
And they too poured on me beatitudes.

MY PLACE IN HEAVEN.

JOHN MASON.

MY Jesus is gone up to heaven
To get a place for me;
For 'tis His will, that, where He is,
There should His servants be.

Canaan I view from Pisgah's top,
Of Canaan's grapes I taste:
My Lord, who sends unto me here,
Will send for *me* at last.

I have a God that changeth not:
Why should I be perplext?
My God, that owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.

Go fearless then, my soul, with God
Into another room:
Thou who hast walkéd with Him here
Go, see thy God at home.

My dearest friends they dwell above;
Them will I go to see:
And all my friends in Christ below
Will soon come after me.

NO STRANGER IN HEAVEN.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

I WAS no stranger in a strange land there:
But rather as one who travel-worn and weary,
Weary of wandering through many climes,
At length returning homeward, eyes far off
The white cliffs of his fatherland, and ere
The laboring ship touches its sacred soil
Leaps on the pier, while round him crowding press
Children, and kith and friends, who in a breath
Ask of his welfare, and with joyous tongues
Pour all their love into his thirsty ear.



THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

AS through the artist's intervening glass
Our eyes observe the distant planets pass;
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than art can show:
So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above),
High as we may lift our reason up,
By faith directed, and confirmed by hope:
Yet we are able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight:
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light:
But soon the 'mediate clouds shall be dispelled;
The sun shall then be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN.

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome—
When sweet angels' voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home

To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care
In that land of life and glory—
Shall we know each other there?

When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In that glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us, as in days of yore?
Shall we feel the dear arms twining
Fondly round us, as before?

Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angels' voices,
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved ones long ago;
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.

O ye weary, sad and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In that land of perfect day.
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers;
Murmured in my rapturous ear;
Evermore their sweet song lingers:
"We shall know each other there."

REMINDERS OF HEANEN.

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN I gaze on the light of yon beautiful sky,
And the curtains of azure unfolded on high;
Their glory and splendor recall to my thought
The blissful inheritance Jesus hath bought:
I fancy the portals of heaven appear,
And I feel at the moment—My home is not here.

When I see all around me the flowers so bright,
Which God has implanted to ravish my sight;
I hail them as pledges of heavenly love,
And think of the brighter ones blooming above:
Their fragrance reminds me of hopes that are dear,
And I love to remember—My home is not here.

When I hear the glad song of the lark as she flies,
Still warbling her notes as she mounts to the skies;
I think of the time when my heavenward flight
Will, like hers, be directed to regions of light;
I shall sing as I leave every trouble and fear—
My home is in heaven—My home is not here!

O land of enjoyment! O home of my heart,
What blesséd delight can thy image impart;
In the midst of affliction, of sorrow, and grief,
One thought of thy glory brings instant relief,
And quickly the darkening clouds disappear,
As the feeling steals o'er me—My home is not here.

REST IN HEAVEN.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found above—in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose—in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

SCORNING HEAVEN.

JOHN MILTON. Speech of Belial.

WHAT place can be for us
Within heaven's bound, unless heaven's lord supreme
We overpow'r! Suppose He should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in His presence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate His throne
With warbled hymns, and to His godhead sing
Forc'd hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied Sov'reign, and His altar breathes
Ambrosial odors, and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile off'rings? This must be our task
In heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent, in worship paid
To whom we hate!

MEDITATION OF HEAVEN.

ISAAC WATTS.

"I will lift up Mine Eyes to the Hills."

MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil:
There springs of endless pleasure rise;
The waters never fail.

There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

His promise stands forever firm;
His grace shall ne'er depart:
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

Light are the pains that Nature brings:
How short our sorrows are,
When, with eternal, future things,
The present we compare!

I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I forever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

COME UP HITHER.

EDWIN H. NEVIN.

"COME up hither, come away,"
Thus the ransomed spirits sing:
Here is cloudless, endless day;
Here is everlasting Spring.

Come up hither; come and dwell
With the living hosts above:
Come, and let your bosoms swell
With their burning songs of love.

Come up hither; come and share
In the sacred joys that rise,
Like an ocean, everywhere
Through the myriads of the skies.

Come up hither; come and shine
In the robes of spotless white.
Palms and harps and crowns are thine:
Hither, hither, wing your flight!

Come up hither, hither speed:
Rest is found in heaven alone.
Here is all the wealth you need:
Come, and make this wealth your own.

HEARTS UNITED.

ALBERT LAIGHTON.

"That They may be One, even as We are One."

THIS world is bright and fair, we know:
The skies are arched in glory;
The stars shine on, the sweet flowers blow,
And tell their blessed story.

But softer than the summer's breath,
And fairer than its roses,
Will be the clime afar, when Death
The pearly gate uncloses,—

The land where broken ties shall twine,
And fond hearts will not sever;
Where love's pure light shall brighter shine,
Forever and forever.

OUR ABIDING CITY.

JOHN KELLY.

"WE'VE no abiding city here."
This may distress the worldly mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

"We've no abiding city here,"—
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."

"We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest,—
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

HASTENING HOME.

JOHN BURTON.

"How short my time is!"

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home:
Life is but a winter's day,—
A journey to the tomb.
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms:
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in Death's cold arms.

Time is winging us away
To our eternal home:
Life is but a winter's day,—
A journey to the tomb.
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

THE DISTANT SHORE.

From Fraser's Magazine.

"The land that is very far off."

Upon the shore
Of Evermore,
We sport, like children at their play;
And gather shells
Where sinks and swells
The mighty sea from far away.

Upon that beach,
Nor voice nor speech
Doth things intelligible say;
But through our souls
A whisper rolls,
That comes to us from far away.

Into our ears
The voice of years
Comes deeper, deeper, day by day:
We stoop to hear,
As it draws near,
Its awfulness from far away.

At what it tells,
We drop the shells
We were so fond of yesterday;
And pick no more
Upon that shore,
But dream of brighter, far away.

And o'er that tide,
Far out and wide,
The yearnings of our souls do stray:
We long to go,
We do not know
Where it may be, but far away.

The mighty deep
Doth slowly creep
Up on the shore where we did play;
The very sand,
Where we did stand
A moment since, swept far away.

We'll trust the wave,
And Him to save,
Beneath whose feet as marble lay
The rolling deep;
For He can keep
Our souls, in that dim far away.

HEAVEN AND EARTH CONTRASTED.

THOMAS MOORE.

"Great is your reward in heaven."

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given.
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow:
There's nothing true, but heaven.

And false the light on glory's plume
As fading hues of even;
And love and hope and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb.
There's nothing bright, but heaven.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way:
There's nothing calm, but heaven.

THE SPOTLESS ROBE.

THOMAS MOORE.

"Put on thy beautiful garments."

THE golden palace of my God
Towering above the clouds I see,
Beyond the cherubs' bright abode,
Higher than angels' thoughts can be.

How can I in those courts appear,
Without a wedding-garment on?
Conduct me, thou Life-giver, there,
Conduct me to thy glorious throne,
And clothe me with thy robes of light,
And lead me through Sin's darksome night,
My Saviour and my God!

THE PROMISED MANSIONS.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND. From his epic poem, Calvary.

"I go to prepare a place for you."

LET not your hearts be troubled: ye believe
In God; believe also in me, his Son.
Doubt not but in the compass of the heavens
My father will provide for all his saints
Mansions of peace, seats of eternal bliss,
Where spirits made perfect after death shall dwell,
And rest from earthly toils: thither I go
To seal your sure election, and prepare
For you, my faithful servants, an abode,
That, as in sorrow here, so there in bliss
With me, your Lord, now dying for your sakes,
Ye may surmount the grave, and ever live
In heavenly communion undisturbed.
Lament not, therefore, if I now depart,
Your provident Precursor; for ye know
Whither I go, and also know the way.

THE DEBT OF HEAVEN TO EARTH.

THOMAS H. GILL.

LORD! leadeth not this desert land
To our bright home with Thee?
Dost Thou not mean Thy pilgrim band
The Golden Gates to see?

Yet may we carry to our home
Gifts in the desert given;
Thou would'st not have Thy pilgrims come
All empty to Thy Heaven.

Bright Angels! on your store alone
We shall not need to live;
We bring you something of our own
Our God's dear gifts we give.

We bring the strength by Him conferred
Unto the Heavenly Host;
We bring the shame for Him incurred
To be our endless boast;

We bring the wounds on earth that bled
To have sweet healing given;
We bring the tears on earth we shed
To find them smiles in Heaven.

Your burning love the flame we lend
That here so humbly burned;
And with your awful love we blend
The love on earth we learned.

We bring you each endeavor fair
That made earth's darkness shine ;
Each triumph o'er the foe ye share,
Each victory divine.

Each precious, pure delight that made
The Vale of Tears less sad,
Doth help the joys that never fade,
Doth make the angels glad.

O happy Golden Hours below!
Your glory hath not gone :
The grateful years eternal flow
More bright because ye shone.

On earth we sing our heavenly songs,
With holy fire we burn ;
O Golden Harps! O angel tongues!
Our strains ye too may learn.

Dear Lord! whose grace on earth we taste,
Whose glory down doth come,
Thou meanest not these gifts for waste,
May we not bear them home?

May we not, richly-laden, make
The wealth of Heaven the more,
And bringing gifts divine, partake
The sweet celestial store?

JOYFUL HASTE.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

JOYFULLY, joyfully onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!
Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom:
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blesséd, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome—
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors! I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Sir John Denham.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.
Home! home! etc.

I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
Home! home! etc.

While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home! home! etc.

Whate'er thou deniest, oh give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.
Home! home! etc.

I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

FAITH'S CHOICE.

ISAAC WATTS.

WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there!

Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise!

"LAND A-HEAD."

"LAND a-head!" its fruits are waving
O'er the hills of fadeless green;
And the living waters laving
Shores where heavenly forms are seen.

Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding,
See, the blessed wave their hands;
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright immortal bands.

There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silvery bay;
Seaward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away.

Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our Salvation,
We are safe at home at last!

HEAVEN'S DAWN.

THOMAS GIBBONS.

NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

THE SHADOWLESS.

G. Robins.

THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glories fraught.

A land, upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And these long parted meet again.

Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.



HEAVENLY CANAAN.

ISAAC WATTS.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!—

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

HOPE OF OUR HEARTS.

SIR EDWARD DENNY.

HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away.

No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us by Thee.

But, dearest Lord, however bright
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?

What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with Thee?

This joy e'en now on earth is ours;
But only, Lord, above,
Our hearts, without a pang, shall know
The fullness of Thy love.

There, near Thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransomed bride shall see
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
Who died to make her free.

THE WELCOME DAY.

ISAAC WATTS.

LO! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing—
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King:

"The God of glory down to men
Removes His blest abode!
Men, the dear objects of His grace,
And He the loving God:

"His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die."

How long, dear Saviour, oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!

I THITHER LIFT MY EYES.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

THERE is a world of perfect bliss
Above the starry skies;
Oppressed with sorrows and with sins,
I thither lift my eyes.

'Tis there the weary are at rest,
And all is peace within;
The mind, with guilt no more oppressed,
Is tranquil and serene.

Discord and strife are banished thence,
Distrust and slavish fear;
No more we hear the pensive sigh,
Or see the falling tear.

Farewell to earth and earthly things;
In vain ye tempt my stay:
Come, angels, spread your joyful wings,
And bear my soul away!

PARADISE RESTORED.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JESUS, to thy dear wounds we flee,
We seek thy bleeding side,
Assured that all who trust in thee
Shall evermore abide.

Then let the thundering trumpet sound,
The latest lightning glare;
The mountains melt; the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air:

The huge, celestial bodies roll,
Amidst that general fire;
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
And all in smoke expire.

Sublime upon his azure throne,
He speaks—the Almighty Word;
His fiat is obeyed! 'tis done;
And Paradise restored!

So be it! let this system end,
This ruined earth and skies;
The New Jerusalem descend,
The New Creation rise.

ARISE, FLY UP, AND RUN.

ISAAC WATTS.

ARISE, my soul! fly up, and run
Through every heavenly street;
And say there's nought below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.

There, on a high, majestic throne,
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds His glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To need the feeble moon.

Amidst those ever-shining skies
Behold the Sacred Dove;
While banished sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

But oh, what beams of heavenly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in every smile!

Jesus, and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell among them there?

WRECK OF THE UNIVERSE.

MATHER BYLES.

WHEN wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies;
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire
In harsh disorder rise;—

Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand,
And strike a tuneful song;
My harp all trembling in my hand,
And all inspired my tongue.

I'll shout aloud, "Ye thunders, roll,
And shake the sullen sky;
Your sounding voice, from pole to pole,
In angry murmurs try:

"Let the earth totter on her base,
And clouds the heavens deform;
Blow, all ye winds, from every place,
And rush the final storm!"

Come quickly, blesséd Lord, appear—
Bid the swift chariot fly;
Let angels tell Thy coming near,
And snatch me to the sky.

Around Thy wheels, in the glad throng,
I'd bear a joyful part;
All hallelujah on my tongue—
All rapture in my heart.

WE SEEK THE PROMISED SOIL.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

OUR country is Immanuel's ground—
We seek that promised soil;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
Yet naught but heaven our hopes can raise,
And naught but sin our fears.

The flowers that spring along the road
We scarcely stoop to pluck;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look.

We tread the path our Master trod;
We bear the cross He bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.

"O FOR THE PEARLY GATES."

CECIL FRANCIS ALEXANDER.

OH, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How soon they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps the earthly saint!

Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher.
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.

Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fail not of Thy grace,
Nor fail to reach our crown!

THERE IS A FOLD WHENCE NONE CAN STRAY.

Bishop East.

THERE is a fold whence none can stray;
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night is ever seen.

Far up the everlasting hills
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimensions fills
With joy that never dies.

One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this:
I have a Shepherd pledged to save
And bear me home to bliss.

Soon at His feet my soul will lie
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

Far from this guilty world to be
Exempt from toil and strife—
To spend eternity with Thee—
My Saviour this is life!

NAME EVER DEAR TO ME.

Latin Hymn, 8th Cent. In Eckington Col. 1790.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace, in thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Oh when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

THE OTHER SIDE.

ANONYMOUS.

WE dwell this side of Jordan's stream,
Yet oft there comes a shining beam
Across from yonder shore;
While visions of a holy throng,
And sound of harp and seraph song,
Seem gently wafted o'er.

The other side! oh, happy place,
Where saints in joy past times retrace,
And think of trials gone;
The veil withdrawn, they clearly see,
That all on earth had need to be,
To bring them safely home.

The other side! oh charming side!
Along its banks still waters glide,
And many a loved one waits;
Across the stream they call to me,—
"Fear not—we stay to welcome thee
Beside the pearly gates."

The other side! the other side!
Who would not brave the swelling tide
Of earthly toil and care,
To wake one day, when life is past,
Over the stream, at home at last,
With all the bless'd ones there?

CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM.

ANNE SHEPHERD.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.

What brought them to that world above,
That heav'n so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;—
How came those children there?

Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!

And many sought the Saviour's grace, —
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blesséd face,
And stand before the Lamb.

WHAT THEN?

ANONYMOUS.

AFTER the Christian's tears,
After his fights and fears,
After his weary cross,—
All things below but loss,—
What then? what then?

Oh, then, a holy calm,
Resting on Jesus' arm;
Oh, then, a deeper love
For the pure home above.

After this holy calm,
This rest on Jesus' arm;
After this deepened love
For the pure home above,
What then? what then?

Oh, then, a work for him,
Perishing souls to win:
Then Jesus' presence near,
Death's darkest hour to cheer.

And when the work is done,
When the last soul is won,
When Jesus' love and power
Have cheered the dying hour,
What then? what then?

THE FAVORED OF THEIR JUDGE.

EDWARD YOUNG. ["The Last Day," Book III.]

THE favored of their Judge in triumph move
To take possession of their thrones above;
To crop the roses of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth;
To swim in seas of bliss: to strike the string,
And lift the voice, to their almighty King;
To lose eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heaven's wide circumference with praise.

NEW HEAVENS AND NEW EARTH.

J. WALTHER, 1557. Translated by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

HOW fain my joyous heart would sing
That lovely summer-time,
When God reneweth everything
In His celestial prime;

When He shall make new heavens and earth,
And all the creatures there
Shall spring from out that second birth
All-glorious, pure, and fair.

The perfect beauty of that sphere
No mortal tongue may speak;
We have no likeness for it here,
Our words are far too weak;
And we must wait till we behold
The hour of judgment true,
That to the soul shall all unfold
What God is, and can do.

For God ere long will summon all
Who e'er on earth were born;
This flesh shall hear the trumpet's call
And live again that morn.
And when in Christ His Son we wake,
These skies asunder roll,
And all the bliss of heaven shall break
Upon the raptured soul.

And He will lead the white-robed throng
To His fair Paradise,
Where from the marriage-feast the song
Of endless praise shall rise;
And from His fathomless abyss
Of perfect love and truth,
Shall flow perpetual joy and bliss,
In never-ending youth.

Ah God, now lead me of Thy love
Through this dark world aright;
Lord Christ, defend me lest I rove
Or lies delude my sight;
And keep me steadfast in the faith
Till these dark days have ceased,
All ready still in life or death
For Thy great marriage-feast.

And herewith will I end the song
Of that fair summer-time;
The blossoms shall burst out ere long
Of heaven's eternal prime,
The year begin, forever new;
God grant us then on high
To see our vision here made true,
And eat the fruits of joy!

AWAKE, THE NIGHT IS FLYING.

From the German of Philip Nicolai, 1598. By Catherine Winkworth.

WAKE, awake, for night is flying,
The watchmen on the heights are crying;
Awake, Jerusalem, at last!
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!

The Bridegroom comes, awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hallelujah!
And for His marriage-feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there.

Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
Ah come, Thou blessed Lord,
O Jesus, Son of God,
Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne.
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attain'd to hear
What there is ours,
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

THE GREAT CITY OF GOD.

T. Buchanan Read.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."—Wordsworth.

ERE the rose and the roseate hues of the dawn,
With the dews of my youth, were all scattered and gone;
Ere the cloud, like the far-reaching wing of the night,
Had shut out the glory of God from my sight,
I saw a wide realm in the azure unfold,
Where the fields nodded towards me their flowers of gold;
And the soft airs sailed o'er them, and drop't from above,
As if shed from innumerous pinions of love;
There were trees with broad boles steeped in perfume and dew,
With their full breasts for ever leaned up to the blue,
And within their wide bosoms the winds seemed to rest
With the calm like the sleep of a soul that is blest;
Or, if any light rustle stole out from their limbs,
'Twas the murmurous music of delicate hymns,
As if some dear angel sat singing within
To a spirit just won from the regions of sin.
There were streams which seemed born but in slumberous bowers,
Stealing down, like a dream, through the sleep of the flowers,—

So pure was the azure they won from the height,
The blue hills seemed melting to rivers of light;
And within their fair realm, where but angels have trod,
I beheld, as I thought, the great CITY OF GOD!
All its high walls were pierced with no engines of Death;
No moat, with its dull pool, lay stagnant beneath:
The last bolts, I ween, the stout heart has to fear,
Are pointed and sped from Death's citadel here;
And the last hungry moat the pure soul has to brave,
Ere it passes the portal to bliss, is the grave!
There the wide wall went East till it dimmed to the view,
And the wide wall went West till it passed into blue;
And the broad gates stood open, inviting the way,
Like the hands of the Lord to his children astray.
There were high towers, climbing still dazzlingly higher,
Till each shone like a fixed guiding pillar of fire;
And the angels who watched on their summits afar,
So lessened by distance, gleamed each as a star:
And the great dome that templed the Father in light,
Seemed to swell and to circle, and to swell on the sight
As some angel, who cleaves his bright way 'mid the spheres,
Beholds the blue dome of the earth as he nears.
There was music—my soul unto memory yields,
And hears the low sounds floating over the fields;
But, alas! not as then, with its rapturous desire,
Like some bird that sits hushed by the song of a choir,

It melted and flowed o'er the walls and the towers,
And sweet as if breathed from the lips of the flowers,—
As if the bright blossoms, with loving accord,
Had risen and sang to the praise of the Lord!
Then I thought 'mid that music to wander and wait
For the loved ones, just there by the palm at the gate,
To begin the great life that no Death can o'ertake,
And to dream the great dream that no tumult can break,
In the broad world of Beauty, of flowers, and bliss.
But, alas! I awoke where the thorns grow in this:
And the walls of Death's citadel now intervene,
And the grave, like a moat, yawns here darkly between:
But still, through the mists and the shadows of night,
I can follow the stars on those pillars of light;
And I know the great gates stand there open and broad,
Inviting the way to the CITY OF GOD.

THE TRANSPARENT THRONE.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

O BEAUTEOUS God, uncircumscribed treasure
Of an eternal pleasure!
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star,
Where thou prepar'st a glorious place
Within the brightness of thy face

For every spirit
To inherit
That builds his hopes upon thy merit,
And loves thee with a holy charity.
What ravished heart, seraphic tongue, or eyes
Clear as the morning's rise,
Can speak, or think, or see,
That bright eternity,
Where the great King's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper stone?
There the eye
O' th' chrysolite,
And a sky
Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase,
And, above all thy holy face,
Makes an eternal clarity
When thou thy jewels up dost bind; that day
Remember us, we pray,
That where the beryl lies,
And the crystal, 'bove the skies,
There thou may'st appoint us place
Within the brightness of thy face,
And our soul
In the scroll
Of life and blissfulness enroll,
That we may praise thee to eternity:
Allelujah!

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY, ZION THE FREE.

BEAUTIFUL Zion! city renowned!
Through the universe wide thy praise shall resound
When straight from thy God thou descendest, the bride,
For thy husband in garments of glory arrayed;
Oh glorious thy beauty, by prophets foretold,
Thy gates of fair pearls, thy streets of pure gold!
To dwell in the city mine may it be—
The beautiful city, Zion the free!

Beautiful Zion! the hope of thy rest
Is a balm for the weary and sorrow-bound breast;
From the bars of affliction, and struggling with sighs,
Sweet prayers for thy coming in breathings arise;
Eternal the joys in thy palaces found;
Forever the song of the saved shall resound;
To dwell in the city mine may it be—
The beautiful city, Zion the free.

Beautiful Zion! desire of the earth!
No sorrow nor sighing in thee shall have birth;
Prisoners of hope, here with burdens oppressed,
How long they to enter thy portals of rest!
Thy rivers of pleasure eternally roll,
Anointing with gladness each blood-ransomed soul;
To dwell in the city mine may it be—
The beautiful city, Zion the free!

JOYFUL WORDS, WE MEET AGAIN.

From the German, by J. MONTGOMERY.

JOYFUL words,—we meet again!
Love's own language, comfort darting
Through the souls of friends at parting!
Life in death—we meet again!

While we walk this vale of tears,
Compassed round with care and sorrow,
Gloom to-day and storm to-morrow,
"Meet again" our bosom cheers.

Far in exile when we roam,
O'er our lost endearments weeping,
Lonely, silent vigils keeping,
"Meet again" transports us home.

When this weary world is past,
Happy they whose spirits soaring,
Vast eternity exploring,
"Meet again" in heaven at last.

AN ECHO OF HEAVEN.

GEORGE HERBERT.—1593-1632.

"The Lamb is the Light thereof."

OH! who will show me those delights on high?
Echo.—I.
Thou, Echo? Thou art mortal, all men know.
Echo.—No.
Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
Echo.—Leaves.
And are there any leaves that still abide?
Echo.—Bide.
What leaves are they? Impart the matter wholly.
Echo.—Holy.
Are holy leaves the echo, then, of bliss?
Echo.—Yes.
Then tell me, what is that supreme delight?
Echo.—Light.
Light to the mind: what shall the will enjoy?
Echo.—Joy.
But are there cares and business with the pleasure?
Echo.—Leisure.
Light, joy, and leisure! but shall they persevere?
Echo.—Ever.

SONGS OF THE BLESSED.

From Hymns Ancient and Modern.

"Salvation to Our God which sitteth upon the Throne, and to the Lamb."

O HEAVENLY Jerusalem
Of everlasting halls!
Thrice blessed are the people
Thou storest in thy walls.

Thou art the golden mansion
Where saints forever sing,—
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

There God forever sitteth
Himself of all the Crown;
The Lamb the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

Naught to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest:
They sing their God forever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

Sure hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend:
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

THOMAS OLIVERS.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, great I AM!
By heaven and earth confest,
I bow, and bless the sacred name,
Forever blest.

The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me through this pilgrimage
In all his ways;
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God;
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend ;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend ;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bound I urge my way
At his command ;
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness ;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace

On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious, with His saints in light,
Forever reigns.

He keeps His own secure,
He guards them by His side;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

Before the Three in One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done
Through all their land;
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing,
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!"
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship Thee.

Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace,
Forever new;
He shows His prints of love,
They kindle to a flame,
And sound, through all the world above,
The slaughtered Lamb.

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry;
Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty be Thine,
And endless praise.

THERE IS NO MORE SEA.

FYSH.

WHEN tempests toss, and billows roll,
And lightnings rend from pole to pole,
Sweet is the thought to me,
That one day it shall not be so;
In the bright world to which I go
The tempest shall forget to blow;
There shall be no more sea.

My little bark has suffered much
From adverse storms; nor is she such
As once she seemed to be;
But I shall shortly be at home,
No more a mariner to roam;
When once I to the port am come,
There will be no more sea.

Then let the waves run mountain high,
Confound the deep, perplex the sky,—
This shall not always be;
One day the sun will brightly shine
With life, and light, and heat divine;
And when that glorious light is mine,
There will be no more sea.

My Pilot tells me not to fear,
But trust entirely to His care,
And He will guarantee,
If only I depend on Him,
To land me safe, in His good time,
In yonder purer, happier clime,
Where shall be no more sea.

WHERE THE BLIND SEE.

JESSIE GLENN.

OH, I hear them tell of a canopy fair,
That stretches its blue wing far up in the air;
They say it is gemmed with the stars of night,
That sparkle and gleam in the pale moonlight;
But when I look up all is darkness to me,
For I cannot see! I cannot see!

I hear of the flowers that round me bloom,
And my spirit finds joy in their sweet perfume;
The rose and the clematis surely are fair,
For feeling can tell me that beauty is there;
But those lovely tints are not painted for me,
For I cannot see! I cannot see!

The zephyr's sweet wing rustles over me now,
For I feel its soft breath fan the curls on my brow;
Hark! it speaks to me too, in its own sweet way;
Oh, would I might feel it, ere passing away!
I will touch it just once—but where can it be?
Oh, I cannot see! I cannot see!

The rays of the sun, which they tell me are bright;
I feel on my cheek, though a stranger to sight;
While music's low tones gently steal on my ear,
And while pining to see it I scarcely can hear;
But music and sunbeams are nothing to me,
For I cannot see! I cannot see!

The look of affection, how grateful to some!
And, caught from its beams, what fond feelings must
come!
Oh, would that its form could but dawn on my mind!
But a glance from a loved one is not for the blind;
Oh, why must this world be all darkness to me?
Why may I not see? why not see?

Then is there no joy for the sightless one? say,
Must the beauties of earth all unseen pass away?
Then I will up to a bright world above,
Where all shall be happy and peaceful in love,
And there from this darkness my eyes shall be free,
For then I shall see! I shall see!

WHERE THE DEAF HEAR.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

TO me, though neither voice nor sound
From earth or air may come,
Deaf to the world that brawls around,
The world to me is dumb:

Yet may the quick and conscious eye
Assist the slow, dull ear;
Light can the signs of thought supply,
And with a look I hear.

The song of birds, the water's fall,
Sweet tones and grating jars,
Hail, tempest, wind, and thunder, all
Are silent as the stars—

The stars that on their tranquil way,
In language without speech,
The glory of the Lord display,
And to all nations preach.

Now, though one outward sense be sealed,
The kind remaining four,
To teach me needful knowledge, yield
Their earnest aid the more.

Yet hath my heart an inward ear,
Through which its powers rejoice ;
Speak, Lord, and let me love to hear
Thy Spirit's still, small voice.

So when the Archangel from the ground
Shall summon great and small,
The ear now deaf shall hear that sound,
And answer to the call.

ASCEND, BELOVED, TO THE JOY.

HORATIUS BONAR.

ASCEND, beloved, to the joy ;
The festal day has come ;
To-night the Lamb doth feast his own,
To-night he with his bride sits down,
To-night puts on the spousal crown,
In the great upper room.

Ascend, beloved, to the love;
This is the day of days;
To-night the bridal song is sung,
To-night ten thousand harps are strung,
In sympathy with heart and tongue,
Unto the Lamb's high praise.

The festal lamps are lighting now
In the great marriage-hall;
By angel-hands the board is spread;
By angel-hands the sacred bread
Is on the golden table laid;
The King His own doth call.

The gems are gleaming from the roof,
Like stars in night's round dome;
The festal wreaths are hanging there,
The festal fragrance fills the air,
And flowers of heaven, divinely fair,
Unfold their happy bloom.

Long, long deferred, now come at last
The Lamb's glad wedding-day;
The guests are gathering to the feast,
The seats in heavenly order placed,
The royal throne above the rest;
How bright the new array!

Sorrow and sighing are no more;
The weeping hours are past;
To-night the waiting will be done,
To-night the wedding robe put on,
The glory and the joy begun;
The crown has come at last.

Without, within, is light, is light;
Around, above, is love, is love;
We enter, to go out no more;
We raise the song unsung before;
We doff the sackcloth that we wore;
For all is joy above.

Ascend, beloved, to the life;
Our days of death are o'er;
Mortality has done its worst;
The fetters of the tomb are burst;
The last has now become the first,
Forever, evermore.

Ascend, beloved, to the feast;
Make haste, thy day is come;
Thrice blest are they the Lamb doth call
To share the heavenly festival
In the new Salem's palace-hall,
Our everlasting home.

THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY.

By Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

"WHERE is the unknown country?"
I whispered sad and slow—
"The strange and awful country
To which I soon must go, must go,
To which I soon must go?"

Out of the unknown country
A voice sang soft and low.
"O pleasant is that country,
And sweet it is to go, to go,
And sweet it is to go.

"Along the shining country
The peaceful rivers flow;
And in that wondrous country
The tree of life does grow, does grow,
The tree of life does grow.

Ah then, into that country
Of which I nothing know,
The everlasting country,
With willing heart I go, I go,
With willing heart I go.

OPEN IS THE STARRY HALL.

From the Latin, by WILLIAMS.

OPEN is the starry hall;
Hear ye? 'tis the Bridegroom's call!
Holy virgins, one and all,
Ready stand,
For the heavenly festival
Is at hand!

Come at last the nuptial day,
Tears forever passed away ;
Fled the prison-house, the clay,
And the thrall ;
God forever your sure stay,
And your all !

In His presence is the store,
Purest joys for evermore,
And the fountain flowing o'er ;
No more night,
Safe upon the happy shore
Of the light !

What was royalty's short flower,
Or the triumph of an hour ?
What fleet pleasure's fading bower
And control ?
God's own presence is the dower
Of the soul !

Wondrous, glorious mystery,
When the soul from flesh is free !
Bond of sweetness which shall be
When the heart
Joinéd is to Deity,
N'er to part !

THE HEAVENLY STATE.

Ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant.—Heb. 12 : 22–24.

An inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.—1 Peter 1 : 4.

And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God, out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.—Rev. 21 : 2.

In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand are pleasures forevermore. —Ps. 16 : 11.



THE HEAVENLY STATE.

THE HOLY CHURCH INVISIBLE.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

THE holy Jerusalem
From highest heaven descending,
Is crowned with a diadem
Of angel bands attending:—
The Living City built on high,
Light with celestial jewelry!

She comes the Bride, from Heaven's gate,
In nuptial new adorning,
To meet the Immaculate
Like coming of the morning.
Her streets of purest gold are made—
Her walls, a diamond palisade.

There with pearls the gates are bright
Upon that Holy Mountain;
And thither come forth day and night,
Who in the Living Fountain
Have washed their robes from earthly stain,
And borne below Christ's lowly chain.

By the hand of the Unknown,
The living stones are moulded
To a glorious shrine All One,
Full soon to be unfolded:
The building wherein God doth dwell,
The Holy Church Invisible.

Glory be to God, who laid
In heaven the foundation;
And to the Spirit who hath made
The walls of our salvation.
To Christ Himself, its Corner Stone;
Be glory to the Three in One.

THE SEAT OF GLORY.

CHARLES DRUMMOND.

IF with such passing beauty, choice delights,
The Architect of this great round, did frame
This palace visible, short lists of fame,
And silly mansion of but dying wights;
How many wonders, what amazing lights,
Must that triumphing Seat of Glory claim,
That doth transcend all this All's vastly heights,
Of whose bright sun, ours here is but a beam!
O blest abode! O happy dwelling-place!
Where visibly th' Invisible doth reign;
Blest people, who do see true Beauty's face,
With whose far shadows, scarce He earth doth deign:
All Joy is but annoy, all concord strife,
Matched with your endless bliss and happy life.

IN BRIDAL BEAUTY DREST.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

And I John saw the Holy City, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.—REV. xxi. 2.

JERUSALEM, the holy!
Jerusalem the blest!
From highest heav'n descending
In bridal beauty drest:
Bride of the Lamb! thy glory,
The light of God alone,
Shines through thee clear as crystal,
And like a jasper stone.

Thy walls are great and glorious;
Twelve pearls are thy twelve gates,
By every gate an angel
For holy service waits:
And names thereon are written,
Angelic hands inscribe
The tribes of Israel's children,
On every pearl a tribe.

And Twelve are thy foundations,
All precious stones most fair,
The names of the Apostles
Are ever in them there:

Of pure gold is the city,
And golden is the street,
Like to clear glass transparent
Beneath the saved ones' feet.

And therein is no temple,
No place apart for prayer,
For the Lord Almighty, and
The Lamb thy temple are:
No need of sun to lighten,
No need of moon to shine,
Thy sunshine is God's glory,
The Lamb thy Light Divine.

The nations of the savéd
Do walk there in thy light,
Thy gates by day uncloséd,
Within thy walls no night:
The kings of earth their glory,
The queens their state do bring,
And lay them down in homage
Before the glorious King.

There shall in no wise enter
The things that do defile,
That work abomination,
And spoil God's truth with guile.
But those whose names are written
In the Lamb's Book of Life,
They only shall be in thee,
Thou spotless Bride and Wife.

Jerusalem the holy!
 My Spirit longs to be
Within thy walls of jasper,
 Thy gates of pearl to see;
And through the sunless City
 To walk thy streets of gold,
And in thy moonless beauty
 God's glory to behold.

Give me, O Lord, the patience
 To labor and endure,
And, that I may behold Thee,
 Give me a heart that's pure:
Write Thine own Name upon it,
 That, after earth's long strife,
My name may be found written
 In the Lamb's Book of Life.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"FOR ever with the Lord,"
 Amen. So let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
 'T is immortality.
Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

My father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
The golden gates appear!
Ah, how my spirit faints
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly, o'er my gladdened heart,
Expands the bow of peace.

"Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 't is Thy will,
The promise of Thy gracious word,
E'en here, to me fulfill.
Be Thou at my right hand,
So shall I never fail:
Uphold me, and I needs must stand;
Fight, and I shall prevail.

So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing "as I am known,"
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

PARADISE MUST FAIRER BE.

From the German of FRIEDRICH RUCKERT.

OH, Paradise must fairer be
Than any spot below!
My spirit pines for liberty;
Now let me thither go!

In Paradise, forever clear,
The stream of love is flowing,
For every tear that I've shed here
A pearl therein is glowing.

In Paradise alone is rest;
Joy breathing, woe-dispelling;
A heavenly wind fans every breast
Within that happy dwelling.

For every wounding thorn below,
A rose shall blossom there;
And sweeter flowers than earth can show
Shall twine around my hair.

And every joy, that, budding died,
Shall open there in bloom;
And Spring, in all her flowery pride,
Shall waken from the tomb.

And all the joys shall meet me there
For which my heart was pining,
Like golden fruit in gardens fair,
And flowers forever shining.

My youth, that fled so soon away,
And left me sad, decaying,
Shall there, be with me every day
With bright wings round me playing.

All hopes, all wishes, all the love
I sighed for, pined for ever,
Shall bloom around me there above,
And last with me forever!

KNOW YE THE LAND?

From the German, by Dr. MILLS.

KNOW ye the land?—On earth 'twere vainly sought
To which the heart in sorrows turns its thought;
Where no complaint is heard—tears never flow—
The good are blest—the weak with vigor glow,—
Know ye it well?
For this, for this
All earthly wish or care, my friends, dismiss!

Know ye the way—the rugged path of thorns?
His lagging progress there, the traveller mourns;
He faints, he sinks,—from dust he cries to God—
"Relieve me, Father, from the weary road!"
Know ye it well?
It guides, it guides,
To that dear land, where all we hope abides.

Know ye that Friend?—In Him a man you see;
Yet more than man, more than all men is He;
Himself before us trod the path of thorns,
To pilgrims now His heart with pity turns.
Know ye Him well?
His hand, His hand
Will safely bring us to that Father-Land.

THAT SHALL BE FOR THEE AND ME.

HORATIUS BONAR.

WHAT to that for which we're waiting,
Is this glittering, earthly toy?
Heavenly glory, holy splendor,
Sum of grandeur, sum of joy!
Not the gems that Time can tarnish,
Not the hues that dim and die;
Not the glow that cheats the lover,
Shaded with mortality.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

Not the light that leaves us darker,
 Not the gleams that come and go;
Not the mirth whose end is madness,
 Not the joy whose fruit is woe;
Not the notes that die at sunset,
 Not the fashion of a day,
But the everlasting beauty,
 And the endless melody:
 Heir of glory,
 That shall be for thee and me!

City of the pearl-bright portal,
 City of the jasper wall,
City of the golden pavement,
 Seat of endless festival;
City of JEHOVAH, Salem!
 City of Eternity!
To thy bridal halls of gladness,
 From this prison would I flee!
 Heir of glory,
 That shall be for thee and me!

Ah! with such strange spells around me,
 Fairest of what earth calls fair,
How I need thy fairer image
 To undo the syren snare!
Lest the subtle serpent-tempter
 Lure me with his radiant lie;
As if sin were sin no longer,
 Life were no more vanity!
 Heir of glory,
 What is that to thee and me?

Yes, I need thee, heavenly city,
My low spirit to upbear;
Yes, I need thee; earth's enchantments
So beguile me with their glare.
Let me see thee, then these fetters
Break asunder: I am free!
Then this pomp no longer chains me,
Faith has won the victory.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

Soon, where earthly beauty blinds not,
Nor excess of brilliance palls,
Salem, City of the Holy,
We shall be within thy walls!
There beside yon crystal river,
There, beneath Life's wondrous tree,
There with naught to cloud or sever,
Ever with the LAMB to be!
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

HIGH IN YONDER REALMS OF LIGHT.

DR. THOMAS RAFFLES.

HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair, and exquisitely bright,
Heaven's unfading mansions rise.

Built of pure and massy gold,
Strong and durable are they,
Decked with gems of worth untold,
Subjected to no decay.

Glad within these blest abodes
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Where no anxious care corrodes,
Happy in Immanuel's love;
Once, indeed, like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Torturing pain, and heavy wo,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,

These, alas, full well they knew,
Sad companions of their way;
Oft on them the tempest blew
Through the long and cheerless day.
Oft their vileness they deplored;
Wills perverse, and hearts untrue,
Grieved they could not love their Lord,
Love Him as they wished to do.

Oft the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told, with eloquence sincere,
Tales of wo they could not speak;
But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall know distress no more,
Never, never weep again.

'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark, their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.
Happy spirits! ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the sorrows of the mind.

All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows.
Every tear is wiped away;
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.

WINTER BRAMING—SUMMER FLAMING.

[The following is a metrical translation of a Latin hymn attributed to Augustine.]

WINTER braming—Summer flaming,
There relax their blustering,
And sweet roses ever blooming
Make an everlasting Spring.
Lily blanching, crocus blushing,
And the balsam perfuming.

There nor waxing moon, nor waning
Sun, nor stars in courses bright,
For the Lamb to that glad city
Shines an everlasting light:
There the daylight beams for ever,
All unknown are time and night.

For the saints in beauty beaming,
Shine in light and glory pure,
Crowned in triumph's flushing honors,
Joy in unison secure,
And in safety tell their battles,
And their foes' discomfiture.

Here they live in endless being,
Passingness has passed away,
Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,
For decayed is all decay;
Lasting energy hath swallowed
Darkling death's malignant sway.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

GERALD MASSEY.

JERUSALEM the Golden,
I languish for one gleam
Of all thy glory folden
In distance and in dream!
My thoughts, like palms in exile,
Climb up to look and pray
For a glimpse of that dear Country
That lies so far away.

Jerusalem the golden,
 Methinks each flower that blows,
And every bird a-singing,
 Of thee some secret knows!
I know not what the Flowers
 Can feel, or Singers see,
But all these summer raptures
 Are prophecies of thee.

Jerusalem the golden
 When Sunset's in the west,
It seems thy gate of glory,
 Thou City of the Blest!
And Midnight's starry torches,
 Through intermediate gloom,
Are waving with their welcome
 To thy Eternal Home.

Jerusalem the Golden!
 Where loftily they sing,
O'er pain and sorrows olden
 For ever triumphing!
Lowly may be thy portal,
 And dark may be the door,
The Mansion is immortal—
 God's palace for His poor.

Jerusalem the Golden;
 There all our Birds that flew,—
Our Flowers but half-unfolden,
 Our Pearls that turn'd to dew,—

And all the glad life-music
 Now heard no longer here,
Shall come again to greet us
 As we are drawing near.

Jerusalem the Golden;
 I toil on day by day;
Heart-sore each night, with longing
 I stretch my hands and pray
That midst thy leaves of healing
 My soul may find her nest,
Where the Wicked cease from troubling,—
 The Weary are at rest.

JERUSALEM, THY GLORIOUS WALLS.

JOHN MATTHEW MEYFART. A translation in the original metre.

John Matthew Meyfart, the author of this hymn, was a Lutheran theologian of the first part of the seventeenth century. He was born at Wallwinkel in Thuringia, November 9, 1590. Meyfart pursued his studies at Jena and Wittenberg. He wrote many able works, especially on doctrinal and polemical theology, and held various offices of the highest importance. The closing years of his life were spent as "Professor of the Augsburg Confession," and Pastor and Senior of the Ministerium at Erfurt, where he died, January 26, 1642.

JERUSALEM, high tower, thy glorious walls,
 Would God I were in thee!
My heart hath gone where thy fair beauty calls,
 And dwells no more in me;

Far over the hill and mountain,
Far over the plain and dell,
On wings of rapture soaring,
It bids this world farewell!

O day of joy, and hour of pure delight—
How long wilt thou delay?
When peacefully my soul may take its flight,
And leave this load of clay,
In perfect trust reposing
On God's Almighty hand,
Who faithfully shall bring it
Home to its Fatherland.

Lo! from the tomb, up to the clouds of heaven,
It instantly shall soar,
When, hushed in death, its last farewell is given
To earth, now seen no more;
Elijah's fiery chariot
In triumph it shall ride,
Upborne by angel armies,
That fly on every side.

The gates of pearl now open wide to me,
Thou City of the blest;
To me who oft have longed and prayed for thee,
And thy refreshing rest,
Ere sighs, and tears, and sorrow,
Ere pain, and grief, and woe,
Were changed to this rejoicing,
That all thy children know.

What shining host is this that comes to me,
Drawn up in bright array?
His chosen ones, with palms of victory,
His joy and crown are they.
These Jesus sends to meet me,
To calm my doubts and fears;
From far they smile and greet me,
In this dark vale of tears.

And now behold these Prophets, Priests, and Kings,
And Martyrs noble band,
Who bore the Cross, and dared the torturings
Of tyrants to withstand;—
See then in glory floating,
In freedom every where,
And swift as glittering sunbeams,
Move radiant through the air.

In Paradise, among the saints above,
New pleasures I shall know,
With joy divine shall my triumphant love
In songs of praise o'erflow;
Shall join the full hosannas
That echo all around,
And mighty hallelujahs
That ever there resound.

Clear trumpet tones, and harps with golden strings,
Those countless choirs employ,
So loud and sweet, heaven's living temple rings,
And trembles with the joy:—

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
A sea that has no shore,
Whose praise in thundering billows
Rolls on forever more.

O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM!

We transfer the following judicious criticism upon this old masterpiece of hymnology, from the work of WILLIAM C. PRIME, entitled, O Mother dear, Jerusalem! "The authorship of the hymn in English has been commonly attributed to David Dickson, a Scotch clergyman of the Seventeenth Century. A careful examination of the authorities, as well as those cited by Dr. Bonar, leads to the conviction that we are indebted to Dickson for the present form of the hymn, and probably for a considerable portion of the verses. But portions of the hymn had earlier existence in our language, and it is manifest that this song is of earlier origin than the time of Dickson, who was born about A. D. 1583, and died in A. D. 1662. It seems probable, on a critical examination of the hymn, that it has received contributions from various hands; additions, which are mostly translations from the Fathers or from mediæval Latin hymns, having been made by one and another author. So entirely diverse is the style of different stanzas that this theory alone can explain it, and it is possible that David Dickson only put into shape and polished a little the work of his devout predecessors. This, however, is certain, that to the noble Church of Scotland we owe this hymn in its present state."

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end—
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrows can be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all,
No hurt nor any sore;
There is no death nor ugly sight,
But life for evermore.
No dimmish clouds o'ershadow thee,
No cloud nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

There lust or lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, thirst, or heat,
But pleasure every way.
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Would God I were in thee!
Oh that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief,
No woful wight is there;
No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard—
No well-away, no fear.
Jerusalem the city is
Of God our King alone;
The Lamb of God the light thereof
Sits there upon His throne.

Ah God! that I Jerusalem
With speed may go behold!
For why? the pleasures there abound
With tongue cannot be told.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles,
With carbuncles do shine,
With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,
Surpassing pure and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold—
There angels do appear.
Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond square,
Thy gates are made of Orient pearl—
O God, if I were there!

Within thy gates no thing can come
That is not passing clean;
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth may there be seen.
Jehovah, Lord, now come away,
And end my grief and plaints;
Take me to Thy Jerusalem,
And place me with Thy saints,

Who there are crowned with glory great,
And see God face to face;
They triumph still and aye rejoice—
Most happy is their case.
But we that are in banishment,
Continually do moan;
We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep—
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweetness mixed is with gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys not worth the looking on—
Our sorrows aye remain.
But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
That unto them a thousand years
Seem but as yesterday.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?
Thy King sitting upon His throne,
And thy felicity!
Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
So wonderful and fair,
And furnishéd with trees and fruit,
Most beautiful and rare.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks,
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers,
As no where else are seen.
There cinnamon and sugar grow,
There nard and balm abound;
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
The pleasures there are found.

There nectar and ambrosie spring—
There musk and civet sweet;
There many a fair and dainty drug
Are trod down under feet.

Quite through the streets, with pleasant sound,
The flood of life doth flow;
Upon the banks, on every side,
The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripened fruit —
For evermore they spring;
And all the nations of the world
To thee their honors bring.
Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,
Full sore I long to see;
Oh that my sorrows had an end,
That I might dwell in thee!

There David stands, with harp in hand,
As master of the queir;
A thousand times that man were blessed
That might his music hear.
There Mary sings *Magnificat*,
With tunes surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their part,
Singing about her feet.

Te Deum doth St. Ambrose sing,
St. Austin doth the like;
Old Simeon and Zacharie
Have not their songs to seek.
There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing,
With all blest saints whose harmony
Through every street doth ring.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Thy joys fain would I see;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
And take me home to Thee!
Oh print Thy name in my forehead,
And take me hence away,
That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,
And sing Thy praises aye!

Jerusalem, thrice happy seat!
Jehovah's throne on high!
O sacred city, queen, and wife
Of Christ eternally!
O comely queen, with glory clad,
With honor and degree,
All fair thou art, exceeding bright—
No spot there is in thee.

I long to see Jerusalem,
The comfort of us all;
For thou art fair and beautiful—
No ill can thee befall.
In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
No darkness dare appear;
No night, no shade, no winter foul—
No time doth alter there.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,
No glittering stars to light;
For Christ, the King of Righteousness,
There ever shineth bright.

The Lamb unspotted, white and pure,
To thee doth stand in lieu
Of light—so great the glory is
Thine heavenly King to view.

He is the King of kings, beset
In midst His servants' sight;
And they, His happy household all
Do serve Him day and night.
There, there the queir of angels sing;
There the supernal sort
Of citizens, which hence are rid
From dangers deep, do sport.

There be the prudent prophets all,
The apostles six and six,
The glorious martyrs in a row,
And confessors betwixt.
There doth the crew of righteous men
And matrons all consist;
Young men and maids that here on earth
Their pleasures did resist.

The sheep and lambs that hardly 'scaped
The snares of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
Whereof no tongue can tell;
And though the glory of each one
Doth differ in degree,
Yet is the joy of all alike
And common, as we see.

There love and charity do reign,
And Christ is all in all,
Whom they most perfectly behold
In joy celestial.
They love, they praise—they praise, they love;
They "holy, holy," cry;
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
But laud continually.

Oh happy thousand times were I,
If, after wretched days,
I might with listening ears conceive
Those heavenly songs of praise,
Which to the eternal King are sung
By happy wights above—
By savéd souls and angels sweet,
Who love the God of Love!

Oh passing happy were my state,
Might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and King,
His praises there to sound;
And to enjoy my Christ above,
His favor and His grace,
According to His promise made,
Which here I interlace.

"O Father dear," quoth He, "let them
Which Thou hast put of old
To me, be there where, lo, I am,
Thy glory to behold;

Which I with Thee before the world
Was made, in perfect wise,
Have had; from whence the fountain great
Of glory doth arise."

Again: "If any man will serve
Then let him follow me;
For where I am, be thou, right sure,
There shall my servant be."
And still: "If any man love me,
Him loves my Father dear;
Whom I do love, to him myself
In glory will appear."

Lord, take away my misery,
That there I may behold
With Thee in Thy Jerusalem,
What here cannot be told.
And so in Zion see my King,
My Love, my Lord, my All;
Whom now as in a glass I see,
There face to face I shall.

Oh! blessed are the pure in heart,
Their Sovereign they shall see;
And the most holy heavenly host,
Who of His household be!
O Lord, with speed dissolve my bands,
These gins and fetters strong;
For I have dwelt within the tents
Of Kedar overlong!

Yet search me, Lord, and find me out
 Fetch me Thy fold unto,
That all Thy angels may rejoice,
 While all Thy will I do.
O mother dear, Jerusalem!
 When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end—
 Thy joys when shall I see?

Yet once again I pray Thee, Lord,
 To quit me from all strife,
That to Thine hill I may attain
 And dwell there all my life,
With cherubims and seraphims
 And holy souls of men,
To sing Thy praise, O God of Hosts!
 For ever, and Amen!

THE GATES OF GOLD.

GERARD MOULTRIE.

THIRSTS my weary spirit
 For the springs of life,
Yearns my soul for freedom
 From earth's toil and strife;
Soul and spirit, longing
 To cast off their load,
Wait the revelation
 Of the sons of GOD.

Who can tell the glory
 Vast and manifold,
Which shall beam resplendent
 Round the gates of gold?
Who can tell the radiance
 Of the realms of light,
Fathomless, eternal,
 Endless, infinite?

Smile the sunlit meadows,
 Bright with joys untold
Round about the portals
 Of the gates of Gold:
There no frosts may wither,
 Winter storms are still
Where GOD reigns for ever
 On His holy hill.

Everlasting springtime
 Warms the verdant sod,
Bright with myriad wild-flowers
 Round the feet of GOD;
Summer sun ne'er scorches,
 Autumn leaves ne'er fall
Where the saints of JESUS
 Hold their festival.

Down the cedarn alleys
 Past the Holy spring,
Where the bees' low murmur
 Faints upon the wing,

Pass the Saints of JESUS
Whom His voice hath told
To come bravely to Him
Through the gates of Gold.

There the Virgin Mother
At the gate shall stand,
With her virgin lily
Blooming in her hand:
Lilies grow all round her—
Lilies fair to see,
But of all the lilies
Fairest far is she.

Radiant, inviting,
Lovely, lily-souled,
She shall go before them
Through the gates of Gold;
And the choirs of Virgins
Round her feet are met,
Bright are those twelve star-beams
Round her coronet.

All the air ambrosial
Breathes around her brow,
Fairer than the moonbeam,
Purer than the snow;
Chaster than the starlight
On the wave so cold,
Shines the Star of Ocean
Through the gates of Gold.

Sunlight of the Presence
In their joy they find,
Time, and day, and darkness
Are all left behind:
Wherefore should they reckon
Of the waning hours,
Where no hours are waning
In those blissful bowers?

But though sunshine warm them,
Warmer is the love
Kindled in the radiance
Of the courts above;
Where no wolf in silence
Climbs into the fold
Fenced around in safety
By the gates of Gold.

There no slimy serpent
Slides beneath the grass,
Where their feet securely
Through those meadows pass:
Satan finds no entrance,
Eden knows no guile,
Where the Saints repose them,
In GOD'S loving smile.

There at last before them,
With all healing rife,
Bearing twelve-fold fruitage
Blooms the Tree of Life;

No more curse hangs o'er them,
Lest they touch that tree,
They may eat, and eating,
Live eternally.

But no Tree of Knowledge
Blooms before the Throne,
For the Saints of JESUS
Know as they are known;
Comes no guilt to try them,
Those pure courts within:
Comes there no temptation
Where may come no sin.

Through the flowery garden
Flows, their footsteps near,
Life's bright stream of water
As the crystal clear;
From no earthly fountain
Are its clear waves rolled,
For they flow untainted
Through the gates of Gold.

On the breeze of morning,
Like a distant chant
Heard in dreams half-wakeful
Sweet-toned, resonant,
Floats the sound of harpers
Harping dreamily,
As 'mid flowers of Eden
And sweet thoughts they lie.

For no cares, no sorrows
Pass the Vale of Death,
Sighs ne'er mount to Heaven
On the parting breath;
Aching hearts their burden
Now no longer hold;
That is dropt for ever
At the gates of Gold.

O my LORD, my Master,
When earth's sunlight fades,
And my footsteps falter
In the Vale of Shades,
Let mine ears in rapture
That sweet music hear
Floating on the night-wind
Nearer and more near.

O my LORD, my Captain,
Bid the martyr throng
Sound across the darkness
With the voice of song:
Bid the Angel squadrons
Sweep their dewy wings
O'er the eyes which mirror
Death's imaginings.

O my LORD, my SAVIOUR,
In the deep dead gloom
Which enfolds the vision
Passing through the tomb,

To my darkened eyesight
Those bright beams unfold,
Call me, lead me, guide me,
To the gates of Gold.

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

From BERNARD of Clugny, translated by Dr. JOHN MASON NEALE.

THE world is very evil;
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the GOD, shall doom.
Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

And when the Sole-Begotten
 Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the FATHER
 Whose own it was before,—
Then glory yet unheard of
 Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
 An endless Sabbath-day.
Then, then from his oppressors
 The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
 The year of Jubilee;
And the sunlight Land that recks not
 Of tempest nor of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
 Each happy Israelite:
The Home of fadeless splendor,
 Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
 Who here as exiles mourn.
Midst power that knows no limit,
 And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
 Shall glad the Saints around:
The peace of all the faithful,
 The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
 Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace! for war is needless,—
 Yes, calm! for storm is past,—
And goal from finished labor,
 And anchorage at last.

That peace—but who may claim it?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say:
The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be for the earth:
The palace that re-echoes
With festal song and mirth;
The garden, breathing spices,
The paradise on high;
Grace beautified to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy.
There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn:
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Syon know:
O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest;
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight:
Till JESUS gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satisfied,
The full, yet craving still.

That fulness and that craving
Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,
A home like theirs shalt gain.
Here is the warlike trumpet;
There, life set free from sin;
When to the last Great Supper
The faithful shall come in:
When the heavenly net is laden,
With fishes many and great;
So glorious in its fulness,
Yet so inviolate:
And the perfect from the shattered,
And the fall'n from them that stand,
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd
Shall part on either hand:
And these shall pass to torment,
And those shall triumph, then;
The new peculiar nation,
Blest number of blest men.
Jerusalem demands them:
They paid the price on earth,
And now shall reap the harvest
In blissfulness and mirth:
The glorious holy people,
Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
The King, the Crucified:
The sacred ransomed number
Now bright with endless sheen,
Who made the Cross their watchword
Of JESUS Nazarene:

Who, fed with heavenly nectar,
Where soul-like odors play,
Draw out the endless leisure
Of that long vernal day:
And through the sacred lilies,
And flowers on every side,
The happy dear-bought people
Go wandering far and wide.
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
Their mouths are tun'd to praise.
What time, now safe for ever,
On former sins they gaze:
The fouler was the error,
The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
Of Him who pardoned all.
Their one and only anthem,
The fulness of His love,
Who gives instead of torment,
Eternal joys above:
Instead of torment, glory;
Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy Country,
True Israelites! is rife.
Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is *there*.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

That we should look, poor wand'rers,
To have our home on high!
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky!
To all one happy guerdon
Of one celestial grace;
For all, for all, who mourn their fall,
Is one eternal place:
And martyrdom hath roses
Upon that heavenly ground:
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin-souls abound.
There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know:
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.
And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown:
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope;
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The miserable pleasures
 Of the body shall decay:
The bland and flattering struggles
 Of the flesh shall pass away;
And none shall there be jealous;
 And none shall there contend:
Fraud, clamor, guile—what say I?
 All ill, all ill shall end!
And there is David's Fountain,
 And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
 And milk and honey flow:
The light that hath no evening,
 The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
 But lasteth evermore.
There JESUS shall embrace us,
 There JESUS be embraced—
That spirit's food and sunshine
 Whence earthly love is chased.
Amidst the happy chorus,
 A place, however low,
Shall shew Him us, and shewing,
 Shall satiate evermo.
By hope we struggle onward,
 While here we must be fed
By milk, as tender infants,
 But there by Living Bread.
The night was full of terror,
 The morn is bright with gladness:
The Cross becomes our harbor,
 And we triumph after sadness:

And JESUS to His true ones
 Brings trophies fair to see:
And JESUS shall be loved, and
 Beheld in Galilee:
Beheld, when morn shall waken,
 And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day:
And every ear shall hear it;—
 Behold thy King's array:
Behold thy GOD in beauty,
 The Law hath past away!
Yes! GOD my King and Portion,
 In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
 And worship face to face.
Then Jacob into Israel,
 From earthlier self estranged,
And Leah into Rachel
 For ever shall be changed:
Then all the halls of Syon
 For aye shall be complete,
And, in the Land of Beauty,
 All things of beauty meet.
For thee, O dear, dear Country!
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O onely Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall:
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced:
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
And the corner stone is CHRIST.
The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
JESUS, the Gem of Beauty,
True God and Man, they sing:
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring:
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of his Court:
The Day-star of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!

Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower:
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower:
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile;
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl thine own;
The LAMB is ever near thee,
The Bridegroom thine alone;
The Crown is He to guerdon,
The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion
And He the Architect.
The only art thou needest,
Thanksgiving for thy lot:
The only joy thou seekest,
The Life where Death is not:
And all thine endless leisure
In sweetest accents sings,
The ill that was thy merit,—
The wealth that is thy King's!
Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!

And when I fain would sing them
My spirit fails and faints;
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the Saints.
They stand, those halls of Syon,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the Blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
There is the Throne of David,—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white!
O holy, placid harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn!
O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of Seraphim!
O thirst, for ever ardent,
Yet evermore content!
O true peculiar vision
Of GOD cunctipotent!
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim:

For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter,—
And so it is on high.
Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the Elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect:
Even now by faith I see thee:
Even here thy walls discern:
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn
Jerusalem the onely,
That look'st from heaven below
In thee is all my glory;
In me is all my woe:
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.
O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise:
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device:
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart:
And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art.
New mansion of new people,
Whom GOD'S own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.

Thou City of the Angels!
 Thou city of the LORD!
Whose everlasting music
 Is the glorious decachord!
And there the band of Prophets
 United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
 Of Israel's ransomed tribes:
The lily-beds of virgins,
 The roses' martyr-glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
 Who kept the faith below.
And there the Sole-Begotten
 Is Lord in regal state;
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
 He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow!
 O state that fears no strife!
O princely bow'rs! O land of flow'rs!
 O realm and home of life!
Jerusalem, exulting
 On the securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
 And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
 I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
 A child of wrath am I:
But yet with Faith I venture
 And Hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
 I labor night and day.

The best and dearest FATHER
Who made me and Who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved:
When in His strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep:
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.
O mine, my golden Syon!
O lovelier far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold:
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I *have* the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, Yes!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The LORD shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The LORD shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

THE BETTER COUNTRY.

Another translation of the foregoing hymn of Bernard of Clugny.
By Dr. Abraham Coles.

THE last of the hours, iniquity towers,
The times are the worst, let us vigils be keeping!
Lest the Judge who is near, and soon to appear,
Shall us at His coming find slumbering and sleeping.
He is nigh! He is nigh! He descends from the sky,
For the ending of evil, the right's coronation,
The just to reward, relief to afford,
And the heavens bestow for the saints' habitation:
To lift and unbind grievous weights from the mind,
To give every man what is just and is equal,
To make the good glad, and punish the bad,
To the praise of His justice and grace in the sequel.
Most clement and dear, most just and severe,
Lo! cometh the King in terrible splendor;
Man springs from the sod, and the Man who is God,
The Judge from the Father, stands sentence to render.
The life here below, so brief is brief woe,
A brief mortal space for weeping afforded;
Not briefly to sigh, then lie down and die,
Is the life that's to be hereafter awarded.
O most blessed award! the gift of the Lord,
A life whose long years cannot be computed;
O strange award given! a mansion in heaven,
Assigned to the guilty, the sometime polluted.
What's given, and to whom? In the firmament, room

To the needy, and those by the cross worthy rendered—
Yea, on Mercy's sweet terms, orbs celestial to worms,
To felons the best, to the hateful stars tendered.
Now are battles most hard; after these the reward.
Reward of what sort? Reward without measure;
Full refreshment, repose, full exemption from woes,
No suffering, no pain, only unalloyed pleasure.
Now live we in hope, and Zion must cope
With Babylon proud and the powers infernal;
Now affliction makes sad, then delight shall make glad,
And there shall be crowns and sceptres supernal.
Then new glory divine on the righteous shall shine,
And chase from their breasts the darkness that paineth;
Chase doubt and chase fear, and enigmas make clear—
The light of true sabbaths, "the rest that remaineth."
All free from the foe and his master shall go
The Hebrew, whose feet heavy chains now environ,—
He henceforth held free shall keep jubilee,
No more to be bound in affliction and iron.
A country of light, unacquainted with night,
Where of tempest and strife nothing breaks the deep slumber,
With inhabitants free it replenished shall be—
Enlarged with true Israelites countless in number:
Country splendid and grand, and a flowery land
That's free from all thorns and free from all dangers,
Is there to be given to the free born of heaven—
The faithful, who here are now pilgrims and strangers
Shall then be unrolled, to all that behold
The face of the Thunderer, and to such solely,
The utmost extreme of power supreme,
Full knowledge, the unutterable peace of the holy ·

A peace by the tongue of slander unstung;
A peace without storm, without wrangling or rancor;
To labors a goal, and to billows that roll,
And tumults a fixed immovable anchor.
My King is my part, God Himself in my heart,
In His own proper beauty august and endearing,
I shall see and enshrine and challenge as mine,—
My Author and Saviour,—before Him appearing.
Then the Israel of grace shall Jacob displace,
And Leah be Rachel in form and affection;
Then Zion shall stand, a beautiful land,
In all the completeness of God-like perfection.
O country most dear, our longing eyes here,
As they view thee afar, with desire are aching;
At the sound of thy name our hearts are aflame,
And our eyes are aweary 'twixt weeping and waking.
Thy mention brings rest, is balm to the breast,
Is the cure of our grief and takes away sadness;
The thinking of thee and the bliss that shall be,
Is a fire of love and a fountain of gladness.
The only place thou that draws our hearts now,—
Thou Paradise art, thou our blissful Hereafter;
No tears are found there, no sorrow, no care,
But serenest rejoicings and innocent laughter.
There planted are seen, eternally green,
The laurel and cedar, with the hyssop low growing;
There are walls with the rays of the jasper ablaze,
With the carbuncle bright, incandescent and glowing:
The sardius shines there, here the topaz most rare,
Here the beams of the amethyst with the rest mingle;
To thy fabric belong the heavenly throng,
The corner-stone Christ, gem precious and single.

Without shore, without time, everlasting, sublime,
Thou, fountain and stream late hitherward flowing,
To the good tastest sweet, living rock at their feet,
That all through the wilderness gladdened their going.
Thine's the laurel's green crown, with its leaf never brown;
Rich dower all golden, fair spouse, is thee given;
Thine's the exquisite bliss, of the Prince's first kiss,
And the sight of His face like a vision of heaven.
Fair lilies and white, living gems flashing bright
Compose, happy spouse, thy bridal adorning;
Sits the Lamb by thy side, and beams on His bride,
Like the sun when He breaks through the gates of the morning:
Thy whole sweet employ, in triumph and joy,
Sweet anthems of praise to warble forever:
Evils merited tell, blessings granted as well,
With shoutings to grace that terminate never.
City golden and blest, from thy fields' teeming breast
Flow rivers of milk,—fair people, fair dwellings;
Thou the whole heart dost whelm, such the charms of thy realm,
Choked is the voice with the heart's mighty swellings.
Confined here below, I pretend not to know,
What forms this rejoicing, the kind of light given;
Nor how lofty the heights of those social delights,
Nor how special the glory that constitutes heaven.
These striving to raise in an effort of praise,
My mind overmastered, lo! fainteth and faileth;
O glory unknown, I am conquered I own,
Thy superior praise in all things prevaileth.
There are shoutings and calls in thy echoing halls,

With the martyr host full, a glorious muster,
With the citizen, bright, with the Prince aye in sight,
Serene evermore with a soft, sacred lustre.
There sweet pastures around for the gentle abound,
For the saints a dear flock by the water brooks grazing;
There's the throne of the King, there the palace-walls ring
With the sound of a multitude feasting and praising.
Nation glorious and grand, through the conquering hand
Of the Leader, a host in white vestments shining,
Through the long rolling years they remain without tears;
In the dwellings of Zion there is rest from repining.
Without crime, without storm, to mar and deform,
Without weapons of strife, without matter of quarrel,
The Israelites blest in their lofty homes rest,—
The olive of peace intertwined with the laurel.
O illustrious name, Zion, highest in fame,
Whose glory is that to the glorified owing,
Thou dost knowledge dispense to the innermost sense,
Thy innermost good thus secretly showing.
My innermost eyes, thus piercing the skies,
From the minds' highest peaks delighted behold thee;
Now my breast, all on fire with hope and desire,
Transported expects sometime to enfold thee.
Thou Zion art one, beside thee is none,—
Upreared in the skies a mystical dwelling—
Now in thee I am glad, now in me I am sad,
I sob and I sigh with breast heaving and swelling.
Since the body's dull clod keeps me back from my God,

Thee to pierce I oft try with spiritual pinion;
But earthly flesh, fleshly earth, makes the attempt little worth,
And I quickly fall back to the senses' dominion.
No mortal may dare with his mouth to declare—
The task were presumptuous and desperate the duty—
Where thy walls, how they rise, in what part of the skies
Thy capitals shine complete in their beauty.
Thy charms, they weigh down the heart wholly and drown,
O Zion! O Peace beyond all conceiving!
City blest, without time, dear, tranquil, sublime!
No possible praise can e'er be deceiving.
No delights vain and lewd, and no sorrows intrude,
No strife with its wasting, its burning and blasting;
Home happy and high, flowery land of the sky,
Land native to bliss and the life everlasting.
City, seen from afar, where the glorified are,
On a safe and high shore, lo! thy towers are soaring;
Thee I sue, I admire, thee I love, I desire,
Sing hymns unto thee, and salute thee adoring.
Not on merit, but grace, I rest solely my case,
For, measured by merit, condemned my condition;
Not dumb and perverse do I cover the worse—
I own I'm a child of wrath and perdition.
My life's a life spilt, void of good, full of guilt;
A life like to death, without vital expressions;
Its innocence quenched, from its proper life wrenched,
Destroyed by reason of deadly transgressions.
Notwithstanding in hope I walk softly and grope,

In hope and in faith heavenly guerdons beseeching;
I, trembling and weak, eternal joys seek—
By night and by day imploring hands reaching.
Our Father above, whose nature is love,
The best and the dearest, He made and He saved me.
With my vileness He bore, from my vileness He tore,
From my sin and uncleanness He graciously laved me;
Grace celestial alone, direct from the throne,
Is the sovereign provision of God's own appointing,
The sordid of soul to save and make whole,
For inward diseases the potent anointing.
Grace washes away all pollution for aye,—
The Fountain of David, as free as redundant,
Makes pure all within, makes clean from all sin,
To all alike flows in measure abundant.
O excellent grace! to an excellent place
Me raise to discern stately palaces gleaming;
At a distance, at least, see the heavenly feast
With holiest mirth and melody teeming.
Thou Zion! O mine, my hope all divine!
Like gold, but far nobler, to our dazzled eyes looming,
Most brilliant thy host, but their Leader's thy boast,
Brave region with laurel perpetually blooming.
O Country most sweet, shall my eyes ever greet
Thy turrets and towers, and know thy enjoyments?
O Country most blest, e'er in thee shall I rest,
Possess thy rewards and share thy employments?
Tell me, I pray, render answer, and say:
Thou shalt hereafter most surely behold me—
I hope entertain, the thing hoped shall I gain?
O say: Thou forever shalt have, and shalt hold me

Advanced to that sphere, O holy, most dear,
O blesséd, thrice blesséd, and blessed forever,
Who with cleaving of heart, chooses God for his part:
O wretched, undone, who from this shall him sever.

OH, PARADISE MUST SHOW MORE FAIR.

From the German of FRIEDRICH RUCKERT. By RICHARD C. TRENCH.

OH Paradise must show more fair
Than any earthly ground;
And therefore longs my spirit there
Right quickly to be found.

In Paradise a stream must flow
Of everlasting love;
Each tear of longing shed below
Therein a pearl will prove.

In Paradise a breath of balm
All anguish must allay,
Till every anguish growing calm,
Even mine shall flee away.

And there the tree of stillest peace
In verdant spaces grows:
Beneath it one can never cease
To dream of blest repose.

A cherub at the gate must be
Fan off the world to fray,
That its rude noises reach not me
To fright my dream away.

My heart, that weary ship, at last
Safe haven there will gain,
And on the breast will slumber fast
The wakeful infant, Pain.

For every thorn that pierced me here
The rose will there be found;
With joy, earth's roses brought not near
My head will there be crowned.

There all delights will blossom forth
That here in bud expire,
And from all mourning weeds of earth
Be wove a bright attire.

All here I sought in vain pursuit
Will freely meet me there,
As from green branches golden fruit,
Fair flowers from gardens fair.

My youth, that by me swept amain,
On swift wing borne away,
And Love, that suffered me to drain,
Its nectar for a day—

These never wishing to depart,
Will me forever bless,
Their darling fold unto the heart,
And comfort and caress.

And there the Loveliness, whose glance
From far did on me gleam,
But whose unveiled countenance
Was only seen in dream,

Will, meeting all my soul's desires,
Unveil itself to me,
When to the choir of starry lyres,
Shall mine united be.

OH WHAT IS THIS SPLENDOR?

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

OH what is this splendor that beams on me now,
This beautiful sunrise that dawns on my soul,
While faint and far off land and sea lie below,
And under my feet the huge golden clouds roll?

To what mighty king doth this city belong,
With its rich jewelled shrines, and its gardens of flowers,
With its breaths of sweet incense, its measures of song,
And the light that is gilding its numberless towers?

See! forth from the gates, like a bridal array,
Come the princes of heaven, how bravely they shine!
'Tis to welcome the stranger, to show me the way,
And to tell me that all I see round me is mine.

There are millions of saints, in their ranks and degrees,
And each with a beauty and crown of his own;
And there, far outnumbering the sands of the seas,
The nine rings of Angels encircle the throne.

And far in the heart of that glorious light
The mighty Apostles are seated in state,
With Joseph and John, who in life's mortal night
Were appointed on Jesus and Mary to wait.

And oh if the exiles of earth could but win
One sight of the beauty of Jesus above,
From that hour they would cease to be able to sin,
And earth would be heaven; for heaven is love.

But words may not tell of the Vision of Peace,
With its worshipful seeming, its marvellous fires;
Where the soul is at large, where its sorrows all cease,
And the gift has outbidden its boldest desires.

No sickness is here, no bleak bitter cold,
No hunger, debt, prison, or weariful toil;
No robbers to rifle our treasures of gold,
No rust to corrupt, and no canker to spoil.

My God! and it was but a short hour ago
That I lay on a bed of unbearable pains;
All was cheerless around me, all weeping and woe;
Now the wailing is changed to angelical strains.

Because I served Thee, were life's pleasures all lost?
Was it gloom, pain, or blood, that won heaven for me?
Oh no! one enjoyment alone could life boast,
And that, dearest Lord! was my service of Thee.

I had hardly to give; 'twas enough to receive,
Only not to impede the sweet grace from above;
And, this first hour in heaven, I can hardly believe
Is so great a reward for so little a love.

PLEASANT ARE THY COURTS ABOVE.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of Glory, God of grace!

Happy birds, that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O most High!
Happier souls, that find a rest
In a Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.

Sun and shield alike Thou art.
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

ON YONDER HOLY GROUND.

HORATIUS BONAR.

THESE are the crowns that we shall wear,
When all thy saints are crowned;
These are the palms that we shall bear
On yonder holy ground.

Far off as yet, reserved in heaven,
Above that veiling sky,
They sparkle like the stars of even,
To hope's far-piercing eye.

These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which then we shall put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.

That city with the jewelled crest,
Like some new-lighted sun;
A blaze of burning amethyst—
Ten thousand orbs in one;—

That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
And quit this desert-sand.

These are the everlasting hills,
With summits bathed in day:
The slopes down which the living rills,
Soft-lapsing, take their way.

Fair vision! how thy distant gleam
Brightens time's saddest hue;
Far fairer than the fairest dream,
And yet so strangely true!

Fair vision! how thou liftest up
The drooping brow and eye;
With the calm joy of thy sure hope
Fixing our souls on high.

Thy light makes even the darkest page
In memory's scroll grow fair;
Blanching the lines which tears and age
Had only deepened there.

With thee in view, the rugged slope
Becomes a level way,
Smoothed by the magic of thy hope,
And gladdened by thy ray.

With thee in view, how poor appear
The world's most winning smiles;
Vain is the tempter's subtlest snare,
And vain hell's varied wiles.

Time's glory fades; its beauty now
Has ceased to lure or blind;
Each gay enchantment here below
Has lost its power to bind.

Then welcome toil, and care, and pain!
And welcome sorrow too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

Come crown and throne, come robe and palm!
Burst forth, glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!

When shall the clouds that veil thy rays
Forever be withdrawn?
Why dost thou tarry, day of days?
When shall thy gladness dawn?

THE CENTRE OF MY BLISS.

SAMUEL CROSSMAN.

JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

Thy walls, sweet city, thine,
With pearls are garnishéd;
Thy gates with praises shine,
Thy streets with gold are spread:

O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

No sun by day shines there,
Nor moon by silent night;
O no! these needless are;
The Lamb's the city's light.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease:
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

IN JESUS' SIGHT.

GEORGE H. HOUGHTON.

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem!
It is not to behold
The glory of thy jasper-walls,
Thy streets of purest gold;

To see the twelve Apostles' names
Upon thy bulwark traced;
Thy gates—each one a solid pearl,
By each an angel placed;

The stream of life from 'neath the throne,
Nor yet that throne to see—
That I would pray, "O may my home
Be found at last in Thee!"

No earthly eye I know hath seen
The glories that are thine;
Nor ear hath heard such strains as rise
From 'mid the host divine.

But more than all thy streets can boast
My eager eyes would see!
JESUS, the precious Lamb of God,
Who died to ransom me!

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Name ever dear to me,
O may at last my name be found,"
With CHRIST, my Lord, in Thee!

THY GATES OF GLISTENING PEARL UNFOLD.

JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, Jr.

JERUSALEM, my Home,
I see thy walls arise;
Their jasper clear and sardine stone
Flash radiance through the skies.
In clouds of heaven-descending,
With angel train attending,
Thy gates of glistening pearl unfold
On streets of glassy gold.
No sun is there, no day or night;
But of seven-fold splendors bright,
Thy Temple is the LIGHT OF LIGHT,
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,
Where shines the royal Throne,
Each king casts down his golden crown
Before the Lamb thereon.
Thence flows the crystal River,
And, flowing on forever,

With leaves and fruits on either hand,
The Tree of Life shall stand.
In blood-washed robes, all white and fair,
The Lamb shall lead His chosen there,
While clouds of incense fill the air,
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,
Where saints in triumph sing,
While, tuned in tones of golden harps,
Heaven's boundless arches ring.
No more in tears and sighing
Our weak hosannas dying,
But hallelujah loud and high
Roll thundering through the sky.
One chorus thrills their countless throngs;
Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues
Fill them with overwhelming songs,
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,
Thou sole all glorious Bride,
Creation shouts with joy to see
Thy Bridegroom at thy side:
The Man yet interceding,
His Hands and Feet yet bleeding,
And Him the billowy hosts adore
LORD GOD for evermore,
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry
The choirs that crowd thy courts on high,
Resounding everlastingly
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my home,
Where saints in glory reign,
Thy haven safe, O when shall I,
Poor storm-tossed pilgrim, gain?
At distance dark and dreary,
With sin and sorrow weary,
For thee I toil, for thee I pray,
For thee I long alway.
And lo! mine eyes shall see thee, too:
O rend in twain, thou veil of blue,
And let the Golden City through—
Jerusalem, my Home!

WHERE IS THE LAND HE SAW?

L. FORD.

"The Land that is afar off."

WHERE is the Land he saw in glorious vision,—
The lone old Prophet in the Sea-girt Isle,—
True antitype of all the dreams Elysian,
Fashioned by Hope earth's sorrows to beguile?

Call them not idle, all the tales they fabled
Of Happy Isles in far Hesperian Seas,
Whose straining sight no torch of Truth enabled
To pierce by faith the unseen Mysteries.

Call it not vain, the rude untutored longing
For higher life each meanest mind that moves,
That murmurs still, when base affection wronging
Our nobler part too oft victorious proves.

Where is that Land? above, beneath, around us?
Lost in all space, or to a star confined?
O for one hour to pass the shores that bound us,
And fathom all the future of the mind!

Ye who have left our side to join the chorus
Of holy Minstrels in that distant clime,
Waft some faint echoes of your harpstrings o'er us,
To chase the mystery from your homes sublime.

They send no sound! Sweet Patience singeth only,
"Strive to the end, and struggle to the goal!"
Then, for earth's hours of anguish, dark and lonely,
Bright dawns eternal sunshine on the Soul.

Then they who mourn for earth's frail joys departed,
Oblivion sweet of all their woes shall gain;
The heavy-laden and the broken-hearted,
Balm for their wounds, and solace from their pain.

O Mourner, weeping long thy loved ones taken,
They tread the shining paths by Angels trod!
O thou by trusted hearts in need forsaken,
Love shall not fail thee in the Land of GOD!

There, Soul with Soul in converse sweet confiding,
Nor shy mistrust, nor selfish aim shall know;
Pure as the crystal Stream beside them gliding,
All wish, all thought, in unison shall flow.

Brave heart, hold on! in dauntless strength of duty
Work out thy lot, nor murmur at thy star!
So shall thou soon, in glory and in beauty,
Behold the King in that bright Land afar.

LIGHT'S ABODE, CELESTIAL SALEM.

LIGHT'S abode, Celestial Salem,
Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the Highest King;
O how glorious are the praises
Which of Thee the prophets sing!

There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is out-poured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure, and all is holy
That within Thy walls is stored.

There no cloud nor passing vapor
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labor,
For unknown are toil and care.

O how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong and free,
Full of vigor, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

Now with gladness, now with courage
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labors
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

WHEN I THINK WHAT SHALL BEFALL.

This is a part of a poem called A Meditation of a Faithful Soul, ascribed to the Franciscan Peter Gonella, of Tortona. The translation is by F. C. Husenbeth.

WHEN I think what shall befall
After death the Virtuous all,
And how firm will stand the Just,
Greatly I rejoice and trust.

For the Day is near when those
Just and Good shall find repose,
When their persecutors cease
And the Patient reign in peace.

O that Day of Life and Light,
Day of unheard Glory bright,
When grim Death itself shall die,
And the dismal night shall fly.

Lo! the great, long wished for King
Now Salvation hastes to bring,
Now will at the just One's prayer
Heavenly Bliss for him prepare.

Heavenly King, He hastens now;
At His Coming all must bow,
Judge and Witness, great and free,
He Whom every eye shall see.

He will come and not delay,
And His Glory will display,
To reward the suffering Just,
Who in Him have placed their trust.

O how happy! O how sweet!
When those Souls shall JESUS meet,
Whom in life they truly loved,
And His faithful Servants proved.

Then with gracious Look and Word,
Speaking, JESUS shall be heard;
Thus His Love shall utterance find
In the sight of all mankind—

You who have your Faith maintained,
And with Me have firm remained,
You who bore for Me and fought,
See the good you long have sought.

See the Kingdom promised you,
Though concealed till now from view,
Behold, possess, and reign secure,
Ever shall your Joy endure.

Then the Just shall in amaze
Speak with holy joy and praise,
And reply exultingly,
Praising what they wondering see—

To our GOD be thanks and praise!
What we hoped for all our days,
Now we see and now possess;
CHRIST our LORD we praise and bless.

O how sweet, how blest our fate,
Throughout life the world to hate;
Sad and bitter would it prove
If the world had gained our love.

Happy those who mourned and wept,
And their Souls in patience kept,
Those to whom the world gave pain
Now in endless Bliss shall reign.

There shall dwell no grief, nor fear;
None shall ever shed a tear;
Nor shall want; nor age, nor care,
Nor defect be ever there.

There shall reign eternal Peace,
Holy Joy shall never cease,
There shall be the flower of youth,
There Salvation's crown and truth.

None the Rapture can conceive,
Nor the perfect Joy believe
In Heaven's Glory to remain,
And with Angels ever reign.

* * *

To that Realm Thy Children call,
O Thou righteous Judge of all;
Thee we seek, on Thee rely,
Thee implore with frequent cry.

IN THE FOUNT OF LIFE PERENNIAL.

From PETER DAMIANI, and translated by Mrs. CHARLES, the author of the Schönberg-Cotta Family.

IN the Fount of life perennial the parch'd heart its thirst would slake,
And the soul, in flesh imprison'd, longs her prison walls to break—
Exile, seeking, sighing, yearning, in her fatherland to wake.

When with cares oppress'd and sorrows, only groans her grief can tell,
Then she contemplates the glory which she lost when first she fell;
Present evil but the memory of the vanish'd good can swell.

Who can utter what the pleasures and the peace unbroken are,
Where arise the pearly mansions, shedding silvery light afar,
Festive seats and golden roofs, which glitter like the evening star!

Wholly of fair stones most precious are those radiant
structures made,
With pure gold, like glass transparent, are those shin-
ing streets inlaid,
Nothing that defiles can enter, nothing that can soil
or fade.

Stormy winter, burning summer, rage within those
regions never,
But perpetual bloom of roses and unfading spring for
ever;
Lilies gleam, the crocus glows, and dropping balms
their scents deliver.

Honey pure, and greenest pastures, this the land of
promise is,
Liquid odors soft distilling, perfumes breathing on
the breeze;
Fruits immortal cluster always on the leafy fadeless
trees.

There no moon sounds chill and changing, there no
stars with twinkling ray,
For the Lamb of that blest city is at once the Sun
and Day;
Night and time are known no longer, day shall never
fade away.

There the saints like suns are radiant, like the sun at
dawn they glow;
Crowned victors after conflict, all their joys together
flow,
And secure they count the battles where they fought
the prostrate foe.

Every stain of flesh is cleansed, every strife is left behind,
Spiritual are their bodies, perfect unity of mind;
Dwelling in deep peace for ever, no offence or grief they find.

Putting off their mortal vesture, in their Source their souls they steep—
Truth by actual vision learning, on its form their gaze they keep—
Drinking from the living Fountain draughts of living waters deep.

Time, with all its alternations, enters not those hosts among;
Glorious, wakeful, blest, no shade of chance or change o'er them is flung;
Sickness cannot touch the deathless, nor old age the ever young.

There their being is eternal, things that cease have ceased to be;
All corruption there has perish'd, there they flourish strong and free:
Thus mortality is swallow'd up of life eternally.

Naught from them is hidden, knowing Him to whom all things are known,
All the spirit's deep recesses, sinless, to each other shown—
Unity of will and purpose, heart and mind for ever one.

Diverse as their varied labors the rewards to each that fall,
But Love, what she loves in others evermore her own doth call;
Thus the several joy of each becomes the common joy of all.

Where the body is, there ever are the eagles gathered,
For the saints and for the angels one most blessed feast is spread—
Citizens of either country living on the self-same bread.

Ever fill'd, and ever seeking, what they have they still desire;
Hunger there shall fret them never, nor satiety shall tire—
Still enjoying whilst aspiring, in their joy they still aspire.

There the new song, new for ever, those melodious voices sing.
Ceaseless streams of fullest music through those blessed regions ring;
Crownéd victors ever bringing praises worthy of the King!

Blessed who the King of heaven in His beauty thus behold,
And beneath His throne rejoicing see the universe unfold—
Sun and moon, and stars and planets, radiant in His light unroll'd!

Christ, the Palm of faithful victors! of that city make
me free;
When my warfare shall be ended, to its mansions lead
Thou me,—
Grant me, with its happy inmates, sharer of Thy gifts
to be!

Let Thy soldier, yet contending, still be with Thy
strength supplied;
Thou wilt not deny the quiet when the arms are laid
aside;
Make me meet with Thee for ever in that country to
abide.

MY THIRSTY SOUL'S DESIRE.

Another translation of the foregoing hymn of PETER DAMIANI—in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

MY thirsty soul desires her drought
At heauenly fountaines to refresh;
My prysoned minde would fayne be out
Of chaynes and fetters of the flesh.

She looketh vp vnto the state,
From whence she downe by sin did slide;
She mournes the more the good she lost,
For present ill she doth abide.

She longs from rough and dangerous seas,
To harbour in the hauen of blisse;
Where safe she anchors at her ease,
And store of sweet contentment is.

From banishment she more and more
Desires to see her countrey deare ;
She sits and sends her sighes before,
Her ioyes and treasures all be there.

From Babilon she would returne,
Vnto her home and towne of peace,
Ierusalem, where ioyes abounde,
Continue still and neuer cease.

There blustering winter neuer blowes,
Nor sommer's parching heate doth harme ;
It neuer freezeth there, nor snowes ;
The weather's euer temperate warme.

The trees doe blossome, bud, and beare ;
The birds doe euer chirpe and sing ;
The fruit is mellow all the yeare :
They haue an euerlasting spring.

The pleasant gardens euer keep
Their hearbes and flowers fresh and greene ;
All sorts of dainty plants and fruites
At all times there are to be seene.

The riuer, wine most perfect flowes,
More pleasant than the honnycombe
Vpon whose bankes the sugar growes,
Enclosed in reedes of sinamon.

Her walles of jasper stones be built,
Most rich and fayre that euer was ;
Her streetes and houses pau'd and gilt
With gold more cleare then christall glasse.

Her gates in equall distance be,
And each a glistering margarite,
Which commers in farre off may see—
A gladsome and a glorious sight.

Her sunne doth neuer 'clipse nor cloude;
Her moone doth neuer wax nor wane:
The Lambe with light hath her endued,
Whose glory pen cannot explaine.

The glorious saintes her dwellers be,
In numbers more than men can thinke;
So many in a company,
As loue in likenes doth them linke.

The starres in brightnes they surpasse;
In swiftnes, arrowes from a bowe;
In strength, in firmnes, steele or brasse;
In brightnes, fire; in whitenes, snow.

Theyr cloathing are more softe then silke,
With girdles gilt of beaten golde;
They in their hands, as white as milke,
Of palme triumphant branches holde.

Theyr faces, shining like the sunne,
Shoot forth their glorious gladsome beames:
The field is fought; the battle won;
Their heads be crowned with diademes.

Reward as vertue different is;
Distinct their ioyes and happines;
But each in ioy of other's blisse,
Doth as his owne the same possesse.

So each in glory doe abound,
And all their glories doe excell:
But where as all to each redound,
Who can th' exceeding glory tell?

Triumphant warriers you may heare,
Recount their daungers which doe cease;
And noble citizens euerywhere,
Their happy gaines of ioy and peace.

The King that heauenly pallace rules,
Doth beare vpon his golden shield
A crosse in signe of tryumph, gules,
Erected in a uerdant field.

His glory such as doth behoue
Him in his manhood for to take,
Whose Godhead earth and heauen aboue,
And all that dwell therein, did make.

Like friends, all partners are in blisse,
With Christ their Lord and Master deare,
Like spouses they the bridegroome kisse;
Who feasteth them with heauenly cheare;

With tree of life, and manna sweete,
Which taste doth such a pleasure bring,
As none to iudge thereof be meete,
But they which banquet with the King.

With cherubins their wings they mooue,
And mount in contemplation hye;
With seraphins they burne in loue,
The beames of glory be so nygh.

O sweet aspect; vision of peace;
Happy regard and heauenly sight;
O endless ioy without surcease;
Perpetuall day which hath no night!

O well of weale; fountaine of life;
A spring of euerlasting blisse;
Eternal sunne; resplendant light;
And eminent cause of all that is!

Riuer of pleasure; sea of delight;
Garden of glory euer greene;
O glorious glasse, and mirrour bright,
Wherein all truth is clearly seene!

O princely pallace, royall court;
Monarchall seate; emperiall throne!
Where King of kings, and Soueraigne Lord,
For euer ruleth all alone:

Where all the glorious saints doe see
The secrets of the Deity;
The Godhead one, in persons three,
The super-blessed Trinity.

The depth of wisdome most profound,
All puisant high sublimity;
The breadth of loue without all bound,
In endlesse long eternity.

The heauy earth belowe by kinde
Alone ascends the mounting fire:
Be this the centor of my minde,
And lofty spheare of her desire.

The chafed deare doth take the foyle ;
The tyred hare the thickes and wood :
Be this the comfort of my toyle,
My refuge, hope, and soueraigne good.

The merchant cuts the seas for gaine ;
The soldier serueth for renowne ;
The tyllman plowes the ground for graine ;
Be this my ioy and lasting crowne.

The faulkner seekes to see a flight :
The hunter beates to view the game :
Long thou, my soule, to see this sight,
And labour to enjoy the same.

No one's without some one delight,
Which he endeauours to attaine :
Seeke thou, my soule, both day and night,
This one, which euer shall remaine.

This one containes all pleasures true—
All other pleasures be but vaine :
Bid thou the rest, my soule, adue,
And seeke this one alone to gaine.

Go count the grass vpon the ground,
Or sandes that lye vpon the shore ;
And when yee haue the number found,
The ioyes hereof be many more.

More thousand, thousand yeares they last,
And lodge within the happy mynde ;
And when so many yeares be past,
Yet more and more be still behinde.

Farre more they be than we can weene;
 They doe our iudgment much excell:
No ear hath heard, or eye hath seene:
 No pen can write, no tongue can tell.

An angel's tongue cannot recyte
 The endless ioy of heauenly blisse;
Which, being wholly infinite,
 Beyond all speech and writing is.

We can imagine but a shade;
 It neuer entred into thought,
What ioys he hath enioyed, that made
 All ioys, and them that ioy, of nought.

My soule cannot these ioys contayne;
 Let her, Lord, enter into them,
For euer with thee to remayne,
 Within thy towne, Ierusalem!

WILL IT NO PLEASURE BE?

From the German.

WILL it no pleasure be,
 When faith shall end in knowing,
Hope to fruition growing,
 The Saviour's face to see?
To learn from Him the story,
What vict'ries won our glory—
 Will this no pleasure be?

Will it no pleasure be,
When friends who went before us
Our God shall there restore us,
From pain and sickness free?
Where sorrows show no traces,
To meet their glad embraces,
Will this no pleasure be?

Will it no pleasure be,
Where th' angel-chorus raises
To God most high their praises,
With seraphs to agree?
And when the skies are ringing,
To join "Thrice holy!" singing,
Will this no pleasure be?

Oh yes, there's pleasure there!
Away, earth's glittering bubbles,
Your joys are full of troubles,
Your bliss not worth the care.
Then, friends, do not bewail me,
When heart and flesh shall fail me,
But think, there's pleasure there!



NOW THE PILGRIM, SAD AND WEARY.

From the German of A. KNAPP.

NOW the pilgrim, sad and weary,
Finds here a desert wild and dreary,
With shades of death and darkness filled;
Soon, with groves of palm surrounded,
The peaceful city shall be founded,
Which for his glory Christ shall build.
In splendid colors dressed,
On sapphires it shall rest;
Doors and windows
Of crystal rare, and turrets fair
Of richest gems, shall glitter there.

There, amid this palace royal,
A countless host, well tried and loyal,
Shall see the glory of their Lord;
All their fears and sorrows ended,
Shall they, with peace and joy attended,
Receive from him their rich reward.
The crown of righteousness
Shall there his people bless;
No destroyer
Shall thither steal to work their ill,
But Christ will there His grace fulfil.

When 'twill be—seek not to know it,
Who guides in His own time will show it,
And His own time is always best.
Heralds He abroad is sending,
That they, to all His grace commending,
May bring them all to seek His rest.
Enough for us to know
What He would have us do
Till the harvest;
The world's wide field its fruits must yield,—
The ransom was for all revealed.

Tell it now with joyful praises,—
"The Prince of Life His palace raises!"
O'er land and sea the tidings sound;
Not in vain His invitation;
The messengers of His salvation
Proclaim it to the poor around.
Beneath the burning sky
They to their work apply,
Daily sowing.
His word He'll keep; though now they weep,
With joy shall they the harvest reap.

Seeing growth they are requited;
With tears of joy, with souls delighted,
First-fruits they now are bringing on;
Where the ground to drought was given,
Head, hands, and hearts, they lift to heaven,
Admiring what the Lord has done.

All fresh with morning dew,
Green fields spring up to view,
Breathing fragrance;
For bitter sighs glad songs arise,
While hope anticipates the prize.

But the Lord, by varied trial,
Oft proves His herald's self-denial,
And makes them wait, and toil, and mourn;
Oft will let fierce storms o'ertake them,
To hunger, thirst, and want forsake them,
To gloom their fairest prospects turn.
In His own chosen way
His wisdom He'll display,
Clearly teaching,
While deepest night brings on the light,
That what He does is always right.

Knowing this, shall fears beguile us?
Though traitors, leagued with foes, revile us,
Our onward course let us pursue;
They that shame for Jesus bearing,
Will persevere, His way preparing,
Shall safely reach his glory too,
There, with the Son of God,
To join in blest abode
All the pious,
And freely own, through grace alone,
Their works of love and faith were done.

Ever shall thy praise be glorious,
When, over all their ills victorious,
Thy saints unite in tuneful strife.
They, from death by Thee delivered,
Shall from Thy love no more be severed;
Such is Thy will, Thou Prince of Life!
The world, Lord, rests on Thee,—
Thy world with pity see!
Showing mercy
To him whose days are prayer and praise,
To him who yet in error strays.

THE EVENING WATCH.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

BODY.

FAREWELL! I goe to sleep; but when
The day-star springs, I'll wake again.

SOUL.

Goe, sleep in peace; and when thou lyest
Unnumbered in thy dust, when all this frame
Is but one dramme, and what thou now descriest
In sev'rall parts shall want a name,
Then may His peace be with thee, and each dust
Writ in His book, who ne'er betrayed man's trust!

BODY.

Amen! but hark, ere we two stray,—
How many hours, dost think, 'till day?

SOUL.

Ah, go; thou'rt weak, and sleepie. Heaven
Is a plain watch, and without figures winds
All ages up; who drew this circle, even
He fills it; dayes and hours are blinds.
Yet this take with thee: the last gasp of time
Is thy first breath, and man's eternal prime.

BATHED IN UNFALLEN SUNLIGHT.

HORATIUS BONAR.

BATHED in unfallen sunlight,
Itself a sun-born gem,
Fair gleams the glorious city,
The new Jerusalem!
City fairest,
Splendor rarest,
Let me gaze on thee!

Calm in her queenly glory,
She sits, all joy and light;
Pure in her bridal beauty,
Her raiment festal-white!
Home of gladness,
Free from sadness,
Let me dwell in thee!

Shading her golden pavement
The tree of life is seen,
Its fruit-rich branches waving,
Celestial evergreen.

Tree of wonder,
Let me under
Thee forever rest!

Fresh from the throne of Godhead,
Bright in its crystal gleam,
Bursts out the living fountain,
Swells on the living stream.
Blessed river,
Let me ever
Feast my eye on thee!

Streams of true life and gladness,
Spring of all health and peace;
No harps by thee hang silent,
Nor happy voices cease.
Tranquil river,
Let me ever
Sit and sing by thee!

River of God, I greet thee,
Not now afar, but near;
My soul to thy still waters
Hastes in its thirstings here.
Holy river,
Let me ever
Drink of only thee!

I KNOW THE WALLS ARE JASPER.

HELEN L. PARMLEE.

I KNOW the walls are jasper,
The palaces are fair,
And to the sounds of harpings
The saints are singing there;
I know that living waters
Flow under fruitful trees:
But oh, to make my heaven,
It needeth more than these!

O, Heaven without my Saviour
Would be no heaven to me;
Dim were the walls of jasper—
Rayless the crystal sea.
He gilds earth's darkest valleys
With light, and joy, and peace:
What then must be the radiance
When Night and Death shall cease?

Speed on, O lagging moments!
Come, birthday of the soul!
How long the night appeareth,
The hours, how slow they roll!
How sweet the welcome summons
That greets the willing bride!
And when mine eyes behold Him,
"I shall be satisfied."

NEVERMORE AND EVERMORE.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

TWO worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain,
Whose magic joys we shall not see again;
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore,
Ah! truly breathed we there
Intoxicating air;—
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of Nevermore!

The lover, there, drank her delicious breath,
Whose love has yielded since, to change or death;
The mother kissed her child, whose days are o'er.
Alas! too soon have fled
The ne'er returning dead;
We see them—visions strange—amid the Nevermore.

The merry songs some maidens used to sing,
The brown, brown hair, that once was wont to cling
To temples long clay-cold—to the very core
They strike our weary hearts!
As some vexed memory starts
From that long-faded land, the realm of Nevermore!

It is perpetual summer there—but here
Sadly do we remember rivers clear,
And hare-bells quivering on the meadow floor;
For brighter bells and bluer,
For tender hearts and truer,
People that happy land—the land of Nevermore!

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land
We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand;—
What realm lies forward, with its happier store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful? 'Tis the land of Evermore!

Very far off its marbled cities seem;
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream,
Its woods unruffled by the wild wind's roar.
Yet does the turbulent surge
Howl on its very verge—
One moment, and we breathe within the Evermore!

They whom we loved and lost so long ago,
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe,
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet whispers soar.
Eternal peace have they;
God wipes their tears away;
They drink that Fount of life which flows for Evermore!

Thither we hasten, through these rivers dim;
But lo! the white wings of the Seraphim
Shine in the sunset on that joyous shore!
There, our light hearts shall know
The life of long ago!—
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for Evermore!

WHEN WE REACH A QUIET DWELLING.

From the Changed Cross.

"All the way by which the Lord thy God led thee."

WHEN we reach a quiet dwelling
On the strong eternal hills,
And our praise to Him is swelling,
Who the vast creation fills:
When the paths of prayer and duty
And affliction all are trod,
And we wake and see the beauty
Of our Saviour and our God:

With the light of resurrection,
When our changéd bodies glow,
And we gain the full perfection
Of the bliss begun below;
When the life that flesh obscureth
In each radiant form shall shine,
And the joy that aye endureth
Flashes forth in beams divine:

While we wave the palms of glory
Through the long eternal years,
Shall we e'er forget the story
Of our mortal griefs and fears?

Shall we e'er forget the sadness
And the clouds that hung so dim,
When our hearts are filled with gladness
And our tears are dried by Him!

Shall the memory be banished
Of His kindness and His care,
When the wants and woes are vanished,
Which He loved to soothe and share—
All the way by which He brought us,
All the grievings which He bore,
All the patient love He taught us,
Shall we think of them no more?

Yes! we surely shall remember
How He quickened us from death:
How He fanned the dying ember
With His Spirit's glowing breath
We shall read the tender meaning
Of the sorrows and alarms
As we trod the desert, leaning
On His everlasting arms.

And His rest will be the dearer
When we think of weary ways,
And His light will seem the clearer
As we muse on cloudy days.
Oh! 'twill be a glorious morrow
To a dark and stormy day;
We shall recollect our sorrow
As the streams that pass away.

BRIGHT SUN, THOU DOST BLESSEDLY SHINE.

THOMAS H. GILL.

"The city hath no need of the sun neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it."

BRIGHT sun! thou dost blessedly shine;
Fair earth doth rejoice in thy light;
She draweth her beauty from thine:
Thou makest her gladsome and bright.
We bless thy strong splendor at noon,
We bless thy sweet radiance at even,
And welcome the soft-shining moon
When earth to her bright sway is given.

But fairer, but fuller the light
Through the Heavenly City that streams·
Jerusalem shineth all bright
But not with the sun's golden beams:
Your smile, sun and moon, she can spare;
Ye bear in her glory no part:
Thou only, dear Lord, beamest there
Her glory, her sunshine Thou art.

Her smile from Thy beams she doth take
Her light in Thy light she doth see;
Her music and mirth Thou dost make;
Her beauty she borrows from Thee.

All bathed in the Glory Divine
 Still, still she abides in Thy light;
Her Sun never ceaseth to shine,
 Her day never yieldeth to night.

Here bright are the beams of Thy sun:
 Here sweet are the rays of Thy grace:
But there both the glories are one,
 Are one in the Light of Thy face.
The Sun in their souls that did glow
 Now bright on Thy saints doth arise;
The joy of their hearts here below
 Becomes the delight of their eyes.

They look on the Lord of their love,
 The Lamb that was slain they behold;
He maketh the glory above;
 He lighteth the city of gold.
They gaze on their Sun and grow bright;
 His beauty, His splendor they wear;
They see the ineffable sight:
 The unspeakable glory they share.

Lord! here in my heart dost Thou shine?
 Art Thou my soul's sunlight below?
O then in that City Divine
 Full, full on mine eyes Thou wilt glow.
For me as for all the glad throng
 Thou makest Jerusalem bright;
And still the glad stream of our song
 Flows on midst the bliss of Thy light.

THERE IS A RIVER PURE AND BRIGHT.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God."

THERE is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains,
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our GOD remains.

Built by the word of His command,
With His unclouded presence blest,
Firm as His throne, the bulwarks stand;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

Thither let fervent faith aspire;
Our treasure and our heart be there:
Oh! for a seraph's wing of fire!
Or rather mightier wings of prayer,—

We reach at once that last retreat,
And, ranged among the ransom'd throng,
Fall with the elders at His feet,
Whose Name alone inspires their song.

Ah! soon, how soon! our spirits droop;
Unwont the air of heaven to breathe;
Yet GOD, in very deed will stoop,
And dwell Himself with men beneath.

Come to thy living temples, then,
As in the ancient times appear;
Let earth be Paradise again,
And man, O GOD! thine image here.

GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN.

JOHN NEWTON.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:

On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:

Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering;
Showing that the Lord is near.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name.

Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

A BEAUTIFUL LAND BY THE SPOILER UNTROD.

THERE'S a Beautiful Land by the Spoiler untrod,
Unpolluted by sorrow or care;
It is lighted alone by the presence of God,
Whose throne, and whose temple are there.
Its crystalline streams, with a murmuring flow,
Meander through valleys so green,
And its mountains of jasper are bright in the glow
Of a splendor no mortal hath seen.

And throngs of glad singers with jubilant breath,
Make the air with their melodies rife;
And one known on earth as the Angel of Death,
Shines here as the Angel of Life!
An infinite tenderness beams from his eyes;
On his brow is an infinite calm,
And his voice, as it thrills through the depths of the skies,
Is as sweet as the Seraphim's psalm.

Through the amaranth groves of the Beautiful Land
Walk the souls who were faithful in this;
And their foreheads, star-crowned, by zephyrs are fanned,
That evermore murmur of bliss;
They taste the rich fruitage that hangs from the trees,
And breathe the sweet odors of flowers
More fragrant than ever were kissed by the breeze
In Araby's loveliest bowers.

Old Prophets, whose words were a spirit of flame
Blazing out o'er the darkness of Time;
And martyrs, whose courage no tortures could tame,
Nor turn from their purpose sublime;
And Saints and Confessors, a numberless throng,
Who were loyal to Truth and to Right,
And left, as they walked through the darkness of Wrong,
Their footprints encircled with light.

And the dear little children, who went to their rest
Ere their lives had been sullied by sin,
While the Angel of Morning still tarried a guest,
Their spirits' pure temple within,—
All are there—all are there—in the Beautiful Land,
The land by the Spoiler untrod.
And their foreheads, star-crowned, by zephyrs are fanned,
That blow from the Gardens of God!

My soul hath looked in through the gateway of dreams,
On the city all paven with gold,

And though it still waits on this desolate strand,
A Pilgrim and stranger on earth,
Yet it knew in that glimpse of the Beautiful Land,
That it gazed on the home of its birth!

AROUND THEM, BRIGHT WITH ENDLESS SPRING.

From the Latin of AUGUSTINE.

AROUND them, bright with endless spring perpetual roses bloom—
Warm balsams gratefully exude luxurious perfume,
And crocuses and lilies white shine dazzling in the sun;
Green meadows yield their harvests rich, and streams with honey run;
Unbroken droop the laden boughs with heavy fruitage bent—
Of incense and of odors strange the air is redolent;
And neither sun nor moon nor stars, disperse their changeful light,
But the Lamb's eternal glory makes the happy city bright.

THERE IS A PLACE OF SACRED REST.

ROBERT TURNBULL.

THERE is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies,—

My Father's house, my heavenly home,
Where "many mansions" stand,
Prepared, by hands divine, for all
Who seek the better land.

When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side,—
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide,—
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

In that pure home of tearless joy
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete.
There, there, adieus are sounds unknown:
Death frowns not on that scene;
But life and glorious beauty shine,
Untroubled and serene.

I KNOW NOT WHERE THOSE MANSIONS LIE.

"We would see Jesus."

I KNOW not where those blesséd mansions lie
That Christ departed to prepare on high;
Nor where the new Jerusalem doth stand,
The glorious centre of a happy land;

Nor the full meaning of that tree of life,
The fruits unceasing, leaves with blessing rife;
That crystal stream of life is still to me
A beautiful, a baffling mystery.

Then those bright spirits, from the body free,
How can they worship there as now they be?
And how with one another can they speak?—
The answer to all this I vainly seek.

These things I know not, yet I rest in this:
That Christ is there, and seeing Him is bliss.
For ever, Saviour, let me look on Thee,
And life shall be one endless ecstasy!

HER STREETS WITH BURNISHED GOLD ARE PAVED.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

HER streets with burnished gold are pavéd round,
Stars lie like pebbles scattered on the ground,
Pearl mixt with onyx, and the jasper stone
Made jewelled causeways to be trampled on.
There shines no sun, no moon by night,
The palace glory is the palace light;
There is no time to measure motion by
Where time is swallowed in Eternity;
Wry-mouthed disdain and corner-hunting lust,
And toady-faced fraud and beetle-browed distrust,
Soul-boiling rage and trouble stale sedition,
And giddy doubt and goggle-eyed suspicion,

And lumpish sorrow, and dangerous fear
Are banished thence, and death's a stranger there.
But simple love and sempiternal joys
Whose sweetness never gloats nor fulness cloys;
Where face to face our ravished eye shall see
Great God, that glorious One in Three
And Three in One—and seeing Him shall bless Him,
And blessing love Him—and in love possess Him.

ALL ABOUT HIM SHEDDETH GLORIOUS LIGHT.

EDMUND SPENSER.

HIS sceptre is the rod of Righteousnesse,
With which He bruseth all His foes to dust,
And the great dragon strongly doth represse,
Under the rigour of His iudgment iust;
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust,
From whence proceed her beames so pure and bright,
That all about Him sheddeth glorious light.

But that immortall light which there doth shine
Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare,
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And even the thoughts of men, do plaine appeare;
For from th' Eternall Truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly vertue which her beams doe breed.

With the great glorie of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight

Of all that look thereon with eyes unsound;
And underneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
The instruments of his avenging yre.

There, in his bosome, Sapience doth sit,
The soveraine dearling of the Deity,
Clad like a queene, in royall robes most fit
For so great powre and peerelesse majesty,
And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeously
Adorned, that brighter than the starres appeare,
And make her native brightnesse seem more cleare.

And on her head a crown of purest gold
Is set, in signe of highest soverainty;
And in her hand a sceptre she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hy,
And menageth the ever-moving sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all
Subiected to her powre imperiall.

IN SEEING HIM THEY FIND REPOSE.

From the Italian of DANTE, by I. C. WRIGHT.

A LIGHT there is above which plainly shows
The great Creator to the creature, who
In seeing him alone can find repose,
And in a circle spreads to such degree,
That for the sun would its circumference
A girdle of too great dimensions be;

All its appearance one vast ray of light
Reflected from the swiftest heaven, which thence
Derives both its existence and its might.
And as a cliff looks down upon the bed
Of some clear stream, to see how richly crowned
With flowers and foliage is its lofty head,
So, all from earth who hither e'er returned,
Seated on more than thousand thrones around,
Within the Eternal Light themselves discerned;
And if the very lowest tier receives
A light so great, how wonderful must be
This rose expanded in its utmost leaves!

LORD OF THE WORLDS ABOVE.

ISAAC WATTS.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are;
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks her nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest;

My spirit faints,
With equal zeal
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

Oh happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear;
Oh happy men that pay
Their constant service there;
They praise thee still,
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
Oh glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

GIVE ME THE LOWEST PLACE.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

GIVE me the lowest place: not that I dare
Ask for that lowest place, but Thou hast died
That I might live and share
Thy glory by Thy side.

Give me the lowest place: or if for me
That lowest place too high, make one more low
Where I may sit and see
My God, and love Thee so.

THE VISION OF JOHN.

A Paraphrase on the 21st and 22d Chapters of Revelation. By CRAMMOND KENNEDY.

I JOHN, a servant of the Lord,
In Patmos' lonely isle was bound;
But Christ was there, and in His love
Deep joy in banishment I found.

He sent an Angel to reveal
The glories of the upper sphere,
Where countless hosts, like radiant stars,
Throughout immensity appear.

I saw Jerusalem descend,
God's glory round the city shone
Bright as a diamond in the sun;
Her light was like a jasper-stone.

I then beheld twelve pearly gates—
Twelve Angel-watchmen standing there;
How clear the walls' foundations were!
The silver moon's not half so fair!

The wall was built of jasper-stone,
O'er its bright surface Seraphs trod;
And streets of burnished gold adorned
The glorious city of my God.

No gorgeous temple met my gaze;
Where veiléd Seraphim bow low
Before the Throne, I only saw
A spotless Lamb, as white as snow.

He was their temple—at His shrine
Were kneeling nations bathed in light;
And kings before Him prostrate fell,
They owned His gentleness and might.

A river clear as crystal flowed
From out the great white Throne of God,
And rippling through the golden streets,
Its murmuring music sent abroad.

The branches of the Tree of Life
Drooped o'er the peaceful, limpid stream,
While, hanging in celestial light,
The fruit in loveliness did gleam.

And those who taste the leaves that wave
Above Life's river, shall be healed;
The curse of sin these leaves destroy:
This blessed truth the Lord hath sealed!

The saints who dwell in Paradise
No candle need, or shining sun;
For in the light of Jesus' love
A brighter glory they have won.

That glory, like that glory's Source,
Can never, never fade away;
The hosts who see His face, behold
The sun of an eternal day!

"O glorious truth!" the Angel cried,
"These sayings faithful are and true;
For I am sent these things to show
To God's elect, by showing you!"

Then adoration filled my soul,
Before the Angel's feet I fell,
And would have worshipped, but he said,
"Arise, arise, thou dost not well:

"For I thy fellow-servant am,
The prophets' pathway I have trod,
And kept the sayings of this book:
My brother, rise and *worship* GOD."





INHABITANTS OF HEAVEN.

I beheld, and lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands.—Rev. 7 : 9.

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.—Rev. 7 : 14.

Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out.—Rev. 3 : 12.



INHABITANTS OF HEAVEN.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

Mrs. May Riley Smith. Contributed to "Heaven in Song."

"THE land is wondrous fair," the Angel said;
"Its sapphire skies are wrought with links of gold,
Its jewelled gates admit nor heat, nor cold;
And all along the way that you shall tread
A perfume marvellously sweet is shed
From lilies that eternally unfold."

The lovely woman raised her timid face
And to the Messenger of Death she spoke:
"I know that human right can ne'er invoke
A vision of such rare surpassing grace
As those fair mansions in the Heavenly Place;
But Life and I have never friendship broke.

Therefore, I fain would stay," she pleaded low.
The Angel's face wore nothing of command:
He smiling said "behold unarmed I stand,
I left behind my arrows and my bow,
I shall not force you, lovely one, to go,
I only wait till you shall clasp my hand.

But see! e'en now your eyes are wet with tears!
Come where a Holy Hand will wipe them dry.
O, be my bride, my own beloved! and I
Will kiss away your doubtings and your fears
And lead you gently through the eternal years,
And prove a love that ne'er will change or die!"

The woman shrank from his caressing hand.
"But life hath loyal love as well," she said;
"A trusting heart would break if I were dead;
A faithful foot would track me to your land,
And at the gates of pearl would waiting stand.
This life is fair and sweet to me," she said.

"But human love is frail as bended reed,"
The Angel urged, "They will not mourn you long:
In Heaven your voice is needed in the song,
On earth another one can fill your place.
Within my bosom hide your weeping face,
And let me bear you to the waiting throng."

"Nay, nay, sweet Angel! Spare me this alarm,
For I am timid of the lonesome way!
A voice I love is begging me to stay,
A precious hand is clinging to my arm,—
A hand that never brought me pain or harm.—
O, leave me now, and come another *day*!"

The Angel drew her close and whispered sweet,
"Dear Heart! the streets are fair with *children* there.

God's sunlight hides its kisses in their hair,
And *everywhere* in Heaven, a child you meet."
The woman clasped his hand—and toward the street
That's "sweet with children" smiling went the pair.

Springfield, Ills. January 8th, 1872.

STARS OF GLORY, LIGHTS OF HEAVEN.

A Paraphrase on St. Augustine. By SOPHIA MAY ECKLEY.

OH! stars of glory, lights of heaven!
Shed down on me your mystic light,
Illume the storms that round me threaten
Reveal the perils of the night,

Through which my barque of life is steering
So frail,—to pirates oft exposed:
Guard it from rocks and reefs of peril
Till in the eternal port enclosed.

The little freight is moor'd in safety
Which I have tried to garner here,
In commerce spiritual hoping
It yet may reach the haven dear.

Then stars of glory, lights of Heaven,
Shed down on me your mystic light,
Guide me, O guide me to the haven
Where Faith is swallowed up in Sight

WHY DO WE CALL THEM LOST?

From the Church of England Magazine.

"THE loved and lost!" why do we call them lost?
Because we miss them from our onward road?
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost: they are within the door
That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself their Lord and Judge and King.

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by a well
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell,

When lo! the Lord who many mansions had
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then pitying spake, "Give me the little lad;
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong—
"Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share?"
Oh rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise: death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward unspoken speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down—
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

"SUFFER THEM TO COME TO ME."

From Lyra Anglicana.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

ALL along the mighty ages,
All adown the solemn time,
They have taken up their homeward
March to that serener clime,

Where the watching, waiting angels
 Lead them from the shadow dim,
To the brightness of His presence
 Who has called them unto Him.

They are going—only going—
 Out of pain and into bliss—
Out of sad and sinful weakness
 Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows—no care shall shade them;
 Bright eyes—tears shall never dim;
Rosy lips—no time shall fade them;
 Jesus called them unto Him.

Little hearts forever stainless—
 Little hands as pure as they—
Little feet by angels guided
 Never a forbidden way!
They are going, ever going!
 Leaving many a lonely spot;
But 'tis Jesus who has called them—
 "Suffer, and forbid them not."



"WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?"

FRANCIS QUARLES.

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee."

I LOVE, (and have some cause to love) the earth;
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good;
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food;
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee?
Or what's my mother, or my nurse, to me?

I love the air; her daily sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh;
And with their Polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared to Thee?

I love the sea; she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor: she provides my store;
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee,
What is the ocean, or her wealth, to me?

Without Thy presence, earth gives no reflection;
Without Thy presence, sea affords no treasure;
Without Thy presence, air's a rank infection;
Without Thy presence, heaven itself's no pleasure;

If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven, to me?

Without Thy presence, wealth is bags of cares;
 Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet, sadness;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
 Pleasure's but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness;
Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have their being, when compared with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?
 Not having Thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what farther crave I?
 And having Thee alone, what have I not?
I wish not sea, nor land; nor would I be
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of THEE!

STILL THOU ART MINE OWN.

By PAUL GERHARDT: Translated by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

The following touching and beautiful stanzas were written by Paul Gerhardt in 1650, on the death of his son.

THOU'RT mine, yes, still thou art mine own!
 Who tells me thou art lost?
But yet thou art not mine alone,
 I own that He who cross'd
My hopes, hath greatest right in thee;
Yea, though He ask and take from me
Thee, O my son, my heart's delight,
My wish, my thought, by day and night.

Ah might I wish, ah might I choose,
 Then thou, my star shouldst live,
And gladly for thy sake I'd lose
 All else that life can give.
Oh fain I'd say: Abide with me,
The sunshine of my house to be,
No other joy but this I crave,
To love thee, darling, to my grave!

Thus saith my heart, and means it well,
 God meaneth better still;
My love is more than words can tell,
 His love is greater still;
I am a father, He the Head
And Crown of fathers, whence is shed
The life and love from which have sprung
All blessed ties in old and young.

I long for thee, my son, my own,
 And He who once hath given,
Will have thee now beside His throne,
 To live with Him in heaven.
I cry, Alas! my light, my child!
But God hath welcome on him smiled,
And said, "My child I keep thee near,
For there is nought but gladness here."

O blessed word, O deep decree,
 More holy than we think!
With God no grief or woe can be,
 No bitter cup to drink,

No sickening hopes, no want or care,
No hurt can ever reach him there;
Yes, in that Father's sheltered home
I know that sorrow cannot come.

We pass our nights in wakeful thought
For our dear children's sake;
All day our anxious toil hath sought
How best for them to make
A future safe from care or need,
Yet seldom do our schemes succeed;
How seldom does their future prove
What we had planned for those we love!

How many a child of promise fair
Ere now hath gone astray,
By ill example taught to dare
Forsake Christ's holy way.
O fearful the reward is then,
The wrath of God, the scorn of men!
The bitterest tears that e'er are shed
Are his who mourns a child misled.

But now I need not fear for thee,
Where thou art, all is well;
For thou thy Father's face doth see
With Jesus thou dost dwell!
Yes, cloudless joys around him shine,
His heart shall never ache like mine,
He sees the radiant armies glow
That keep and guide us here below.

He hears their singing evermore,
His little voice too sings,
He drinks of wisdom deepest love,
He speaks of secret things,
That we can never see or know
Howe'er we seek or strive below,
While yet amid the mists we stand
That veil this dark and tearful land.

O that I could but watch afar,
And hearken but awhile
To that sweet song that hath no jar,
And see his heavenly smile,
As he doth praise the holy God
Who made him pure for that abode!
In tears of joy full well I know
This burdened heart would overflow.

And I should say: Stay there, my son,
My wild laments are o'er,
O well for thee that thou hast won,
I call thee back no more;
But come, thou fiery chariot, come,
And bear me swiftly to that home
Where he with many a loved one dwells,
And evermore of gladness tells!

Then be it as my Father wills,
I will not weep for thee;
Thou livest, joy thy spirit fills,
Pure sunshine thou dost see,

The sunshine of eternal rest;
Abide my child where thou art blest;
I with our friends will onward fare,
And when God wills, shall find thee there.

WHERE I SHALL WITH MY JESUS BE.

J. FRANCK.

ONE who is weary with this load,
Faint with the sun,
Would fain have done,
And craves long shadows on the road;
That after so much labor past
He may sleep sweet and sound at last.
But all my longing is with Thee,
Jesus, my only rest, to be!

Another doth pursue his trade
By wave and cliff,
Where his frail skiff
Is tempest tossed and he afraid.
But I will faith-wings spread, and fly
Up, past the star-hills of the sky!
For, Jesus, Thou alone shall be
The end of pilgrimage to me.

Come, death! sleep's only brother thou!
Come, take the helm
And through thy realm
To the sure harbor guide my prow.

He may repel thee who doth fear;
But I rejoice to see thee near,
For thou alone canst usher me,
Where I shall with my Jesus be!

"WOMAN, WHY WEEPEST THOU?"

Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. [Dedicated to the memory of "Annie," who died at Milan, June 6, 1860.]

"JESUS saith unto her, 'Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?' She, supposing him to be the gardener, said unto him: 'Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him.'"

IN the fair gardens of celestial peace,
Walketh a Gardener in meekness clad;
Fair are the flowers that wreath his dewy locks,
And his mysterious eyes are sweet and sad.

Fair are the silent foldings of his robes,
Falling with saintly calmness at his feet;
And when he walks, each floweret to his will
With living pulse of sweet accord doth beat.

Every green leaf thrills to its tender heart,
In the mild summer radiance of his eye;—
No fear of storm, or bold, or bitter frost,
Shadows the flowerets when their sun is nigh.

And all our pleasant haunts of earthly love
Are nurseries to those gardens of the air;
And his far-darting eye, with starry beam,
Watcheth the growing of his treasures there.

We call them ours, o'erwept with selfish tears,
O'erwatched with restless longings night and day;
Forgetful of the high, mysterious right
He holds to bear our cherished plants away.

But when some sunny spot in those bright fields
Needs the fair presence of an added flower,
Down sweeps a starry angel in the night;—
At morn, the rose has vanished from our bower.

Where stood our tree, our flower, there is a grave!
Blank, silent, vacant: but in worlds above—
Like a new star outblossom'd in the skies—
The angels hail an added flower of love.

Yes, the sweet Gardener hath borne her hence—
Nor must thou ask to take her thence away;
Thou shalt behold her in some coming hour,
Full-blossomed in his fields of cloudless day.

"EQUAL UNTO THE ANGELS."

EQUAL to Angels are our beloved!
Christ has redeemed them—His promise is passed.
A noontide of glory has opened upon them,
As long as Eternity's cycles shall last.
Equal to Angels! Oh, could we but know
The bliss that surrounds them, how gladly we'd go!

Equal to Angels are our beloved!
With the blessed of all ages who've lived and who've died;
The children of Heaven, adopted and pardoned!
What more can we wish for our loved ones beside?
Equal to Angels! exalted and pure,
Their triumph through Jesus is lasting and sure!

Equal to Angels are our beloved!
All radiant with beauty in garments of white,
For "children of God," must ever be spotless,
Beholding His face, in that Heavenly Light!
Equal to Angels! Oh never to die!
Death has been conquered forever on high.

Equal to Angels are our beloved!
Reunion is certain, we shall meet again!
Those bright cheering words of divine consolation,
Ne'er could have by Jesus been spoken in vain!
"Equal to Angels!" Then trust in the Lord,
For they are His children—and He is their God!

ANGELS BRIGHT, ALL GLISTENING GLORIOUS.

EDMUND SPENSER.

ANGELS bright,
All glistening glorious, in their Maker's light;

To them the heaven's illimitable height
(Not this round Heaven, which we from hence behold,
Adorned with thousand lamps of burning light,

And with ten thousand gemmes of shining gold,)
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve Him in eternal blisse
And be partakers of those ioys of His.

There they, in their trinall triplicities
About Him wait, and on His will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies
When He them on His messages doth send,
Or on His own dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glory of His light
And caroll hymns of love, both day and night.

Both day and night is unto them all one;
For He, His beams doth unto them extend,
That darknesse their appeareth never none;
Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse an end,
But There, their termelesse time in pleasure spend;
Ne ever should their happinesse decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobey.

WHAT MEANS YON BLAZE ON HIGH?

HENRY HART MILMAN.

WHAT means yon blaze on high?
The empyrean sky,
Like the rich veil of some proud fane, is rending;
I see the star-paved land
Where all the angels stand,
Even to the highest height, in burning rows ascending.

Some, with their wings dispread,
And bowed the stately head,
As on some mission of God's love departing,
Like flames at midnight conflagration starting.
Behold! the appointed messengers are they,
And nearest earth they wait, to waft our souls away.

Higher and higher still,
More lofty statures fill
The jasper-courts of the Everlasting Dwelling;
Cherub and seraph pace
The illimitable space,
While sleep the folded plumes from their white shoulders swelling;
From all the harping throng
Bursts the tumultuous song,
Like the unceasing sound of cataracts pouring,
Hosanna o'er hosanna loudly soaring;
That faintly echoing down to earthly ears,
Hath seemed the concert sweet, of the harmonious spheres.

Still my wrapt spirit mounts,
And lo! beside the founts
Of flowing light, Christ's chosen saints reclining;
Distinct among the blaze,
Their palm-crowned heads they raise,
Their white robes, e'en through that o'erpowering lustre shining.
Each, in his place of state,
Long the bright twelve have sat,

O'er the celestial Zion, high uplifted ;
While those with deep prophetic raptures gifted,
Where life's glad river rolls its tideless streams,
Enjoy the full completion of their heavenly dreams.

Again. I see again
The great victorious train,
The martyr-army, from their toils reposing,
The blood-red robes they wear
Empurpling all the air,
E'en their immortal limbs the signs of wounds disclosing.
O holy Stephen ! thou
Art there, and on thy brow
Hast still the placid smile it wore in dying,
When under the heaped stones in anguish lying,
Thy clasping hands were fondly spread to heaven,
And thy last accents prayed thy foes might be forgiven.

Beyond, ah ! who is there
With the white snowy hair ?
'Tis He, 'tis He, the Son of Man appearing
At the right hand of One
The darkness of whose throne
That sun-eyed seraph host behold with awe and fearing.
O'er him the rainbow springs,
And spreads its emerald wings
Down to the glassy sea, His loftiest seat o'erarching,
Hark ! thunders from His throne, like steel-clad armies marching !
The Christ ! the Christ commands us to His home !
Jesus, Redeemer, Lord, we come—we come !

HEAVEN GROWS DEARER DAY BY DAY.

ANONYMOUS.

AS distant lands beyond the sea,
When friends go thence, draw nigh,
So heaven, when friends have hither gone,
Draws nearer from the sky.

And as those lands the dearer grow,
When friends are long away,
So heaven itself, through loved ones gone,
Grows dearer day by day.

Heaven is not far from those who see
With the pure spirit's sight,
But near, and in the very reach
Of those who see aright.

THOU WILT NEVER GROW OLD.

MRS. HOWARTH.

THOU wilt never grow old,
Nor weary, nor sad, in the home of thy birth;
My beautiful lily, thy leaves will unfold
In a clime that is purer and brighter than earth;

O holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there—
In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold;
Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet—
Never grow old!

I am a pilgrim with sorrow and sin
Haunting my footsteps, wherever I go;
Life is a warfare my title to win—
Well it be, if it end not in woe!
Pity me, dear, I am laden with care;
Dark are my garments with mildew and mould;
Thou, my sweet darling, art sinless and fair,
And wilt never grow old, sweet—
Never grow old!

Thus wilt thou be, as the pilgrim, grown gray,
Weeps when the vines from the hearthstone are riven;—
Faith shall behold thee, as pure as the day
Thou wert torn from the earth, and transplanted to Heaven.
O holy and fair, I rejoice thou art There,
In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold,
Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet—
Never grow old!

WHO ARE THOSE BEFORE GOD'S THRONE?

From the German of SCHENCK. Translated by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

WHO are those before God's throne,
What the crownéd host I see?
As the sky with stars thick-strown
Is their shining company;
Hallelujahs, hark, they sing;
Solemn praise to God they bring.

Who are those that in their hands
Bear aloft the conqueror's palm,
As one o'er his foeman stands,
Fallen beneath his mighty arm?
What the war and what the strife?
Whence came such victorious life?

Who are those arrayed in light,
Clothed in righteousness divine,
Wearing robes so pure and white,
That unstained shall ever shine,
That can never more decay—
Whence come all this bright array?

They are those who strong in faith,
Battled for the mighty God;
Conquerors o'er the world and death,
Following not sin's crowded road;

Through the Lamb who once was slain,
Did they such high victory gain.

They are those who much have borne,
Trial, sorrow, pain, and care,
Who have wrestled night and morn
With the mighty God in prayer;
Now their strife hath found its close;
God hath turned away their woes.

They are branches of that Stem
Who hath our salvation been;
In the blood He shed for them
Have they made their raiment clean;
Hence they wear such radiant dress,
Clad in spotless holiness.

They are those who hourly here
Served as priests before the Lord,
Offering up, with gladsome cheer,
Soul and body at His word.
Now, within the holy place
They behold Him face to face!

As the harts at noonday pant
For the river fresh and clear,
Did their souls oft long and faint
For the living Fountain here;
Now their thirst is quenched; they dwell
With the Lord they loved so well!

Ah! that bliss can ne'er be told
When with all that army bright
Thee, my Sun, I shall behold,
Shining, star-like, with Thy light!
Amen, thanks be brought to Thee,
Praise through all eternity!

WHO WOULD RECALL HER?

RAY PALMER.

SHE hath but passed to Heaven, as if from sleep—
Sleep soft and peaceful; she awoke to find
Earth with its pangs and tears all left behind!
Rose her freed spirit up the airy steep,
On steady wings, beyond where pale stars keep
Their watch o'er mortal griefs; she upward sped,
Not lonely, but by sister spirits led,
To that dear home where eyes do never weep:
Strange rapture thrilled her there; and straight her note,
With sweet accord, swelled the eternal hymn
Of souls redeemed, led by the seraphim;
Whose echoes through the circling ages float.
Now living, conscious, pure as angels bright,
With God she dwells in everlasting light.
Who would recall her to tread o'er again
The mortal path—from Heaven's pure bliss recall?
The wish were weakness—though full oft must fall
Thick blinding tears, from eyes that once were fain

To catch her genial smile, ne'er sought in vain.
Though many an hour fond hearts be sad and lone,
And miss, and yearn once more to drink the tone
That lingers in the ear, like some lost strain.
No, ye that loved her, now to Heaven resign,
Nor wish her from that nobler life withdrawn;
The night of grief shall pass; and with the morn
Shall come sweet memories; and a face divine
With all your worthiest thoughts shall blend,
And a fair form your wandering steps attend.

SHE IS IN HEAVEN! HOW SWEET THE PHRASE!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

SHE is in Heaven! How sweet the phrase!
Yet its high import who can tell?
Here like a glimmering beam it plays,
Of light, of joy ineffable.

She is in Heaven, to form a link
Between thy heart and worlds unseen,
That then, when Nature's powers must sink,
Faith's holier virtue may be seen.

She is in Heaven, that thou, like her,
May'st shine with a pure steadfast light;
Attract their eyes whose footsteps err,
And guide their wandering feet aright.

She is in Heaven; though still unseen,
With hers thy notes of praise may blend;
On the same Rock thy soul may lean,
To the same centre hourly tend.

FIND ROOM, DEAR LORD, FOR ME.

THOMAS H. GILL.

"In My Father's House are many Mansions."

O WHEN did lips such grace declare?
The Father's house hath room!
Yes, many are the mansions fair;
Thy people all may come.

The heavenly glory may not part
Thy lovers, Lord, from thee:
O Saviour sweet, where'er Thou art
There all Thine own shall be.

Full welcome to the heavenly land
Thy lowly lovers win;
The golden gates all open stand
To let Thy mourners in.

Thou bringest home Thy shining ones
In Thine own light to shine:
Thou settest high on glorious thrones
Those hidden ones of Thine.

Room for Thy weaklings Thou dost make
Among Thy men of might;
Those fadeless palms Thy martyrs take
And wear that raiment white.

For each Thou hast a portion meet;
On all doth wait Thy love;
Thy brethren dear make yet more sweet
The Father's house above.

Dear Lord! hast thou my white robe wrought?
Wilt thou my place prepare?
Hast thou for me a tender thought,
For me a mansion fair?

Yes, in the Father's house divine
Find room, dear Lord, for me,
And grant this longing soul of mine
An endless home with Thee.

OVER THE RIVER THEY BECKON ME.

NANCY W. PRIEST.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue,
He crossed in the twilight grey and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;

We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see,
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark,
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day,
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere I know on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

THEY ARE GATHERING HOMEWARD, ONE BY ONE.

By the daughter of an English Baptist Missionary in Calcutta.

THEY are gathering homeward from every land,
One by one.
As their weary feet touch the shining strand
One by one,
Their brows are enclosed in a golden crown,
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,
And clothed in white raiment they rest on the mead,
Where the Lamb loveth His chosen to lead,
One by one.

Before the rest they pass through the strife
One by one,
Through the waters of death they enter life
One by one.

To some are the floods of the river still
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill,
To others the waves run fiercely and wild,
Yet all reach the home of the undefiled
One by one.

We too shall come to the river side
One by one,
We are nearer its waters each eventide.
One by one
We can hear the noise and dash of the stream
Now and again through our life's deep dream ;
Sometimes the floods all the banks o'erflow,
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go,
One by one.

OPEN YE GATES, FOR THE BATTLE HATH ENDED.

WILLIAM PALIN.

OPEN ! ye Gates, for the battle hath ended,
The warfare is over, the victory won :
Mighty the foe who his kingdom defended,
But mightier things by our Captain are done.

Sound ! sound your harps ! in your mansions of glory,
Ye Angels, who heralded peace at His birth ;
Now welcome Him back, while man takes up the story,
And echoes the tidings of peace upon earth.

Olivet! henceforth for evermore holy,
As Bethlehem, Tabor, thy name we will call;
He trod thee despised, rejected and lowly,
Behold Him now triumphing, LORD over all.

Higher, yet higher, behold Him ascending;
See! Messengers coming apparelled in white;
See Him now vanish, the marvel is ending,
The cloud is receiving Him out of our sight!

Open, ye gates! yet again shall the thrilling
Command be repeated, and all men shall hear:
Saints, as their heritage Heaven is filling,
The curséd, as Hell first re-echoes their fear.

GO LAY THEIR LITTLE HEADS ON THAT HEART.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE. (Suggested by the bas-relief of Thorwaldsen.)

YES! bear them to their rest;
The rosy babe, tired with the glare of day,
The prattler, fallen asleep e'en in his play;
Clasp them to thy soft breast,
O Night;
Bless them in dreams with a deep-hushed delight.

Yet must they wake again,
Wake soon to all the bitterness of life,
The pang of sorrow, the temptation strife,
Ay, to the conscience pain:
O Night,
Canst thou not take with them a longer flight?

Canst thou not bear them far
E'en now, all innocent, before they know
The taint of sin, its consequence of woe,
The world's distracting jar,
O Night,
To some ethereal, holier, happier height?

Canst thou not bear them up,
Through starlit skies, far from this planet dim
And sorrowful, e'en while they sleep, to Him
Who drank for us the cup,
O Night,
The cup of wrath, for hearts in faith contrite?

To Him, for them who slept
A babe all lowly on his mother's knee,
And from that hour to cross-crowned Calvary,
In all our sorrows wept,
O Night,
That on our souls might dawn Heaven's cheering light?

Go, lay their little heads
Close to that human heart, with love divine
Deep-beating, while His arms immortal twine
Around them, as He sheds,
O Night,
On them a brother's grace of God's own boundless might.

Let them immortal wake
Among the deathless flowers of Paradise;
Where angel songs of welcome with surprise
This their last sleep may break,
O Night,
And to celestial joy their kindred souls invite.

There can come no sorrow;
The brow shall know no shade, the eye no tears,
For, ever young, through Heaven's eternal years,
In one unfading morrow,
O Night,
Nor sin, nor age, nor pain, their cherub beauty blight.

Would we could sleep as they,
So stainless—and so calm—at rest with Thee—
And only wake in immortality!
Bear us with them away,
O Night,
To that ethereal, holier, happier height!

I WAIT TILL THE HINGES TURN FOR ME.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BESIDE a massive gateway built up in years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night;
I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold, now,
There steps a wearied one with a pale and furrowed brow;
His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his power.
I muse while still the wood-thrush sings down the golden day,
And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and fair.

Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
Oh crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze!
Oh breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies we know not where!

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn;
But still the sun shines round me: the evening bird sings on,
And I again am soothed, and beside the ancient gate,
In the soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are opened; an infant group go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the sprightly shout.
Oh frail, frail tree of Life, that upon the green sward strows
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that blows!

So come from every region: so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of pride.
Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars grey,
And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror: yet these, within my heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart;
And in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

WHENCE CAME THAT MULTITUDE?

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

WHENCE came that multitude? Ah! they have marched through paths of flame,
Where martyr-fires have silenced tongues that called on Jesus' name—
From the thickest of the battle, from the conflict sore and long,
Where the trembling heart grew feeble, where the foes were fierce and strong:
From the scorching sands of desert-lands; from the ever-frozen isles—
Yes, they have come from tears and sighs, to the brighter land of smiles.

Whence came the multitude? They came from homes that Death had riven;
From dreary, vacant, joyless hearths, from which all light was driven;
They are mothers, whose fond gentle hearts were bitterly bereaved;
They are fathers, husbands, left alone, with spirits sorely grieved:
They are crushed, forsaken, mourning ones—but now, in perfect peace,
They sing the song of the Redeemed, where woe for aye shall cease.

Whence came the radiant multitude, amid the bliss above?
They came from dim and shaded lives of unrequited love;
From yearnings long unsatisfied, unanswered questionings;
From brooding o'er th' uncertainty of all their precious things:
From sorrow, sickness, death itself, the spirits freed have come
To bask them in the love and light of that eternal home.

And we, along the well-worn track, our long, dark journey take,
Longing, with aching hearts, to rest in heaven for Jesus' sake;
Yet, let us shrink not from the way so many trod before,
If we may join that multitude, when all our toils are o'er;
But welcome tribulation, if, at last, our feet it bring
Safe o'er the threshold of that home—to the presence of the King.

"I am the Lord that healeth thee." We know thee, O our Friend;
Stay with us in thy mighty power till every grief shall end.
We thank thee for the wounds thou send'st, for 'tis so sweet to be
The weary, weeping, wounded ones, so sweetly healed by Thee.

GO NOT TO HEAVEN ALONE?

THOMAS C. UPHAM.

HIGH on the hills the wild bird hath its nest,
And utters loud its melodies of song;
But vain its music, if no other breast
Is there to mate it, and its notes prolong.

And so in heaven, think not to dwell alone,
In cold and hopeless solitude apart;
For heaven is love; and love would leave its throne,
If at its side there were no other heart.

Then heavenward soar, but carry others there,
And learn that heaven is giving and receiving,
It hath no life which others do not share,
Its life doth live by its great art of giving.

Heaven is the heart to other love-hearts beating;
'Tis open arms, to arms of fondness rushing;
'Tis songs, with other songs in concert meeting;
'Tis fountains into other fountains gushing.

WE ASK NOT WHAT THE JOY SHALL BE.

ANONYMOUS.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He doth appear we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

OH! beams there, Lord, upon Thine own
Of that bright Heaven no vision clear?
Oh! stays the glory all unknown
Thou keepest for Thy children dear?

Lord, Thou hast shown that Son of Thine!
No more we seek, no more we sigh:
On earth hath beamed His Face Divine,
'Twill make our blessedness on high.

Ye heavenly joys, remain unknown!
Ye splendors, cease not to be dim!
Our Brother shines amidst the throne:
Our Brother sways the Seraphim.

We ask not what the joy will be,
Secure to find our Saviour there.
O Heaven of Heavens His face to see!
O bliss past thought His smile to share!

We tread His Heaven, our earth who trod;
We wear His robes, our flesh who wore:
O Son of Man! O Son of God,
Thou art our own: we ask no more!

A VISION OF THE DOOM.

GERARD MOULTRIE. Translated by JOHN MASON NEALE.

WHO are they the Crown who win,
Freed from sorrow, cleansed from sin,
Meet before the throne to stand?
Where are they, the sons of GOD,
Ready for the blest abode
Of the heavenly Fatherland?

Roll away the clouds of Death,
Gaze beyond the shore of Time;
Raise your eyes from Earth beneath,
From the coasts of sin and crime,
To GOD'S high seat:
See the Zenith blaze, and roll
Thunder-folded like a scroll
In fervent heat;
Till your fearful eyes may scan,
On the clouds of Heaven descending,
The signal of the Son of Man,
Time and Time's dominion ending.

The trumpet sounds!
Far away the echoes roar,
Moaning on from shore to shore,
In the distance far away,
Far away:

As the Archangel of the Doom,
 Standing on the thunder-cloud,
Calls the muster of the tomb
 With his fanfare long and loud,
 For the tenants of the clay,
 From the clay.

 Come forth! come forth!
Quick and dead, come forth, and stand
In your ranks on either hand,
 From the teeming womb of earth,
 To hear your fate:
Earth's full girdle shrivel must
As ye claim your native dust,
Held till now by her in trust,
 The call to wait.

 The great white throne
Of the Eternal CHRIST is set;
 The books are opened, which must seal
 For everlasting woe or weal
The doom of each. All heaven is met
 Before the Archangel's trumpet peal:
 The six-winged Seraphim,
 The many-eyed Cherubim,
 Thrones and Dominations, Powers,
All the shining host of Heaven,
White-winged as the fair snow driven
 When the wintry tempest lowers:
Far away, till lost to sight,
Spread their squadrons infinite,
 Pouring from the blest abode

In their armor keen and bright—
Flashing from the Light of Light,
Breaking up the shades of night,
Advance the body-guard of GOD!

The Judge of all
Is seated. In his hand he bears
The sceptred Cross of Calvary;
The ruby drops of blood still fall,
And jewel with their crimson dye
The Universal Monarch's ball,
Won by his human agony and tears,
When the GOD-Man the way of sorrows trod,—
Regalia of the Passion of our GOD.

A cry of misery,
A voice of lamentation low and dread
As the deep organ-note in minster high,
When men sing requiem for the coffined dead,
Throbs through the boundless nations of the lost,
Despairing, deep.
Countless in number as the yellow sand
Ribbed by the embraces of the Northern sea
When wintry waves come bounding on the coast,
With breath suspended in calm trance they stand,
And eyeballs fixed in sightless lethargy,
As men who dare not doubt that hope is fled,
Yet hear their sentence as in dream hell-sped
Of restless sleep:
They have no heart to weep,
When the once loving CHRIST lays down his love,
As to the left he waves them with his hand,—

"Depart, accursed, to your chosen lot,
The fire that is not quenched, the worm that dieth not.

A breath of harmony
Touched by celestial fire,
Like the low whisper of the Æolian lyre,
First faint, then swelling louder in sweet tone
Mounts up around the everlasting throne
From the white-vested choir;
A hymn of wakening praise,
Which now the Elect of CHRIST the King upraise,
Who see all doubt depart with endless life begun.

Who are they who win the prize?
Spirits of the perfect just,
Who in shock of battle stood
In the tumult and the dust,
In the forefront of the fight:
They have washed their robes in blood,
And have made them pure and white
For their heavenly Captain's eyes:
These are they the prize who win,
To GOD'S joy they enter in.

Glory to the bleeding brow!
Glory to the bleeding heart!
Glory for the souls who know
What the prize, nor heed the smart;
They have counted well the cost,
Worldly poverty and shame:
All is won and nought is lost
If they suffer for his Name.

Peace he leaves; his peace is given,
Not of earth he gives to them,
But he gives the peace of Heaven
In the New Jerusalem.

Bright the everlasting day
From the throne of GOD hath beamed,
With its never-fading ray,
On the ranks of the Redeemed:
Onward they haste!
In the armor of the LORD,
Shield of Faith, and Spirit's sword
Salvation's helmet, sure and through,
Borne on high the onset true,
Breastplate firm of Righteousness,
Which has stood the strain and stress
Of the furious battle-blast.

A thousand times ten thousand bow
In adoration to the throne;
The books are shut, and now they know
Their hope, their joy, is all their own.
A myriad voice of melody
Swelling up to GOD on high
Fills the vales of Paradise,
Circling round the Eternal Feet,
Multitudinous and sweet,
Saint to saint in rapture calling,
As they know their friends once more;
In sweet cadence rising, falling,
Full and slumbrous as the voice

Of many waters on the shore,
Where tempests vex not evermore—
For Time is gone, and now is nigh
Eternity.

BRIGHT GLORY RESTING ON THY BROW.

DOWN to the margin of the shadowy river,
Thy feet are pressing now;
And the bright glory from the upper temple
Is resting on thy brow.
Soon shall the hand that mine so oft has folded
Sweep o'er a harp of gold;
And thy worn feet, with all their wanderings ended,
Rest in the Master's fold.

But I shall be so lonely. When the morning
Breaks up in one glad wave
How dim its light shall seem, because its shining
Falleth across thy grave!
And when the stars are dead along the brow of Heaven,
And gathering tempests moan,
My heart shall echo back their bitter wailing,
For I shall be alone.

No more my friend. The angel bands have won thee.
And far from earth's regret,
In the bright city with its many mansions
Thou wilt at last forget—

Forget the heart that in its holiest holy
Enshrines thee all life's years;
Forget the eyes so wearily uplooking
Through mists of gathering tears.

And yet farewell; I will not seek to keep thee,
But let life's severed bands
Draw my oppressed and fainting spirit nearer
Its house not made with hands.
And when beside my lonely hearthstone kneeling
I hush my heart for prayer,
Nearer shall seem that bright, celestial city
Because thou dwellest there.

SEE A LONG RACE THY COURTS ADORN.

ALEXANDER POPE.

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise,
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gate attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabean springs!
For thee, Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.

See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts; the Light Himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

WHEN YOUR FLESH DISSOLVES TO DUST.

THOMAS KEN.

"And I say unto you, That many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven."

SOUL, when your flesh dissolves to dust,
To God's safe Hands yourself entrust;
Be not too curious to inquire,
Where to aspire;

Whether to Paradise you fly,
Or in bless'd Abraham's bosom lie,
Or to that orb your flight you raise
Where Enoch stays;

Or to the third celestial sphere,
Where wonders Paul was rapt to hear,
Or Hades bless'd where souls elect
Full bliss expect.

Secure your Love while here below,
And dying you'll to Jesus go;
Paul long'd loved Jesus' face to view,
For that long you.

Bless'd Jesus' boundless bliss Divine
In you in miniature will shine,
Glory for glory, beam for beam
Will on you stream.

A crown, a throne at God's right Hand,
Where Saints their robes of ray expand,
Where Saints are kings, and on their state
High Angels wait.

Such blessings on the Saints attend,
When Jesus-like they Heaven ascend,
The Lamb, of joys the boundless spring,
They'll ever sing.

Death our forerunner is, and guides
To Sion, where the Lamb abides,
There Saints enjoy ecstatic rest
In mansions blest.

Death, I well know, that every day
Wise Providence appoints your way,
Your thirst for blood would slay mankind,
If not confined.

I long to reach the Lamb's dear sight,
Be sure to hit my vitals right,
Lest life half left prolongs my days
And bliss delays.

OH, WITH WHAT CONGRATULATIONS.

OH, with what congratulations
Throng thy gates the festive nations;
What the warmth of their embracing!
What the gems thy wall enchasing!
Through that city's streets are wending
Holy throngs, their anthems blending.
There may I, with myriads glorious,
Chant thy praise in psalms victorious.

CLAD IN GARMENTS RADIANT WHITE.

ARCHIBALD EDMONSTONE,

WHO is it clad in garments radiant white,
Love on her breastplate graven, on her brow
Salvation diademed? Above, below,
Ten thousand thousand Spirits wing their flight,
A shining company. With glory bright
The army of Martyrs circle, which through woe
And peril, pain, and death, dared face the foe,
Bearing their palms, with victor-chaplets dight.

In mild but awful majesty, to meet
The Bride comes forth the Bridegroom, in the skies
Enthroning on her everlasting seat.
From myriad Voices shouts of triumph rise:
"Her warfare is accomplished; at her feet
Fallen is the captive's chain—the conqueror prostrate lies!"

GOD KEEPS A NICHE IN HEAVEN.

From Sonnets, by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

AND O beloved voices, upon which
Ours passionately call, because ere long
Ye brake off in the middle of that song
We sang together softly, to enrich
The poor world with the sense of love and with
The heart out of things evil,—I am strong,
Knowing ye are not lost for aye among
The hills, with last year's thrush. God keeps a niche
In Heaven, to hold our idols: and albeit
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,—
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust swept from their beauty,—glorified
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

OH, GIVE THEM AGAIN TO ME.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

"Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me may be with me where I am."

I AM pressing on to the slippery shore
With my sore and weary feet,
But a little while and I hope to stand
At the edge of the Golden street.
But I pray this prayer from amid the deep—
O Saviour of sinners, bring
Those whom I love to abide with me
In the presence of the King.

There are warm young hearts in the household band;
There are brightly beaming eyes;
There are voices sweet that I fain would hear
'Mid the anthems of the skies:
Thou knowest, O Jesus, how closely here
The bonds of love entwine;
I count them o'er in the gloaming hour,
And remember these words of Thine.

There are trembling fingers and silvery hairs,
And eyes that are growing dim,
And voices less strong than in days of yore,
Swelling the evening hymn.

I would not miss them at home in heaven ;
O Jesus, who gave them me,
May I have them again in the land of peace,
In the home by the glassy sea ?

When the golden crowns at my feet are cast,
May they be among the band ;
When the hymn is swelling o'er heavenly hills,
Let them with the harpers stand.
It cannot be that the dearest ones
Shall depart in the day of strife ;
It cannot be that the loves of earth,
Shall die in the day of life.

I would that my dear ones might all be brought
To the feet of the Crucified ;
Might be carried to Him when borne away
By the coldly rolling tide.
But man is weak, although love be strong,
And I can but look to Thee,
And pray as Thou prayedst in Thine agony,
Oh, give them again to me !

THE INNUMERABLE GREETING.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH.

AND lo, upon the extreme verge of cloud
As once at Eden's portals there appear'd
A company of angels clothed in light,
Thronging the path or in the amber air

Suspense. And in the twinkling of an eye
We were among them and they cluster'd round
And waved their wings, and struck their harps again
For gladness: every look was tenderness,
And every word was musical with joy.

"Welcome to heaven, dear brother, welcome home.
Welcome to thy inheritance of light!
Welcome forever to thy Master's joy!
Thy work is done, thy pilgrimage is past;
Thy guardian angel's vigil is fulfill'd;
Thy parents wait thee in the bowers of bliss;
Thy infant babes have woven wreaths for thee;
Thy brethren who have enter'd into rest
Long for thy coming; and the angel choirs
Are ready with their symphonies of praise.
Nor shall thy voice be mute: a golden harp
For thee is hanging on the trees of life;
And sweetly shall its chords forever ring,
Responsive to thy touch of ecstasy,
With Hallelujahs to thy Lord and ours."

So sang they; and that vast defile of clouds
Re-echoed with the impulses of song
And music, and the atmosphere serene
Throbb'd with innumerable greetings.

O HAPPY SAINTS WHO DWELL IN LIGHT.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

O HAPPY saints who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, clothed in white;
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

Released from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life,—
An opened cage, to let them fly
And build their happy nest on high.

And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains;
And now their souls begin to prove
The height and depth of Jesus' love.

He cheers them with eternal smile;
They sing hosannas all the while,
Or, overwhelmed with raptures sweet,
Sink down adoring at his feet.

Ah, Lord, with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

MY SAVIOUR WHOM ABSENT I LOVE.

WILLIAM COWPER.

MY Saviour whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion and power.

Dissolve Thou those bands that detain
My soul from her portion in Thee,
Ah, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in Thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline;

Oh then shall the veil be removed,
And round me Thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet Him Whom absent I loved,
I shall see Whom unseen I adored.



TO BE WITH CHRIST WHICH IS FAR BETTER.

CHARLES WESLEY.

OH when shall we sweetly remove,
Oh when shall we enter our rest,
Return to the Zion above,
The mother of spirits distrest;
That city of God the great King,
Where sorrow and death are no more,
Where saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore?

Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer
We long Thy appearing to see,
Resigned to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with Thee:
'Tis good at Thy word to be here;
'Tis better in Thee to be gone,
And see Thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in Thy throne.

To mourn for Thy coming is sweet,
To weep at Thy longer delay;
But Thou, whom we hasten to meet,
Shalt chase all our sorrows away.

The tears shall be wiped from our eyes
When Thee we behold in the cloud,
And echo the joys of the skies,
And shout to the trumpet of God.

WILL ANY BE WATCHING FOR ME?

From Poems of Home Life.

WHEN mysterious whispers are floating about,
And voices that will not be still
Shall summon me hence from the slippery shore
To the waves that are silent and still;
When I look with changed eyes at the home of the blest,
Far out of the reach of the sea,
Will any one stand at that beautiful gate
Waiting and watching for me?

There are friendless and suffering strangers around,
There are tempted and poor I must meet;
There are dear ones at home I may bless with my love,
There are wretched ones pacing the street;
There are many unthought of, whom, happy and blest
In the land of the good I shall see:
Will any of these at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me?

There are old and forsaken, who linger awhile
In the homes which their dearest have left,
And an action of love and a few gentle words
Might cheer the sad spirit bereft;

But the reaper is near to the long-standing corn,
The weary shall soon be set free;
Will any of these at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me?

There are little ones glancing about on my path
In need of a friend or a guide;
There are dim little eyes looking up into mine,
Whose tears could be easily dried;
But Jesus may beckon the children away
In the midst of their grief or their glee:
Will any of them at the beautiful gate
Be watching and waiting for me?

I may be brought there by the manifold grace
Of the Saviour who loved to forgive,
Though I bless not the hungry ones near to my side,
Only pray for myself while I live;
But I think I should mourn o'er my selfish neglect,
If sorrow in heaven can be,
If no one should stand at that beautiful gate
Waiting and watching for me!

GIVE ME THE WINGS OF FAITH.

ISAAC WATTS.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And bathed their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

They marked the footsteps that He trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

LAMBS OF THE UPPER FOLD.

'MID the pastures green of the blesséd isles,
Where never is heat or cold,
Where the light of life is the Shepherd's smile,
Are the lambs of the Upper Fold.
Where the lilies blossom in fadeless spring,
And never a heart grows old,
Where the glad new song is the song they sing,
Are the lambs of the Upper Fold.

There are tiny mounds where the hopes of earth,
Were laid 'neath the tear-wet mould,
But the light that paled at the stricken hearth,
Was joy to the Upper Fold:
Oh, the white stone beareth a new name now,
That never on earth was told,
And the tender Shepherd doth guard with care
The lambs of the Upper Fold.

FATHER, I LONG, I FAINT.

ISAAC WATTS.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave Thy earthly courts and flee
Up to Thy seat, my God!

Here I behold Thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in Thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon Thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh forever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in
With wonder and with love.

There at thy feet with awful fear
The adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before the eternal All.

The more Thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

OUR EVERLASTING PORTION.

THOMAS H. GILL.

"Whom have I in Heaven but Thee, and whom on earth do I desire in comparison with Thee?"

I HAIL you not, Mansions Divine,
Because ye are peaceful and fair;
Your builder, your Master is mine;
My Father, my Saviour is there.
I cleave not to you, angels bright,
But to Him who filleth the throne;
In Thee, Lord, in Thee I delight,
Thou, Thou art mine All, art mine own.

Yes, Lover Divine, Thou art loved,
Yes Lord of my heart, Thou art dear;
Even now this cold bosom is moved;
Thy presence is sweet even here;
Still, still through the long mortal years
Thou makest with me Thine abode
And still this dark Valley of Tears
So bright with the smile of my God.

My friends true and tender have been
But only in Thee am I blest :
'Tis sweet on their bosoms to lean
'Tis sweetest to lean on Thy breast
From creatures most gracious and bright
To the Lord of my heart still I turn ;
In fullness of earthly delight
For the Heavenly Lover I yearn.

My God ! art Thou dear even now ?
My Sun ! dost Thou shine even here ?
Then how will my joy in Thee grow
When thou dost in glory appear ;
When close to Thy brightness I come,
And set my rapt gaze on Thy face
And sweetly enjoy Thee at home
And glow in Thine endless embrace !

For ever that Presence of Thine
Makes blissful the Heavenly Abode ;
Thy saints and Thy seraphim shine,
But only with light from my God.
Thy beauty in them will be sweet ;
Thy glory will link them to me :
And still my glad soul will repeat
" Whom have I in Heaven but Thee ? "



OH THE DELIGHTS, THE HEAVENLY JOYS.

ISAAC WATTS.

OH the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of His o'erflowing grace!

Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on His brow,
And all the glorious rank above
At humble distance bow.

Princes to His imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see Him wear the crown.

Archangels sound His lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honors down
Submissive at His feet.

Those soft, those blessed feet of His,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand
And all the saints adore.

His head, the dear, majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine
And circle it around!

This is the man, th' exalted man,
Whom we, unseen, adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see Thy blest abode;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God!

And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay,
And with Thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away!

YE WHOE'ER FOR CHRIST ARE SEEKING.

From the Latin of PRUDENTIUS.

YE whoe'er for Christ are seeking,
Lift your longing eyes on high;
There behold the glory breaking
Of celestial majesty.

Bright the vision there unveiling,
With unbounded lustre bright,
High, sublime, and never failing,
Elder than primeval light.

He is King all realms to gather,
King whom Israel's tribes obey,
Promised to His people's father,
Abraham, and his seed for aye.

Seers to Him high witness breathing,
Seal their words with love and fear;
Him th' eternal Sire bequeathing,
Bids His own believe and hear.

OFT WEEPING MEMORY SITS ALONE.

HENRY HARBAUGH.

OFT weeping memory sits alone
Beside some grave at even,
And calls upon some spirit flown;
O say, shall those on earth our own
Be ours again in heaven?

Shall friends who o'er the waste of life
By the same storms are driven,—
Shall they recount in realms of bliss
The fortunes and the tears of this,
And love again in heaven?

When hearts which have on earth been one
By ruthless death are riven,
Why does the one which death has reft
Drag off in grief the one that's left,
If not to meet in heaven?

The warmest love on earth is still
Imperfect when 'tis given;
But there's a purer clime above,
Where perfect hearts in perfect love
Unite, and this is heaven.

If love on earth is but "in part,"
As light and shade at even,
If sin doth plant a thorn between
The truest hearts, there is, I ween,
A perfect love in heaven.

O happy world! O glorious place,
Where all who are forgiven
Shall find their loved and lost below,
And hearts, like melting streams, shall flow,
Forever one in heaven!

ONE IN LIFE AND ONE IN DEATH.

HORATIUS BONAR.

'TIS thus they press the hand and part
Thus have they bid farewell again;
Yet still they commune, heart with heart,
Linked by a never-broken chain.

Still one in life and one in death,
One in their hope of rest above,
One in their joy, their trust, their faith,
One in each other's faithful love.

Yes; shall they meet again in peace,
To sing the song of festal joy,
Where none shall bid their gladness cease
And none their fellowship destroy.

Where none shall beckon them away,
Nor bid their festival be done;
Their meeting-time the eternal day,
Their meeting-place the eternal throne.

There, hand in hand, firm linked at last,
And heart to heart enfolded all,
They'll smile upon the troubled past,
And wonder why they wept at all.

Then let them press the hand and part,
The dearly loved, the fondly loving,
Still, still, in spirit and in heart,
The undivided, unremoving.

THEY ARE NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

SAY, why should friendship grieve for those
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore?
Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost, but gone before.

Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;
Oh why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.

Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost, but gone before.

On Jordan's bank, whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Father, convey us safely home
To friends not lost but gone before.

THE BAND THAT NOW IN TRIUMPH SHINES.

GILES FLETCHER.

HERE may the band that now in triumph shines,
And that, before they were invested thus,
In earthly bodies carried heavenly minds,
Pitch round about, in order glorious,
Their sunny tents and houses luminous,
All their eternal day in songs employing,
Joying their end, without end of their joying,
While their Almighty Prince destruction is destroying.

Their sight drinks lovely fire in at their eyes;
Their breath sweet incense with fine breath accloys,
That on God's sweating altar burning lies;
Their hungry ears feed on the heavenly noise
That angels sing to tell their untold joys;
Their understanding, naked truth, their wills
The all and self-sufficient goodness fills,
That nothing here is wanting but the want of ills.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow;
No bloodless malady empales their face;
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow;
No nakedness their bodies doth embase;

No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace;
No fear of death the joy of life devours;
No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers;
No loss, no grief, no change, wait on their winged hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks and laughs at pain:
The infant wonders how he came so old,
The old man how he came so young again;
Still resting, though from sleep they still refrain;
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe;
And all are kings, and yet no subjects know;
All full, and yet no time they do on food bestow.

About the holy city rolls a flood
Of molten crystal, like a sea of glass,
On which weak stream a strong foundation stood;
Of living diamonds the building was,
That all things else, besides itself, did pass;
Her streets instead of stones, the stars did pave.
And little pearls for dust it seemed to have,
On which soft-streaming manna like pure snow did wave.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light,
No sweet consent, or well-tuned harmony,
Ambrosia for to feast the appetite,
Or flowery odor mixed with spicery,
No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily;
And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
A harmony that sounds within the breast,
An odor, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

A heavenly feast no hunger can consume,
 A light unseen, yet shines in every place,
A sound no time can steal, a sweet perfume
 No winds can scatter, an entire embrace
 That no satiety can e'er unlace;
Ingraced into so high a favor there,
The saints with their beau-peers whole worlds outwear
And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear.

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
 Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater gains;
Here may your wearied spirits rest from toil,
 Spending your endless evening that remains
 Among those white flocks and celestial trains
That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes, and frame
That heavenly music of so wondrous fame,
Psalming aloud the holy honors of His name.

MY SOUL, THERE IS A COUNTRIE.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

MY soul, there is a countrie
 Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentrie,
 All skilful in the wars.

There, above noise and danger,
 Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
 Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious Friend,
And (O my soul, awake!)
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flowre of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortresse and thy ease.

Leave, then, thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.





OCCUPATION OF HEAVEN.

And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints.—Rev. 15 : 3.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in the temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.—Rev. 7 : 16.

And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.—Rev. 19 : 6.



OCCUPATION OF HEAVEN.

IN THE GREEN PASTURES.

From the Spanish. By William Cullen Bryant.

REGION of life and light,
Land of the good whose earthly toils are o'er;
Nor frost, nor heat may blight
Thy vernal beauty, fertile shore,
Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore!

There, without crook or sling,
Walks the Good Shepherd; blossoms, white and red,
Round His meek temples cling;
And to sweet pastures led,
His own loved flock beneath His eye is fed.

He guides, and near Him they
Follow delighted; for He makes them go
Where dwells eternal May,
And heavenly roses blow,
Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

He leads them to the height,
Named of the infinite and long-sought Good,
And fountains of delight,
And where His feet have stood
Springs up along the way their tender food.

And when, in the mid skies,
The climbing sun has reached his highest bound,
Reposing as He lies,
With all His flock around,
He witches the still air with numerous sound.

From His sweet lute flow forth
Immortal harmonies, of power to still
All passions born of earth,
And draw the ardent will
Its destiny of goodness to fulfill.

Might but a little part,
A wandering breath, of that high melody
Descend into my heart
And change it, till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, O Love, in Thee!

Ah! then beloved I should know,
Where Thou liest at noon of day,
And from this place of woe
Released, should take my way
To mingle with Thy flock, and never stray.

PALMS OF GLORY, RAIMENT WHITE.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light;
Priests and kings and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their pālms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms
Victory through His cross alone.

Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying as they strike the chords,
" Take the kingdom—it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords."
Round the altar, priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood that made them so.

Who are these? On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.
They were mortal, too, like us;
Ah, when we like them must die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

WHEN THE ANGELS ALL ARE SINGING.

Sir Nicholas Breton.

WHEN the angels all are singing
All of glorie euer springing
In the ground of high heauen's graces,
Where all vertues haue their places;
Oh that my poore soule were neare them,
With an humble heart to hear them!

Then should faith, in loue's submission
Ioying but in mercie's blessing,
Where that sinnes are in remission,
Sing the ioyful soule's confessing;
Of her comforts high commending
All in glorie neuer ending.

But, ah wretched sinfull creature!
How should the corrupted nature
Of this wicked heart of mine
Thinke vpon that loue diuine,
That doth tune the angel's voices,
While the hoast of heauen reioyces?

No! the songe of deadly sorrowe
In the night that hath no morrow,
And their paines are neuer ended
That haue heauenly powers offended,
Is more fitting to the merite
Of my foule infected spirit.

Yet while mercie is remoouing
All the sorrowes of the louing,
How can faith be full of blindnesse
To despaire of mercie's kindnesse;
While the hand of heauen is giuing
Comfort for the euer-liuing?

No, my soule, be no more sorie;
Looke vnto that life of glorie
Which the grace of faith regardeth,
And the teares of loue rewardeth;
Where the soule the comfort getteth,
That the angels' musique setteth.

There when thou art well conducted,
And by heauenly grace instructed
How the faithfull thoughts to fashion
Of a rauisht louer's passion,
Sing with sainctes to angels nighest
Halleluiah in the highest.

THEY PRAISE HIM DAY AND NIGHT.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THEY are perfectly blest—the redeemed and the free—
Who are resting in joy by the smooth glassy sea;
They breathed here on earth all their sorrowful sighs,
And Jesus has kissed all the tears from their eyes.

They are happy at home! They have learnt the new song,
And warble it sweetly amid the glad throng;
No faltering voices, no discords are there—
The melodious praises swell high through the air.

There falls not on them the deep silence of night,
They never grow weary—ne'er fadeth the light;
Throughout the long day new hosannahs they raise,
And express their glad thoughts in exuberant praise.

E'en thus would we praise thee, dear Saviour divine—
We too would be with thee—loved children of thine;
O teach us, that we may sing perfectly there
When we too are called to that city so fair.

THE ENDLESS ALLELUIA.

Translated by T. G. CRIPPEN in his book Ancient Hymns and Poems.

[This celebrated hymn is at least as old as the 8th century. It occurs in the Mozarabic Breviary, where it is appointed for the Sunday before Septuagesima: from which time till Easter Alleluia was not sung in the churches.]

"*Alleluia piis edite laudibus.*"

ALLELUIA! let the holy sounds of cheerful praises ring,
Freemen of the heavenly city; join in sweetest notes to sing
Alleluia evermore.

In the everlasting anthem while the hymning choirs unite,
Alleluia shall uplift you hence to realms of endless light.
Alleluia evermore.

You, in God's illustrious city, shall a ready welcome greet,—
City with glad songs resounding, where the echoes still repeat
Alleluia evermore.

Of that happy restoration freely gather all the joys,
To the Lord ascribing glory, singing with melodious noise
Alleluia evermore.

Victors, of the star-bespangled fatherland ye now attain
All the radiant honors, wherefore peals aloud the ceaseless strain,—
Alleluia evermore.

Thence a sound of noble voices, grandly echoing, rolls along,
Telling out the King's high praises in a blithe and merry song—
Alleluia evermore.

There is rest for all the weary, there immortal wine and bread,
Sweetly luring home the travellers, plenteous, though they all be fed.
Alleluia evermore.

Thee, with all our hearts and voices, Maker of the world, we praise,
And to Thy deserved honor our melodious music raise—
Alleluia evermore.

Thee, O Christ, as Lord Almighty, shall Thy glorious praise proclaim,
By our gladsome voices chanted; while we sing to Thy dear name,
Alleluia evermore.

WHAT SONGS SHALL WE SING?

ELIAS NASON.

WHAT songs shall we sing on that evergreen shore
Where the blessed in Jesus unite?
"Hymns of praise to the Prince whom the angels adore;
Hymns of praise with seraphic delight."

What robes shall we wear on that evergreen shore
Where the blessed in harmony sing?
"The robes of the glorified, gleaming all o'er
With the brightness that shines from the King."

What flowers shall we cull on that evergreen shore
Where the blessed in bright raiments rove?
"Red roses and lilies that fade nevermore,
Breathing bliss through the gardens of love."

What friends shall we greet on that evergreen shore
Where the blessed find blossoms so fair?
"The loved ones of Jesus, who have passed on before,
In rapture to welcome us there."

What home shall we see on that evergreen shore
Where the blessed meet those they loved here?
"The mansions of beauty, with love-light in store,
Where the King wipes away every tear."

THE MUSIC OF HEAVEN IS ATTUNED.

F. E. Cox.

THE music of Heaven is attuned to a measure
Our Spirit's deep thirst ever longs for in vain;
For the music of earth, though it thrills us with pleasure,
Gives pleasure not wholly unmingled with pain.

And though for a moment the ear may be captured
By notes that from Paradise seem to have birth,
By sounds to which Angels might listen enraptured,
The dream is dispelled by the voices of earth.

Some weariness, pain, or some passing vexations
The half-entranced soul from its bliss will recall;
Or the heart is unstrung, and the sweet modulations
On heart-enchained senses untunefully fall.

When resoundeth God's praise in the courts of His Dwelling,
False jarrings of earth will too often begin;
And the higher and clearer the anthem is swelling,
The more are we conscious of discord within,

But it will not be thus when to Heavenly regions,
Released from its thraldom, our Spirit takes wing,
And uniting in concert with glorified legions,
Shall learn that "new Song" which none other can sing.

THE SONG IS EVER NEW.

ROBERT POLLOK.

THE song of Heaven is ever new, for daily thus,
And nightly new discoveries are made
Of God's unbounded wisdom, power and love
Which give the understanding larger room,
And swell the hymn with ever-growing praise.

SUCH CONCORD IS IN HEAVEN.

JOHN MILTON.

NO sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
The eternal regions: lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;
Immortal Amarant, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To Heaven remov'd where first it grew, there grows,
And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of Heaven

Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream:
With these that never fade the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams.
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.
Then crowned again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.

THE EVERLASTING PRAISE.

ANNE STEELE.

OH for a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns!

There, low before His glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall,
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.

Immortal glories crown His head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love and joy and triumph spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.

He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze:
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound His everlasting praise.

There all the favorites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir:
Oh, may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!

ALLELUIA TO THE LAMB.

From the Latin.

ALLELUIA! sweetest music, voice of everlasting joy!
Alleluia is the language which the heavenly hosts employ,
As they ever sing to God,
In that pure and blest abode.

Alleluia! joyful mother, true Jerusalem above!
Alleluia is the music which thy happy children love;
Exiles, tears our songs must steep;
Oft by Babel's streams we weep.

Alleluia cannot ever be our joyous psalm below;
Alleluia—sin will cross it often here with tones of woe;
Many a mournful hour we know
When our tears for sin must flow.

Therefore, 'mid our tears still praising, grant us, blessed
Trinity,
Thy true paschal feast hereafter in the heavenly home
to see,
Where our song shall ever be,
Alleluia unto Thee!

ANGEL CHOIRS ON HIGH ARE SINGING.

"Astant angelorum chori,
Laudes cantant Creatori,
Regem cernunt in decore,
Amant corde, laudant ore."

From the Latin of the celebrated Thomas à Kempis, Translated by ERASTUS C. BENEDICT.

ANGEL choirs on high are singing,
To the Lord their praises bringing,
Yielding Him in royal beauty
Heart and voice, in love and duty;
Waving wings the throne surrounding,
Timbrels, harps, and bells are sounding.
See their heavenly vestments glisten;
To their heavenly music listen:
Hear them, by the Godhead staying,
Holy, holy, holy, saying.

None that grieveth or complaineth
In that heavenly land remaineth:
Every voice, in concord joining,
Holy praise to God combining.
Holy love their minds disposeth;
Heavenly light to all discloseth

Blessed Three in God united.
Seraphs worshipping delighted,
Sweet affection overflowing;
Cherubim their reverence showing,
Bowing low, their pinions folding,
God's majestic throne beholding.

Oh, what fair and heavenly region!
Oh, what bright and glorious legion!
Saints and angels all excelling,
In that glorious city dwelling,
Which in rest divine reposeth,
And sweet light and peace discloseth.
Every one who there resideth
Clad in purity abideth;
Charity their spirits joining,
Firm in unity combining;
Toil nor ignorance undergoing,
Trouble nor temptation knowing;
Always health and joy undying
To them every good supplying.

SERAPHS WITH ELEVATED STRAINS.

ISAAC WATTS.

SERAPHS with elevated strains
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

Jesus the Lord their harps employs ;
Jesus, my love, they sing ;
Jesus, the name of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And speak, in most majestic sounds,
The Godhead of the Son ;—

How on the Father's breast he lay,
The darling of His soul,
Infinite years before the day
Or heavens began to roll.

And now they sink the lofty tones,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring the eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble clay.

Thus, while with unambitious strife
Th' ethereal minstrels rove
Through all the labors of His life
And wonders of His love,

In the full choir a broken string
Groans with a strange surprise ;
The rest in silence mourn their King,
Who bleeds, and loves, and dies.

Seraph and saint, with drooping wings,
Cease their harmonious breath ;
No blooming trees, nor bubbling springs,
While Jesus sleeps in death.

Then all at once to living strains
They summon every chord,
Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,
And show their rising Lord!

Around the flaming army throngs
To guard Him to the skies,
With loud hosannas on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

In awful state the conquering God
Ascends His shining throne,
While tuneful angels sound abroad
The victories He has won.

Now let me rise and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you!

I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;
Oh for some heavenly notes to bear
My spirit to the skies!

There ye that love my Saviour sit;
There I would fain have place,
Amongst your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see His face.

I am confined to earth no more,
But mount in haste above,
To bless the God that I adore,
And sing the Man I love!

SING WITH ME WEEPING BRETHREN.

JAMES HOGG.

SING with me, sing with me,
Weeping brethren, sing with me!
For now an open heaven I see,
And a crown of glory laid for me.
How my soul this earth despises!
How my heart and spirit rises!
Bounding from the flesh I sever;
World of sin, adieu forever!

Sing with me, sing with me,
Friends in Jesus, sing with me!
All my sufferings, all my woe,
All my griefs I here forego.
Farewell, terrors, sighing, grieving,
Praying, hearing, and believing,
Earthly trust and all its wrongings,
Earthly love and all its longings.

Sing with me, sing with me,
Blessed spirits, sing with me!
To the Lamb our songs shall be,
Through a glad eternity.
Farewell, earthly morn and even,
Sun, and moon, and stars of heaven;
Heavenly portals ope before me,
Welcome Christ in all His glory!

THEY KEEP THE JOYOUS JUBILEE.

HORATIUS BONAR.

CHURCH of the ever-living God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amid the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice!

Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise;
They whom God makes His kings and priests
Are poor in human eyes.

But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Their feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

No more a lily among thorns,
Weary and faint and few;
But countless as the stars of heaven,
Or as the early dew.

Then entering th' eternal halls,
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

Unfading palms they bear aloft;
Unfaltering songs they sing;
Unending festival they keep,
In presence of the King.

REST OF HEAVEN.

There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God.—Heb. 4 : 9.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—Rev. 7 : 17.

And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.—Rev. 21 : 4.



THE REST OF HEAVEN.

WHEN SHALL I BE AT REST?

Church of England Quarterly.

WHEN shall I be at rest? My trembling heart
Grows weary of its burden; sickening still
With hope deferred. Oh, that it were Thy will
To loose my bonds, and take me where Thou art!

When shall I be at rest? my eyes grow dim
With straining through the gloom; I scarce can see
The way-marks that my Saviour left for me;
Would it were morn, and I were safe with Him!

When shall I be at rest? Hand over hand
I grasp, and climb an ever steeper hill,
A rougher path. Oh, that it were Thy will
My tired feet had reached the Promised Land!

Oh, that I were at rest! A thousand fears
Come thronging o'er me, lest I fail at last.
Would I were safe, all toil and danger past,
And Thine own hand had wiped away my tears!

Oh, that I were at rest like some I love,
Whose last fond looks drew half my life away,
Seeming to plead that either they might stay
With me on earth, or I with them above!

REST FOR THEE IN HEAVEN.

"IF ever life should seem
To thee a tedious way,
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day;
If, like the weary dove,
O'er shoreless oceans driven,
Raise thou thine eye above,
There's rest for thee in heaven.

But O, if thornless flowers
Throughout thy pathway bloom,
And gayly fleet the hours,
Unstained by earthly gloom;
Still, let not every thought
To this poor world be given;
Nor always be forgot,
Thy better rest in heaven."

THEN WELCOME CHANGE AND DEATH.

HORATIUS BONAR.

NOT long, not long!—The spirit-wasting fever
Of this strange life shall quit each throbbing vein;
And this wild pulse flow placidly for ever;
And endless peace relieve the burning brain.

Earth's joys are but a dream ; its destiny
 Is but decay and death. Its fairest form
Sunshine and shadow mixed. Its brightest day
 A rainbow braided on the wreaths of storm.

Yet there is blessedness that changeth not ;
 A rest with God, a life that cannot die ;
A better portion and a brighter lot ;
 A home with Christ, a heritage on high.

Hope for the hopeless, for the weary, rest,
 More gentle than the still repose of even!
Joy for the joyless, bliss for the unblest ;
 Homes for the desolate in yonder heaven!

The tempest makes returning calm more dear ;
 The darkest midnight makes the brightest star,
Even so to us when all is ended here,
 Shall be the past, remembered from afar.

Then welcome change and death ! Since these alone
 Can break life's fetters, and dissolve its spell ;
Welcome all present change, which speeds us on
 So swift to that which is unchangeable.

TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS.

CHARLES MACKAY.

TELL me, ye winged winds,
 That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
 Where mortals weep no more ?

Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind softened to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Where billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for awhile, and answered "No!"

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in wo,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded "No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin, and death—

Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love—best boons to mortals given—
Wav'd their bright wings and whispered, *Yes, in Heaven.*

MY REST IS NOT HERE.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

MY rest is in heaven, my rest is not here;
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hushed, my dark spirit; the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,—
I would not lie down upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them forever in Jesus' breast.

Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy;
One glimpse of His love turns them all into joy,
And the bitterest tears, if He smile but on them,
Like the dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

Let doubt, then, and danger, my progress oppose;
They only make heaven more sweet at the close.
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
An hour with my God will make up for them all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I'll march on in haste in an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I'll smooth it with hope and cheer it with song!

YES, THERE REMAINETH A REST.

From the German. Translated by Miss WINKWORTH.

YES, there remaineth yet a rest;
Arise, sad heart, that darkly pines,
By heavy care and pain oppressed,
On whom no sun of gladness shines;
Look to the Lamb!—in yon bright fields
Thou'lt know the joy His presence yields.
Cast off thy load and thither haste;
Soon shalt thou fight and bleed no more,
Soon, soon thy weary course be o'er,
And deep the rest thou then shalt taste.

The rest appointed thee of God;
The rest that naught shall break or move,
That ere this earth by man was trod
Was set apart for thee by love.
Thy Saviour gave His life to win
This rest for thee; oh, enter in!

Hear how His voice sounds far and wide;
"Ye weary souls no more delay;
Loiter not faithless by the way;
Here in my peace and rest abide!"

Yonder in joy the sheaves we bring,
Whose seed was sown on earth in tears;
There in our Father's house we sing
The song too sweet for mortal ears;
Sorrow and sighing all are past,
And pain and death are fled at last;
There with the Lamb of God we dwell;
He leads us to the crystal river;
He wipes away all tears forever;
What there is ours no tongue can tell.

Hunger nor thirst can pain us there;
The time of recompense is come,
Nor cold, nor scorching heat we bear,
Safe sheltered in our Saviour's home;
The Lamb is in the midst, and those
Who followed Him through shame and woes
Are crowned with honor, joy and peace;
The dry bones gather life again;
One Sabbath over all shall reign,
Wherein all toil and labor cease.

There is untroubled calm and light,
No gnawing care shall mar our rest;
Ye weary, heed this word aright;
Come, lean upon your Saviour's breast!
Fain would I linger here no more,
Fain to yon happier world upsoar,

And join that bright expectant band!
Oh, raise my soul, the joyful song
That rings through yon triumphant throng,
Thy perfect rest is nigh at hand!

AND IS THERE, LORD, A REST?

RAY PALMER.

AND is there, Lord, a rest,
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast
Or sorrow entrance find?

Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

Are there bright, happy fields,
Where nought that blooms shall die;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields,
And healthful breezes sigh?

Are there celestial streams,
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel dreams,
And flowery banks beside?

Forever blesséd they
Whose joyful feet shall stand
While endless ages waste away
Amid that glorious band!

My soul would thither tend
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
To sweet repose in Heaven!

O RESTFUL HOME WE TURN TO THEE.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

"Neither shall there be any more pain."

HOW sweetly rest at home those who have acted
In life's e'er painful drama darkling parts;
There nevermore are aching brows contracted,
There nevermore bleed bruised and broken hearts.

Not there, as here, sad eyes are watching, weeping,
Beloved ones toss through nights of wearying pain;
Not then, as now, is death its cold hands steeping
Deep in the blood and tears of all the slain.

There the sharp cut of harsh neglect ne'er bringeth
Tears to the eyes, whence tears are wiped away;
There hate or anger ne'er its wild dart flingeth
Upon the unshielded: there is peace alway.

In heaven is perfect health—no pain, no weakness,
No brooding sorrow, no oppressive fears;
The pure, the blest, made perfect in their meekness,
Pass tranquilly adown the eternal years.

O restful home for us the broken-hearted,
We turn our eyes to thee, amid our pain;
When shall life's pressing sorrows have departed,
And we have reached the shadowless again?

UNTIL THE EVENING WE MUST WEEP AND TOIL.

ANONYMOUS.

THE stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
The flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
The birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded in the evening's robe of balm,
And weary man must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil, but night brings rest.

Until the evening we must weep and toil,
Plough life's stern furrows, dig the weedy soil;
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burthen of the day.

Oh, when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like summer's evening, down the golden tide;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet starry twilight! round our sleeping clay!

NO TOSSING OF THE BURNING HEAD.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

NO tossing of the burning head
After the long day's closing;
No weary night-long watches where
The spirit is reposing.
Hot little hands shall no more stretch
Imploringly before us;
We shall not weep in hopelessness
When God's own house is o'er us.

No crying of the little ones,
Waking our feeble pity;
No groans arise at eventide
Within the golden city;
For God's own hand has wiped the tears
From all that band of weepers,
And only music soft and low
Awakes the peaceful sleepers.

No aching limbs lie helplessly,
Waiting the Saviour's healing;
For all are whole in that blest home,
And perfect every feeling.
No sighs, and sobs, and wild distress,
No dread of storm or riot;
But perfect health, unbroken peace,
Amid the sacred quiet.

There shall be no more pain! O home
So far from danger dreary!
O, holy, happy resting-place
For all the worn and weary!
God guide our feeble halting feet
Safe to the blissful haven!
God give us all His healing touch,
And bring us all to heaven!

YET A LITTLE CARE AND WEEPING.

From the German.

YET a little care and weeping,
Yet a little toil unsleeping
Here in hope and trust be sown!
Steep and sultry is the way:
Seek the pilgrim's tears to stay,
Love, that near him travels on!

For one comfort, from above
Sounds the voice of heavenly love,—
From the mansions of the blest,—
"Here, where bloometh Life's fair tree,
Wiped away the tear shall be,
By the Lamb, in endless rest."

Near is evening, cool and sweet,
Autumn after summer's heat;
Soon we cease in grief to roam.
Hear the hours that strike so fast,
Hour by hour, until the last
Bears us to our Father's home!

Every pilgrim who has borne
What we all must bear in turn,
Leaves a ray of golden light;
And his footsteps trace the road
To the city, built by God,
To his feast, in glory bright.

See! a light cloud hovers o'er us,
Of the loved ones gone before us
In the Master's pathway here:
Rise, ye weary ones; be strong!
Toil and strife will not be long,
Victory, rest, and home are near!

PASS OVER TO THE REST OF GOD.

HORATIUS BONAR.

FROM this bleak hill of storms,
To yon warm sunny heights,
Where love forever shines,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God!

From hunger and from thirst,
From toil and weariness,
From shadows and from dreams,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God!

From tides, and winds, and waves,
From shipwrecks of the deep,
From parted anchors here,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God!

From weakness and from pain,
From trembling and from strife,
From watchings and from fears,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God!

From vanity and lies,
From mockery and snares,
From disappointed hopes,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God!

From falsehoods of the age,
From broken ties and hearts,
From suns gone down at noon,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God!

From unrealities,
From hollow scenes of change,
From ache and emptiness,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God!

From this unanchored world,
Whose morrow none can tell,
From all things restless here,
Pass over to thy rest,
The rest of God!

OH SPIRIT, FREED FROM BONDAGE.

MARY HOWITT.

OH Spirit, freed from bondage,
Rejoice, thy work is done!
The weary world is 'neath thy feet,
Thou, brighter than the sun!

Arise, put on thy garments,
Which the redeemed win!
Now sorrow hath no part in thee,
Thou sanctified from sin!

Awake and breathe the living air,
Of our celestial clime!
Awake to love that knows no change,
Thou, who hast done with time!

Awake, lift up thy joyful eyes,
See, all heaven's host appears;
And be thou glad exceedingly,
Thou who hast done with tears!

Awake! ascend! thou art not now
With those of mortal birth,—
The living God hath touched thy lips,
Thou who hast done with earth!

SWEET MUST IT BE TO DWELL.

SWEET must it be to dwell secure
From sinful stain, from thought impure,
No wandering footstep to retrace,
No mourning for the Saviour's face :
And this our happy lot shall be
When we have crossed the crystal sea.

How oft the struggling spirit tries
For blest communion with the skies ;
How oft we pray that we may bear
Christ's perfect image, even here ;
And O, like Jesus we shall be
When we have crossed the crystal sea.

They who have safely gone before,
Whose feet grow weary never more,
Receive in that dear land of bliss
All their souls panted for in this ;
And their enjoyment ours shall be
When we have crossed the crystal sea.

MOURNER, LOOK ABOVE.

Mary S. Robbins.

ART thou a wanderer? doth no loved one's smile
E'er meet thine own, thy sorrows to beguile?
In this wide world, hast thou no heartfelt claim?
Lingers there not within some cherished name

Of one, perhaps, who far in childhood's hour,
Won thy young heart, and still with lingering power
Retains the precious gem, though time has wove
A web which dims the lustre of thy love?
Hast thou no harbor on life's troubled sea?
Wanderer, there's rest in heaven for thee.

Art thou a mourner? doth the cold earth cover
The forms of loved ones all, none left to hover
Around thy pathway? must thou tread alone
Life's dreary walk, looking for naught beyond
To smile upon thy toil? no word of love
To recompense thee? Mourner, look above!
When life's dull task is over, then my soul
Shall find its long anticipated goal;
And friends shall smile and welcome thee with song,
And thine own voice shall help the strain prolong.
So murmur not, for when from earth once free,
There's rest in heaven for weary souls like thee.

I'M WEARY OF STRAYING.

Mrs. Hinsdale.

I'M weary of straying! O fain would I rest
In that far distant land of the pure and the blest,
Where sin can no longer its blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations for ever have fled.

I am weary of hoping—where hope is untrue,—
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew.
I long for that land whose blest promise alone,
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,—
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth.
O'er the pangs of the loved, that we cannot assuage;
O'er the blightings of youth and the weakness of age.

I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love,—
Oh when shall I rest in thy presence above!
I am weary,—but oh, let me never repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are mine!

THEN OPEN, O GATE OF SLEEP.

Christian Treasury.

OPEN, O gate of sleep!
I am weary, and fain would go
Where hearts never sorrow, and eyes never weep
Bitterly tears of woe:
I would rest in the shadow, cool and deep,
Where the crystal waters flow.

For heavy and dark doth lie
Death's shadow on all below:
The changing beauty of earth and sky
Decks but a house of woe:
There's a fount of tears that is never dry,
A rest that we never know.

Then away to the beautiful land
Whence the shadow for aye is fled!
I shall meet the loved on its sunny strand,
The loved and the long-lost dead;
I shall welcome a bright immortal band,
By the angels gently led.

Then open, O gate of sleep!
I am weary, and fain would go
Where hearts never sorrow, and eyes never weep
Bitterly, tears of woe:
I long to rest in the shadow deep
Where the crystal fountains flow.

I THANK THEE FOR THAT WORD OF PEACE.

W. S. Colton.

"There remaineth therefore a *rest* for the people of God."

I THANK Thee, Father, for that word of peace—
Rest, rest forever when Life's cares are o'er;—
Changeless repose! O calm and sweet release
From all of sorrow we have known before;
From sin whose burden we shall feel no more—
Freedom how blest! and from the sinner's ways.
Who shall not follow to that heavenly shore,
Nor with his evil cloud the unsullied rays
Of love and joy that shine through everlasting days!

I know, O Father, that Thy works are fair:—
This strange, bright world was builded by Thine hand,
And round it the unmeasured heights of air
Rise, purple-arched and vast, o'er every land;—

The storm-vexed ocean chafing on the strand;
The mountains proudly pointing to the sky;
The ancient forests, breeze or tempest-fanned—
All these are beautiful, and fill the eye,
And crowd the mind with thoughts of that which cannot die.

Yet mid these glorious things the spirit mourns,
And finds not rest in all their loveliness;
A hidden fever still within it burns,
A secret sorrow it may not confess—
A feeling of earth's utter nothingness
It cannot bid depart;—but bends again
Beneath its load, nor finds that burden less,
And longs some quiet place—but longs in vain!—
Some port to make, like ships that breast the troubled main.

Oft have I walked amid the busy throng
Of some great city, and with earnest thought,
As moved the unnumbered waves of life along
In rushing conflict, from each face have sought
To learn that being's history, inwrought
And speaking there;—to know the inmost soul,
The mystic lines no other eyes have caught
Of joy or woe—what fears, what hopes control
Its present life, and mark beyond its future goal.

But all with joyless and unsettled mien
Passed feverish by; nor aught of peace or rest
Seemed they to know; each countenance was seen
To show—sad proof!—its owner all unblest:

Some heeded pleasure, and her soft behest,
Where'er it lead them, they must still obey,
Insanely sporting on the dizzy crest
Ridged o'er her damning gulf, wherein alway
The fair, foul goddess leaves her hapless, mangled prey.

Some wished for Fame, and others sighed for gold,
For piled-up mountains of the shining dust;
And from the poor and needy turned with cold,
Unpitying eyes; who made not God their trust,
But riches; and with fierce, devouring lust
Grasped its vain honors, caring not if o'er
The bright, immortal spirit mouldering rust
And mildew crept, corroding to the core,
And eating out its life and peace forever more.

O world! 'twere happiness in Life's young spring
If one might *griefless* know how poor thou art;
And early find that all thy pleasures bring
No joy to satisfy the longing heart
Of one immortal. Oh! from thee to part,
When God shall will it, to some bright abode
Of sinless peace!—To leave thy sickening mart
Of empty shows, and swiftly climb the road
That leads from Earth to Christ, to glory and to God!

So Man and nature, powerless, cannot fill
The vast desires that in me burning rise,
And round the far and dim horizon still
From *them* no ray of promise greets my eyes;—

Nor breaks the day, nor kindle up the skies
With morn's sweet light—but dark the shadows loom
Before me, where my lonely pathway lies
Along Life's journey:—Yet amid the gloom
There gleams *one* fixed star, a light beyond the tomb.

Yes! there is peace!—beyond this sphere of time
Its dwelling-place; and there the weary be
At rest; and from that blissful and eternal clime
Sorrow and *sin*—oh! thought of joy!—shall flee
Away forever; and a boundless sea
Of living light its sweet, glad waves shall roll
In everlasting splendor;—they shall see
As eye to eye; and God's supreme control
O'er Heaven extend, and bind each ransomed soul to soul.

BEYOND THIS TOILSOME CLIME.

ANONYMOUS.

NO quiet here!
But far above, in regions of the blest,
The weary soul shall find its lasting rest!
There's quiet *there!*
In that far Home beyond this toilsome clime,
A calm and holy quiet, through all time.

No gladness here!
But in that wondrous home to which we go,
Eternal joys through endless ages flow:

There's gladness *there* :—
And when this cloud of earth has passed away,
We shall go in to share eternal day.

No sunshine here !
The shadows always hover close around;
But, oh, above ! such radiant beams abound,
There's sunshine *there*,
Where He, the "Sun of Righteousness," doth shine,
And earth-worn souls rejoice in light divine.

No goodness here !
Sin has so many snares for our weak hearts;
But from that home all sinfulness departs.
There's goodness *there*,
Shed from the "fulness of the Holy One ;"
And robes of righteousness from Christ the Son

No treasure here !
Nothing that's worthy of our love and trust !
But wealth is *there* that time can never rust :
There's treasure there,—
Laid up by that same Father's loving hand,
Who gently leads us towards that Better Land.



THAT WEARINESS MAY TOSS HIM TO MY BREAST.

GEORGE HERBERT.

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
"Let us," said he, "pour on him all we can;
Let the world's riches which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span."

So Strength first gave away;
Then Beauty flowed, then Wisdom, Honor, Pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all His treasure,
REST in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said He,
"Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in nature, not the GOD of nature—
So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest—
But keep them with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary; that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast."

FIRST THE SORROWFUL, AND THEN THE GLAD.

HORATIUS BONAR.

'TIS first the true, and then the beautiful;
Not first the beautiful and then the true:
First the wild moor, with rock and reed and pool,
Then the gay garden rich in scent and hue.

Not first the glad, and then the sorrowful;
But first the sorrowful, and then the glad:
Tears for a day, for earth of tears is full;
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright, and after that the dark;
But first the dark, and after that the bright:
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc;
First the dark grave, then resurrection light.

'T is first the night—stern night of storm and war,
Long night of heavy clouds and veiled skies;
Then the fair sparkle of the Morning Star,
That bids the saint awake, and day arise.



SPIRIT, THY LABOR IS O'ER.

[Wolfgang Mozart, the great German composer, died at Vienna in the year 1791. His sweetest song was the last he sung—the *Requiem*. He had been employed upon this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspirations of richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it its last touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time, as his "cygnean strain," he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the light footsteps of his daughter Emile awoke him. "Come hither," said he, "my Emilie—my task is done—the Requiem—*my* Requiem is finished." "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him as tears stood in her eyes. "You must be better—you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it—I am sure we will nurse you well again—let me bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father, "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid, in this my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie—take these my last notes—sit down to my piano here—sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother—let me once more hear those tones which have been so long my solacement and delight." Emilie obeyed, and with a voice enriched with tenderest emotion, sung the following stanzas. As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low melancholy notes of the piece, and then turning from the instrument, looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still passionless smile which the rapt and joyous spirit left—with the seal of death upon those features.]

SPIRIT! thy labor is o'er!
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore
And the race of immortals begun.

Spirit! look not on the strife,
Or the pleasures of earth with regret—
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,
To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest;
There the weary, like thee—the wretched shall find;
A heaven, a mansion of rest.

Spirit! how bright is the road
For which thou art now on the wing,
Thy home it will be, with thy Saviour and God,
Their loud hallelujah to sing.

HAVE YE FOUND THAT HAPPY CITY?

From Household Words.

OH birds from out the east, oh birds from out the west,
Have ye found that happy City, in all your weary quest?
Tell me, tell me, from earth's wanderings may the heart find glad surcease;
Can ye show me, as an earnest, any olive-branch of peace?
I am weary of life's troubles, of its sin, and toil, and care;
I am faithless, crushing in my heart so many a fruitless prayer;
Oh birds from out the east, oh birds from out the west,
Can ye tell me of that City, "the name of which is Rest?"

Say, doth a dreamy atmosphere that blesséd City crown?
Are there couches spread for sleeping, softer than eider-down?
Does the silver sound of waters, falling 'twixt its marble walls,
Hush its solemn silence, even into stiller intervals?
Does the poppy shed its influence there, or doth the fabled Moly
With its peaceful, leaden Lethe, bathe the eyes with slumber holy?
Do they never wake to sorrow, who after toilsome quest,
Have entered in that City, "the name of which is Rest?"

Doth the fancy wile not there for aye? Is the restless soul's endeavor
Hushed in a hymn of solemn calm, forever and forever?
Are human natures satisfied of their intense desire—
Is there no more good beyond to seek, or do they not aspire?
But weary, weary, of the oar, within its yellow sun
Do they lie and eat the lotus-leaves, and dream life's toil is done?
Oh tell me, do they there forget what here hath made them blest?
Nor sigh again for home and friends, in the City calléd Rest?

Oh, little birds, fly east again; oh, little birds, fly west;
Ye have found no happy city, in all your weary quest;—
Still shall ye find no spot of rest wherever ye may stray,
And still like ye the weary soul must wing its weary way!
There sleepeth no such city within the wide earth's bound—
Nor hath the dreaming fancy yet its blissful portals found!
We are but children, crying here, upon a Mother's breast,
For life, and peace, and blessedness, and for eternal rest.

Bless God! I hear a still, small voice, above life's clam'rous din,
Saying, "Faint not, oh weary one, thou yet mayst enter in.
That City is prepared for those who well do win the fight,
Who tread the wine-press, till its blood hath washed them pure and white;
Within it is no darkness, nor any baleful flower
Shall there oppress thy waking eyes with stupefying power;
It lieth calm, within the light of God's Peace-giving breast;
Its walls are called Salvation—*that* City's name is 'Rest.'"

YE GOLDEN LAMPS FAREWELL.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

YE golden lamps of Heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed;
My soul that springs beyond thy sphere
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of Eternal Light
Shall There His beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day!

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes,
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

There, all the million of the saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight.

REST WHEN LIFE IS DONE.

EFFIE JOHNSON.

THERE remaineth, it is written,
For the people of our God,
Rest, a peaceful rest in heaven,
When we sleep beneath the sod.
When these fragile forms are resting
In their low and quiet bed,
And the beauteous flowers are springing
From the turf above our head,
And the holy angels keeping
Watch above our sleeping dust,
Then our ransomed souls are resting
With the God in whom we trust.
Now, each fleeting hour is bearing
Down to death's cold, sullen stream,
Souls immortal, souls unransomed,
Rouse thee, 'tis no time to dream!
Christian, gird thee with thine armor,
Soon, oh, soon, thou'lt lay it down!
And thy sword and shield and helmet,
Change for an immortal crown.
Let thy crown be glittering brightly
With the souls whom thou hast won,
Then thy ransomed soul will sweetly
Rest in heaven when life is done.

FAR FROM THE DISCORD LOUD.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

FAR from the discord loud,
Far from the striving crowd,
Far from the din,
Far from the burning tears,
Far from the crushing fears,
Far from the sin.

Up beyond toil and care,
Far from the tainted air,
Far from all pain,
Out of the reach of crime,
Far from this changing clime,
We shall remain.

Where the redeemed and blest
Ever shall sweetly rest,
No more to roam;
Where the curse dwelleth not,
Sorrow is all forgot—
There is our home.

Where the joy-founts are stirred,
Where the harp note is heard,
Where the palms wave,
Where the white-robed shall glide,
Where the death dews are dried,
Where is no grave.

There is our glorious home:
Why do we longer roam
 Far from its peace?
Soon may the hill be gained,
Soon be the rest obtained,
 Soon the toil cease.

Brother, press onward then;
Why should we linger when
 Home is in sight?
On while the day is here,
On while the way is clear,
 On ere the night!

THOSE ENDLESS SABBATHS SPENT.

From Lyra Eucharistica.

IS there a day
 In all the ever-brightening chain
Of blessed Paradisal gain
 Most blessed alway?
Does Sunday fall there with its thrill
 Of joy increasing still?

 When the blue sky
Seems but the intervening screen
Earth's nave and Heaven's choir between;
 Do those on high
Unite with our less worthy throng
 In one Cathedral song?

Ah! who can tell?
Some memory that earthward clings,
Some sympathy with former things,
Some soft pure spell,
May make the first day of earth's seven
The best, e'en in Heaven.

Our Sundays seem
To meet those endless Sabbaths spent
In holy joy and sweet content
Beside Love's stream,
That bears all souls yet on its breast
Unto eternal Rest.

SORROW AND SIGHING SHALL FLEE AWAY.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

NO shadows gather
Where undimm'd eyes gaze on the Father:
There the thick veil of sin is rent,
And the dark night of woe is spent;
There, souls 'mid clouds of darkness are not groping,
And vainly hoping!

There is no yearning,
No deep unrest, no spirit burning,
No arms outstretched, to clasp the air;
No breaking hearts; no wild, wild prayer;
No grim despair to blight the mind with madness:
No sin, no sadness!

There is no sorrow,
No storm-winds wail of ill to-morrow;
But clear, smooth waters' flow,
And music soft and low;
And peace-words from God's fount of love are gushing,
All sorrow hushing!

There is no sighing
O'er the unloving or the dying:
There eloquent smiles the fond lips wreathe;
There hearts of deathless friendship breathe;
There, where love tokens evermore are thronging,
Is no more longing!

Home of the weary,
Of all the tempest-wrecked and dreary;
God, guide us to thy brilliant shore,
Where—wild waves swelling high no more—
Sorrow and sighing shade the spirit never—
Flown, flown forever!

GOD'S OWN SMILE, FOREVER AND FOREVER.

JANE CREWDSON.

WHAT then? Why then another pilgrim song;
And then, a hush of rest, divinely granted;
And then, a thirsty stage; (ah, me, so long!)
And then, a brook just where it most is wanted.

What then? The pitching of the evening tent;
And then, perchance, a pillow rough and thorny;
And then, some sweet and tender message, sent
To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

What then? The wailing of the midnight wind;
A feverish sleep; a heart oppressed and aching;
And then, a little water-cruise to find
Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then? I am not careful to inquire;
I know there will be tears, and fears, and sorrow;
And then a loving Saviour drawing nigher,
And saying, "I will answer for the morrow."

What then? For all my sins His pardoning grace;
For all my wants and woes His loving kindness;
For darkest shades, the shining of God's face,
And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim;
And then, a deep and darkly rolling river;
And then, a flood of light—a seraph's hymn,
And God's own smile, forever and forever.

SAFE HOME AT LAST.

SAFE Home, safe Home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provision short,
And only not a wreck:

But O the joy upon the shore,
To tell our voyage perils o'er!

The prize, the prize secure!
The warrior nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

No more the foe can harm:
No more of leaguer'd camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly had he fail'd,—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

The lamb is in the fold
In perfect safety penn'd;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

A REST HERE HAVE I NEVER.

PAUL GERHARDT: Translated by JOHN KELLY.

A REST here have I never,
A guest on earth am I,
Heav'n will be mine forever,
My Fatherland's on high.

Here up and down I'm driven;
In rest eternal there,
God's gift of grace is given
That endeth toil and care.

What hath my whole life ever
From youth been to this hour,
But labor ceasing never,
As long as I have pow'r
To tell of; days of anguish
I've past, and oft the night
In sorrow did I languish
Until the morning light.

And on the ways I've wander'd
What storms have terrified,
It blew, rain'd, lighten'd, thunder'd,
Fear was on every side.
Hate, envy, opposition
Rag'd, undeserv'd by me,
This was the sad condition
I must bear patiently.

So liv'd the honor'd fathers
In whose footsteps we tread,
From whom the saint oft gathers
The wisdom he may need.
Of trial what full measure
Had father Abraham,
Ere he attain'd his pleasure,
To his right dwelling came.

How rough too and uneven
The way that Isaac trod,
And Jacob, who had striven
And had prevail'd with God;
What bitter grief and wearing
Felt he, what woe and smart;
In fear and in despairing
Oft sank his fainting heart.

The holy souls and blesséd
Went forward on their race,
They chang'd with hearts distresséd
Their wonted dwelling-place:
They hither went and thither,
Great crosses bore each day,
Till death came to deliver,
Them in the grave to lay.

In patience am I giving
Myself to just such woe?
Could I be better living
Than such have liv'd below?
Here must we suffer ever,
Here must we upwards strive;
Who fights not well shall never
In joy eternal live.

While on the earth I'm staying,
My life shall thus be spent,
I would not be delaying
For aye in this strange tent.

Along the paths I wander
That lead me to my home,
God boundless comfort yonder
Will give me when I come.

My home is high above me,
Where angel hosts for aye
Praise Him whose heart doth love me,
Who ruleth all each day,
Who aye preserves and beareth
All in His hand of might,
Who orders and prepareth
What good seems in His sight.

For home my tir'd heart yearneth,
I'd gladly thither go,
From earth away it turneth
From all I've here pass'd through.
The longer here I'm staying
I less of pleasure taste,
My spirit's thirst allaying,
The world's an arid waste.

The dwelling is unholy,
The trouble is too great.
Why com'st Thou, Lord, so slowly
To free me from this state?
Come, make a happy ending
Of all my wanderings,
Relief by Thy pow'r sending,
From all my sufferings.

Where I've so long remainéd
Is not my proper home;
When my life's end is gainéd,
Then forth from it I'll come,
What here I've needed ever
I'll put it all away;
When soul and body sever,
Me in the grave they'll lay.

Thou, who my Joy art ever,
And of my life the Light,
When death life's thread doth sever,
Bring'st me to heav'n so bright,
To mansions everlasting,
Where I shall ever shine,
E'en as the sun, while tasting
Of pleasures all divine.

There I'll be ever living
Not merely as a guest,
With those who crowns receiving
From Thee are ever bless'd;
I'll celebrate in glory
Thine ev'ry mighty deed,
My portion have before Thee,
From every evil freed.

LET ME HASTE TO JOIN THY BLISS.

HORATIUS BONAR.

O SAFE at home, where the dark tempter roams not,
How I have envied thy far happier lot!
Already resting where the evil comes not,
The tear, the toil, the woe, the sin forgot.

O safe in port, where the rough billow breaks not,
Where the wild sea-moan saddens thee no more;
Where the remorseless stroke of tempest shakes not;—
When, when shall I too gain that tranquil shore?

O bright, amid the brightness all eternal,
When shall I breathe with thee the purer air?—
Air of a land whose clime is ever vernal,
A land without a serpent or a snare.

Away, above the scenes of guilt and folly,
Beyond this desert's heat and dreariness,
Safe in the city of the ever-holy,
Let me make haste to join thy earlier bliss.

Another battle fought, and oh, not lost—
Tells of the ending of this fight and thrall,
Another ridge of time's lone moorland crossed,
Gives nearer prospect of the jasper wall.

Just gone within the veil, where I shall follow,
Not far before me, hardly out of sight—
I down beneath thee in this cloudy hollow,
And thou far up on yonder sunny height.

Gone to begin a new and happier story,
Thy bitterer tale of earth now told and done;
These outer shadows for that inner glory
Exchanged for ever.—O thrice blessed one!

O freed from fetters of this lonesome prison,
How I shall greet thee in that day of days,
When He who died, yea rather who is risen,
Shall these frail frames from dust and darkness raise.

HARK! ANGELIC SONGS ARE SWELLING.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

HARK! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore,
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,
Of that new life, when sin shall be no more.

Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
And like benighted men we miss our mark:
God hides Himself, and grace has scarcely found us,
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Rest comes at last, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past,
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

OH, WHAT A MIGHTY CHANGE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

OH, what a mighty change
Shall Jesus' sufferers know!
While o'er the happy plains we range,
Incapable of woe.
No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound;
No base ingratitude above,
No sin in heaven is found.

Nor slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy.

In that eternal day
No clouds nor tempests rise:
There gushing tears are wiped away
Forever from our eyes.

This languishing desire
Which now for heaven we feel
Shall there delightfully expire
In joy ineffable.
The weight of glorious bliss
That to our share shall fall,
Not angel-tongue can half express;
But we shall have it all.

IN THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME IN GLORY.

"For we which have believed do enter into rest."

IN the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest:
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, etc.

Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn.
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn!
There is rest, etc.

Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumphs as you go:
Zion's gates will open for you;
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, etc.

THERE IS AN HOUR OF HALLOWED PEACE.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts that here annoy:
Then they that oft have sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more:
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

There smiling peace with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that once have sown in tears
Now reap eternal joy.

WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR.

ISAAC WATTS.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

REST FOR THE TOILING HAND.

HORATIUS BONAR.

REST for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,
Rest from all labor now.

Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye:
Through these parched lips of thine, no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake! come forth and sing!
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

'Twas sown in weakness here:
'Twill then be raised in power:
That which was sown an earthly seed
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

THRO' LIFE, THRO' DEATH, TO HIS ETERNAL REST.

ANONYMOUS.

YES! there is rest above! Heaven's light is pouring
Strength thro' the frame, and brightness on the eye.
And the glad heart, the enfranchised soul, is soaring
In rest and rapture only known on high.

The rest of heaven! O! trembling, fainting spirit!
Chained to the earth by weariness and wo!
Look up! Think of the rest thou shalt inherit!
Think of the glory thou art soon to know!

Look up, believer! Lo! a rest remaineth!
Dark tho' thy way may be, it leads thee home!
There He, who bore the cross, in glory reigneth!
He, who like thee, once knew earth's grief and gloom.

Cheer thee! His love is o'er thy life presiding,
He soothes thy spirit when by care oppressed,
And He thy weary steps is safely guiding
Thro' life, thro' death, to His eternal rest.

O HAD I THE WINGS OF A DOVE.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

OH, had I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,
How soon would I soar to thy presence above!
How soon would I flee where the weary have rest,
And hide all my cares in thy sheltering breast!

Ah! there the wild tempest forever shall cease:
No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace.
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,—
All tears from the eye, and all sin from the heart.

Soon, soon, may this Eden of promise be mine!
Rise, bright Sun of glory, no more to decline!
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers:
Oh! what will it be when the fulness appears?

THE SABBATH OF THY LOVE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone;—

A rest where all our souls' desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear and sin and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

Oh that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in!
Now, Saviour! now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

Remove the hardness of my heart,
The unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart—
The Sabbath of Thy love.

OH COULD OUR THOUGHTS AND WISHES FLY.

ANNE STEELE.

OH! could our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

Lord! send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of Thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

BUILD THY NEST HIGHER.

GERALD MASSEY.

I BUILT my nest by a pleasant stream,
That glided on with a smile in its gleam,
Bringing me gold that was sumless;
Ah me! but the floods came drowning one day,
And swept my nest with its wealth away;
I in the world was homeless!

I built my nest in a gay green tree,
And the summer of life went merrily
With us! we were birds of a feather!
But the leaves soon fell, and my pretty ones flew,
And through my nest the bitter winds blew;
'Twas bare in the wildest weather.

I built my nest under heaven's high eaves;
No rising of floods, no falling of leaves,
Can mock my heart's endeavor;
Waters may wash, and breezes may blow,
In the bosom of Rest I shall smile, I shall know
My nest is safe forever.

REST WEARY SOUL, THE PENALTY IS BORNE.

ANONYMOUS.

REST, weary soul,
The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
For all thy sins full satisfaction made ;
Strive not thyself to do what Christ has done ;
Take the free gift, and make the joys thine own ;
No more by pangs of guilt and fear to sin distressed,
Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, weary heart,
From all thy silent griefs and secret pain,
Thy profitless regrets and longings vain ;
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past ;
All shall be light and blessedness at last ;
Cast off the cares that have so long oppressed,—
Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, weary head ;
Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb ;
Light from above has broken through its gloom ;
Here, in the place where once thy Saviour lay,
Where He shall wake thee on a future day,—
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,
Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, spirit free,
In the green pasture of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more;
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of life eternal led,
Forever with thy God and Saviour blest,
Rest, sweetly rest.

THE GOLDEN STREET.

WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

THE toil is very long and I am tired:
Oh, Father, I am weary of the way!
Give me that rest I have so long desired;
Bring me that Sabbath's cool refreshing day,
And let the fever of my world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

Tired—very tired! And I at times have seen,
When the far pearly gates were open thrown
For those who walked no more with me, the green
Sweet foliage of the trees that there alone
At last wave over those whose world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

When the gates open and before they close—
Sad hours but holy—I have watched the tide
Whose living crystal there forever flows
Before the throne, and sadly have I sighed
To think how long until my world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

They shall not wander from that blessed way;
Nor heat, nor cold, nor weariness, nor sin,
Nor any clouds in that eternal day,
Trouble them more who once have entered in;
But all is rest to them whose world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

Thus the gates close and I behold no more,
Though as I walk, they open oftener now
For those who leave me and go on before;
And I am lonely also while I bow
And think of those dear souls whose world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

Tired—very tired!—but I will patient be,
Nor will I murmur at the weary way:
I too shall walk beside the crystal sea,
And pluck the ripe fruit all that God-lit day,
When Thou, O Lord, shall let my feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

A LITTLE WHILE THE VIGIL KEEPING.

JANE CREWDSON.

O FOR the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
O for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "forever"
Amid the shadows of earth's "little while!"

A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to battle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

A little while to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary steps through noisy ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

A little while midst shadow and delusion
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell:
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
Then hail sight's verdict—"He doth all things well."

A little while the earthen pitcher taking,
To wayside brooks from far off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst forever slaking
Beside the fulness of the fountain-head.

A little while to keep the oil from failing,
A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet him, with the bridal-hymn.

And he who is himself the Gift and Giver—
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad forever
Will light the shadows of the "little while."

ASPIRATIONS FOR HEAVEN.

They desire a better country, that is a heavenly.—Heb. 11 : 16.

We rejoice in hope of the glory of God.—Rom. 5 : 2.

Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.—2 Peter 3 : 13.

Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest.—Psa. 55 ; 6.

ASPIRATIONS FOR HEAVEN.

O, TO BE THERE!

From the Dutch.

O TO be there,
Where never tears of sorrow
Shall dim the eye, nor aching pain nor care
Shall overcloud our morrow!
O, to be there!

O, lovely home.
Thy fragrant, thornless flowers
Droop not nor die, but everlasting bloom
Crowns all thy golden hours:
O, lovely home!

O, let me go!
Death shall not there dissever
Our loving hearts. Rivers of pleasure flow
At God's right hand forever:
O, let me go!

For Thou art there,
Who unto me hast given
Eternal life, making me pure and fair;
And this to me is heaven,
For Thou art there.

CLEAR FOUNT OF LIGHT, MY NATIVE LAND.

From the Spanish of Francesco de Aldana. Translated by Longfellow.

CLEAR fount of light! my native land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;
But, sentinelled in heaven, its glorious presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.
Beloved Country! banished from thy shore,
A stranger in this prison house of clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

OH HAD I WINGS LIKE YONDER BIRD!

Weir.

OH had I wings like yonder bird
That soars above its downy nest,
I'd fly away unseen, unheard,
Where I might be for aye at rest.

Oh, I would fly and be at rest!
Far, far beyond each glittering sphere
That hangs upon the azure breast
Of all we know of Heaven here.

And there I'd rest, amidst the joys
Angelic lips alone can tell;
Where bloom the bowers of Paradise,
Where songs in sweetest transports swell.

DEAR SAVIOUR, OUR HEARTS BURN WITHIN.

[This is a popular hymn, sung often in Germany by the whole congregation, as they leave the church at the close of Divine service. The melody is our own "Home, Sweet Home," with some modifications.]

O WHERE shall the soul find her rest and her home?
Whose wings will protect her? How long must she roam?
Does not the world offer one city of peace,
One spot free from sin, where our labors may cease?
No, No, No, No! Far out of sight,
Beyond is our home, in the kingdom of light.

We'll leave, then, the world in its darkness behind,
And walk in the light, if our home we may find;
The great New Jerusalem, God has prepared,
His Word has been given—His counsel declared.
Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes! Yonder must be
Those mansions made ready for you and for me.

Dear Saviour, our hearts burn within, and we long
To join the angels' victorious song.
Hallelujah to Him who hath bought us! they cry—
The Lamb who hath loved us, who reigneth on high!
Wait, Wait, Wait, Wait! Soon shall we hear
The voice of the Master who bids us appear.

Then courage, our souls! for the warfare is short,
Our armor is strong, and secure is our Fort;
And when we have triumphed, and each has his crown,
At the feet of the Lord we will cast them all down.
Joy, Joy, Joy, Joy! Safe home at last—
The battle is over—the peril is past.

GIVE ME NOW MY LYRE.

Composed upon Milton in his old age, by ELIZABETH LLOYD.

O MERCIFUL One,
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me—and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

O! I seem to stand
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go—
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng—
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is ripening on my sightless eye,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre;
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

CHRIST, LET ME COME TO THEE.

MARY M. GRAVES.

CHRIST, let me come to Thee!
Behind me roars the angry ocean tide;
Each crested wave comes nearer, nearer still;
The muttered thunders in the billows hide,
I shudder at their hoarse, loud voice, so chill,

I cannot meet the fierce, wild storm of Life!
I have no strength to battle with it more!
Too long I've wrestled in the painful strife,
I must lay down the burden that I bore.
Sweet Christ, O may I come?

Christ, let me come to Thee!
In dreams I hear Thy white-robed angels sing
The golden glories of their beauteous land;
I hear the rustle of each snowy wing,
And feel their touch upon my fevered hand.
Colder than ever seems the earth to me,
When I awake and see them flit away;
I strain my eyes, the last bright glimpse to see,
And watch them vanish through the gates of day.
Sweet Christ, O may I come?

Christ, let me come to Thee!
I watch my toiling breath grow faint and slow;
I note the hectic deepening, day by day,
And feel my life is like a wreath of snow,
Which one kind breath of heaven would melt away!
A little longer in this world of vice—
The wished-for boundary is almost passed—
I see the shining shore of Paradise,
I know my pain is almost o'er at last.
Sweet Chirst, O let me come!

Christ, let me come to Thee!
I've seen the gates that guard Thy holy clime!
And often caught a gleam of Thee within;
I know they'll open in Thine own good time,
And let Thy weary, wandering child come in.

I've had through all this weary care and pain
One blessed hope that ne'er has known despair—
It cheers me like the sunshine after rain!
I know Thou'lt hear my deep and heartfelt prayer,
And let me come to Thee!

COME, LORD, MY HEART IS SICK.

GEORGE HERBERT.

COME, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is sick
While Thou dost ever, ever stay:
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
My spirit gaspeth night and day.
O show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

How canst Thou stay, considering the pace
The blood did make, which Thou didst waste?
When I beheld it trickling down Thy face,
I never saw thing make such haste.
O show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

Yet if Thou stayest still, why must I stay?
My God, what is this world to me?
This world of woe? hence, all ye clouds away,
Away; I must get up and see.
O show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

Oh, loose this frame, this knot of man untie!
That my free soul may use her wing
Which now is pinioned with mortalitie,
As an entangled, hampered thing.
O show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

What have I left that I should stay and grone?
The most of me to heaven is fled:
My thoughts and joys are all packt up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.
O show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

Come, dearest Lord, passe not this holy season,
My flesh and bones and joints do play:
And even my verse, when by the rhyme and reason
The word is *Stay*, says ever, *Come*.
O show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

ME TO ZION TAKE IN PITY.

From the Latin. By THOMAS H. CHIVRES.

SAVE me, Lord! thou Judge Eternal!
From those dark domains infernal;
Where is weeping, where is wailing,
Where all prayers are unavailing!
Where each soul doth self-inherit
Proofs of its own damned demerit;

Tortures reaping—ever crying,
From the worm that is undying;
Where no hope can come to sever
Life from death, in hell forever!

Me to Zion take in pity!
David's Zion—tranquil city!
Built by God, of light—its portal
Cross of Christ, the wood immortal;
Key that locks, the tongue of Peter,
Turned, the songs of God's not sweeter;
Walled, heaven high, each scaleless story
Guarded by the King of Glory!

In this city, light eternal
Reigns forever—peace supernal;
Odors flow in such completeness,
Heaven is filled with songs of sweetness

Here, the soul knows no corruption,
Frailty none, nor interruption;
None too little, none dilated,
All in Christ are consummated.

Heavenly city! glorious city!
Built upon the rock of Pity!
City in whose Gates are gathered
All I long for—all I fathered!
Now I greet thee—thee I sigh for!
Whose possession I would die for!

With what warm congratulations
Meet in thee the joyful Nations!
How delighted stand they gazing
At the walls with glory blazing;
Hyacinth with Chalcedony—
Heaven's own wealth their patrimony!

In this city's streets, for greeting,
Clouds of blessed souls are meeting;
Singing songs such as the pious
Moses sang for 'rapt Elias.

I WOULD GO HOME.

From the German.

"Ich mochte Heim; mich zieht's dem Vaterhouse."

I WOULD go home! Fain to my Father's house,
Fain to my Father's heart!
Far from the world's uproar, and hollow vows,
To silent peace, apart.
With thousand hopes in life's gay dawn I ranged,
Now homeward wend with chastened heart, and changed;
Still to my soul one gleam of hope is come,
I would go home!

I would go home, vexed with thy sharp annoy;
Thou weary world and waste
I would go home, disrelishing thy poor joy;
Let those that love thee, taste!

Since my God wills it, I my cross would bear,
Would bravely all the appointed "hardness" share;
But still my bosom sighs, where'er I roam,
For home, sweet home.

I would go home! My happiest dreams have been
Of that dear Fatherland!
My lot may be there; in heaven's all cloudless scene,
Here, flits mirage or sand!
Bright summer gone, the darting swallows spread
Their wings from all our vales revisited,
Soft twittering, as the fowler's wiles they flee.
Home, home for me!

I would be home! They gave my infancy
Gay pastime, luscious feast;
One little hour I shared the childish glee,
But soon my mirth had ceased;
While still my playmates' eyes with pleasure shone,
And but more sparkled as the sport went on:
Spite of sweet fruits and golden honey-comb,
I sighed for home.

I would be home! To shelter steers the vessel;
The rivulet seeks the sea;
The nursling in its mother's arms will nestle;
Like them I long to flee!
In joy, in grief, have I tuned many a lay;
Griefs, joys like harp-notes, have now died away.
One hope yet lives! To heaven's paternal dome,
Ah! take me home!

HOW LONG, O LORD, HOW LONG?

Helen L. Parmlee.

HINDER me not!—the path is long and dreary,
I may not pause, nor tarry by the way—
Night cometh, where no man may journey onward,
For we must walk as "children of the day."

I know the city lieth far behind me,
The very brightest gem in all the plain;—
But thick and fast the lurid clouds are rising,
Which soon shall scatter into fiery rain.

I know not if the wave shall rage or slumber,
When I shall stand upon the nearer shore:
But One, whose form the Son of God resembleth,
Will cross with me, and I shall ask no more!

O weary heads! rest on your Saviour's bosom,
O weary feet! press on the path He trod,
O weary souls! your rest shall be remaining,
When ye have gained the City of your God!

O glorious City! jasper-built, and shining
With God's own glory in effulgent light,
Wherein no manner of defilement cometh,
Nor any shadow flung from passing night.

There, shall ye find your dead in Christ, arisen,
And learn from them to sing the angel's song;
Well may ye echo, from earth's waiting prison,
The martyr's cry: "How long, O Lord! how long!"

NOW LORD LET ME GO!

"Domine Nunc, Dimitte": a prayer of Jerome on his death-bed. By T. B.

NOW Lord let me go!—I
Am ready to be offered; my
Departure is at hand. Well sown
Are all my tears. They shall come up
In joy. A few more times to sup
The ashen crust, the wormwood cup
With Jesus here, and at His own
Sweet table in His Father's House
With Him I lie, and lean these brows,
Shrunk with habitual pain, upon
His brother bosom. I have done
The work He gave me.

Life's brief part
Is acted with me, but the scene
That closes it shall be serene,
I know, for that strange light that turns
Old men to prophets surely burns
This hour within me: Ay, it cheers
Me with the vision of far years
Full of reward and glory. Look!
I see the sequel of the Book

And of my toils! The Lion hath broke
The seven seals, and lo, its strong,
Diffusive, living words outflow
Like liberated light, and glow
From zone to zone! To numerous song
The nations wake, while the swift hands
Of iron scribes obedient ply
Their elemental strength to fly
Christ's message and replenish the land
With truth—till "Holiness to God"
Upon all popular wealth writ broad
And bold in Roman lines, repeats
Assurance of millennium.

"Come!"
I hear my Father say! From home
The sight and savor of His meats
Reaches me here. I soon shall test
The pleasures of domestic rest.

* * * * *

So I my sunset hour devote
To praise and heavenly peace. No note
Of restless contradiction more
Shall beat my calm thought from the shore
Of that good land where Jesus dwells,
And water from Salvation's wells
Runs gladness.

O TAKE ME TO HIS FEET!

From the Presbyterian.

"Where Christ is, there is heaven."—CHRYSOSTOM.

WHEN shall my soul repose,
All pure and glorious, on my Saviour's breast,
As 'neath morn's opening eye, the full-blown rose
Gives the lone dew-drop rest?

Ne'er can I rest, nor feel
My soul at home, till Him in heaven I find,
And heavenly glory in my heart anneal
The graces there enshrined.

Sick with this fervent love,
How turns the spirit from all earthly things,
And longs to sink away a pearl above
In heaven's pellucid springs;

Lost as a radiant gem
In Jesus' heart, the depths of love divine;
My soul impearled in bliss, His diadem
Its sainted, glorious shrine.

O take me to His feet—
There let me bathe with tears and kiss the wound
Borne on the cross, and glad my love repeat
To angels listening round.

How can the richest tone,
That e'er from angel lips or harp distilled,
Entrance the heart that Jesus' love has known,
And with His voice been thrilled?

No, not the streets of gold,
Nor gates of pearl, nor Salem's silvery dome,
Nor scenes on Zion's heavenly fields unrolled—
These, these are not my home.

My disembodied soul,
Ye kindred angels, take to Jesus' breast;
There, dove-like, seeks my heart its final goal,
There only longs to rest.

TEACH ME THAT NEW SONG.

ANONYMOUS.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Unfold thy heaven-born wings;
Thy home is in the skies,
Where lofty Gabriel sings;
And loud, through all the spacious plain,
Is heard—"The Lamb, the Lamb was slain!"

Oh, may my bosom glow
With melody like this!
Oh, may my spirit bow,
When musing on their bliss!
Ah! didst Thou die, dear Lamb, for me?
He bled—He groan'd—He died for thee.

Oh, teach me that new song
Which occupies their time;
And say, will it be long
Ere I shall reach that clime?
I'll wait till Thou shalt call me home;
Yet come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

"I RISE TO SEEK THE LIGHT."

I SAW a little blade of grass,
Just peeping from the sod,
And asked it why it sought to pass
Beyond its parent clod?
It seemed to raise its timid head,
All sparkling, fresh, and bright,
And wondering at the question, said,
"I rise to seek the light."

I asked the eagle why his wing
To ceaseless flight was given,
As if he spurned each earthly thing,
And knew no home but heaven?
He answered, as he fixed his gaze,
Undazzled at the sight,
Upon the sun's meridian blaze,
"I rise to seek the light."

I asked my soul, What means this thirst
For something yet beyond—
What means this eagerness to burst
From every earthly bond?

It answers, and I feel it glow
With fires more warm, more bright,
"All is too dull, too dark below,
I rise to seek the Light."

WHY TARRIEST THOU, EXPECTED DAY?

From a Latin hymn of COFFIN.

O GOD, who far from mortal sight
Dwellest in unapproached light;
Before whom saints with trembling, bow,
And angels stand with veiled brow,

Behold us now—we sink in gloom,
And darkness as a shadowy tomb
Surrounds us—may the eternal day
Arising, chase these clouds away!

The eternal day! Thou dost design
For us such day of light divine,
Such glory, as our burning sun
Would shrink and pale to look upon.

Why tarriest thou, expected day?
Our fainting spirits mourn thy stay:
We fain would leave this heavy load
Of clay, and upward spring to God.

O bliss! to burst from every thrall,
And soar to Thee, our God, our all;
To see Thy glory, face to face,
Unceasingly to love and praise!

Thou grace-imparting Trinity,
Fit us for such bright destiny;
And grant that life's receding ray
May usher in eternal day!

MORARIS HEU! NIMIS DIU.

[It may interest classical readers to see the beautiful original of the above hymn, which is also given.]

O LUCE, qui mortalibus
Lates inaccessa, Deus;
Præsente quo sancti tremunt
Nubuntque vultus Angeli:

Hic, ceu profunda conditi
Demergimur caligine,
Æternus at noctem suo
Fulgore depellet dies.

Hunc nempe nobis præparas,
Nobis reservas hunc diem,
Quem vix adumbrat splendida
Flammantis astri claritas.

Moraris heu! nimis diu,
Moraris, optatus dies:
Ut te fruamur noxii
Linquenda moles corporis.

His cum soluta vinculis
Mens evolarit, O Deus;
Videre te, laudare te,
Amare te non desinet.

Ad omne nos apta bonum,
Fœcunda donis Trinitas;
Fac lucis usuræ brevi
Æterna succedat dies.

I'M WEARY, WEARY, LET ME GO.

RAY PALMER.

"I'm weary—I'm weary—let me go home." [The dying words of the great Neander.]

I'M weary—weary—let me go!
For now the pulse of life declineth,
My spirit chides its lingering flow,
For her immortal life she pineth.

I feel the chill night-shadows fall;—
The sleep steals on, that knows no waking;
Yet well I hear blest voices call,
And bright above the day is breaking!

Not now the purple and the gold
Of trailing clouds at sunset glowing,
These dim and fading eyes behold;
But splendors from the Godhead flowing!

'Tis not the crimson orient beam,
O'er mountain-tops, in beauty glancing;
Light from the Throne! a flooding stream!
'Tis the eternal Sun advancing.

As oft, when waked the summer morn,
Sweet breath of flowers the breezes bore me,
In this serener, fairer dawn,
Perfumes from Paradise float o'er me.

As when, by sultry heats oppressed,
I've sought still shades, cool waters keeping,
So long I for that holier rest,
Where Heaven's own living streams are sweeping.

The joy of life hath been to stand
With spirits noble, true, confiding.
Oh, joy unthought, to reach the band
Of spotless souls, with God abiding!

Ye loved of earth! this fond farewell
That now divides us, cannot sever;
Swift-flying years their round shall tell,
And our glad souls be one forever!

On the far-off celestial hills
I see the tranquil sunshine lying —
And God Himself my spirit fills
With perfect peace—and this is dying!

Methinks I hear the rustling wings
Of unseen messengers descending;
And notes, from softly trembling strings,
With myriad voices softly blending.

O Thou, my Lord adored! this soul
Oft, oft its warm desires hath told Thee!
Now, wearily the moments roll,
Until these longing eyes behold Thee!

Ah, stay my spirit here no more,
That for her home so fondly yearneth;—
There, joy's bright cup is running o'er—
There, love's pure flame forever burneth!

THE BEAUTY OF MY NATIVE LAND.

From the Latin of Casimer, by ISAAC WATTS.

THE beauty of my native land
Immortal love inspires;
I burn, I burn with strong desires,
And sigh, and wait the high command.
There glides the moon her shining way,
And soothes my heart with silvery ray;
Upward, that heart aspires.
A thousand lamps of golden light,
Hung high in vaulted azure, charm my sight,
And wink and beckon with their loving fires.
O ye fair glories of my heavenly home,
Bright sentinels, who guard my Father's court,
Where all the happy minds resort,
When will my Father's chariot come?
Must ye forever walk the ethereal round,
Forever see the mourner lie
An exile from the sky,
A prisoner of the ground?

Descend, some shining servants from on high,
 Build me a hasty tomb ;—
A grassy turf will raise my head,
The neighboring lilies dress my bed,
 And shed a cheap perfume.
Here I put off the chains of death
 My soul too long has worn ;
Friends, I forbid one groaning breath
 Or tear to wet my urn ;
Angels, behold me all undressed ;
Here gently lay this flesh to rest ;
Then mount, and lead the path unknown,
Swift I pursue ye, flaming guides,
 On pinions of my own !

FADE, FADE, EACH EARTHLY JOY.

Mrs. Horatio Bonar.

FADE, fade, each earthly joy,
 Jesus is mine !
Break, every tender tie,
 Jesus is mine !
Dark is the wilderness ;
Earth has no resting-place ;
Jesus alone can bless ;
 Jesus is mine !

Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine!

Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void:
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine!

Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;
Welcome, my Saviour's breast:
Jesus is mine!

FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN.

Written by NICOLL on his death-bed.

THE dew is on the summer's greenest grass,
Through which the modest daisy blushing peeps
The gentle wind that like a ghost doth pass,
A waving shadow on the corn-field keeps;
But I who love them all shall never be
Again among the woods, or on the woodland lea!

The sun shines sweetly—sweeter may it shine!—
Blessed is the brightness of a summer day!
It cheers lone hearts; and why should I repine,
Although among green fields I cannot stray?
Woods! I have grown, since last I heard you wave,
Familiar with death, and neighbor of the grave.

These words have shaken mighty human souls—
Like a sepulcher's echo drear they sound—
E'en as the owl's wild whoop at midnight rolls
The ivied remnants of old ruins round.
Yet wherefore tremble? Can the soul decay?
Or that which thinks and feels in aught e'er fade away?

Are there not aspirations in each heart
After a better, brighter world than this?
Longings for beings nobler in each part—
Things more exalted—steeped in deeper bliss?
Who gave us these? What are they? Soul, in thee
The bud is budding now for immortality.

Death comes to bear me where I long to be;
One pang, and bright blooms the immortal flower;
Death comes to lead me from mortality,
To lands which know not one unhappy hour;
I have a hope, a faith—from sorrow here
I'm led by death away—why should I start and fear?

If I have loved the forest and the field,
Can I not love them deeper, better there?
If all that Power hath made to me doth yield
Something of good and beauty—something fair—
Freed from the grossness of mortality,
May I not love them all, and better all enjoy?

A change from woe to joy—from earth to heaven,
Death gives me this—it leads me calmly where
The souls that long ago from mine were riven
May meet again! Death answers many a prayer.
Bright day, shine on! be glad: days brighter far
Are stretched before mine eyes than those of mortals are!

PERMIT MINE EYES TO SEE.

ROBERT HERRICK.

PERMIT mine eyes to see
Part or the whole of thee
O happy place!
Where all have grace
And garlands shar'd
For their reward;

Where each chaste soul
In long white stole
And palms in hand
Do ravisht stand:
So in a ring
The praises sing
Of Three in One
That fills the throne:
While harps and viols then
To voices say, Amen.

O HEAVEN, SWEET HEAVEN!

EDWIN H. NEVIN.

O HEAVEN! Sweet Heaven! the home of the blest,
Where hearts once in trouble are ever at rest;
Where eyes that could see not rejoice in the light,
And beggars made princes are walking in white.

O Heaven! Sweet Heaven! the mansion of love,
Where Christ in His beauty shines forth from above,
The Lamb with His sceptre, to charm and control,
And love is the sea that encircles the whole.

O Heaven! Sweet Heaven! where purity reigns,
Nor error disturbs, nor sin ever stains;
Where holiness robes in its garments so fair
The great multitude that is worshipping there.

O Heaven! Sweet Heaven! where music ne'er dies,
But rich pealing anthems of glory arise;
Where saints with one feeling of rapture are stirred,
And loud hallelujahs forever are heard.

O Heaven! Sweet Heaven! where friends never part,
But cords of true friendship bind firmly the heart;
Where farewell shall nevermore fall on the ear,
Nor eyes that have sorrowed be dimmed with a tear.

O WERE I THERE!

MR. FRELINGHAUSEN.—(1704.)

AH, never then
Her light again
Jerusalem shall miss;
For the Lamb shall be her light,
Filling her with bliss.

Oh were I there!
Where all the air
With lovely sounds are ringing;
Where the saints, Thee, Holy Lord,
Evermore are singing.

Lord Jesus, Thou
My rest art now.
O help me that I come
Radiant with Thy light to shine
In Thy glorious home.

DEATH AN ENTRANCE TO HEAVEN.

Ascribed to Francis Taylor.

O LONG to be installed in the throne
Of endless glory; let thy spirit groan
After a full and plenary possession
Of blessedness transcending all expression.
Be like the bird of Paradise, which (they say)
Being entangled in the snare, straightway
Begins to strive, and never giveth o'er
Till she enjoy her freedom as before.
Sing Simeon's swan-like song at his decease—
"Lord, let Thy servant now depart in peace."
Welcome the messenger of death, which brings
Most joyful tidings from the King of kings;
Which tells the saints of an approaching crown
Of matchless glory, honor, and renown.
Death is the chariot, which without delay,
Saints to their Father's house bears swift away.
Death is, to humble penitents, no less
Than a short entrance into happiness.
Death is the saints' ascension, day of bliss,
Their marriage-day with Jesus Christ it is.
Death is the charter of their liberty,
The period of their pain and misery:
Death gives them an immunity from sin,
And frees them from the fears they once were in.

Death is the bane of woe, the grave of vice,
The portal opening into Paradise;
Where grace, that in the bud was here below,
Into the flower of glory straight shall blow:
Where saints' immortal souls, made more divine,
Shall with the diamonds of perfection shine;
Where they, to their unspeakable delight,
Of God Himself shall have a perfect sight;
Where, in their wills, there shall a likeness be
To God, in holiness and purity;
Where, having shot the gulf of death, they shall
Wear on their heads a crown imperial;
Where the rich caskets of their souls shall be
O'erlaid with glory's best embroidery;
Where no contaminating tincture e'er
Shall their unspotted purity besmear;
Where God Himself unto the saints shall be
A spring of life to perpetuity;
Where they shall in the fragrant bosom lie
Of their Belovéd to eternity;
Where the enamel of their glory shall
Never wear off, nor soiléd be at all;
Where they a glorious kingdom shall receive,
Of which no power on earth can them bereave;
Where they their safety shall behold from all
Insulting foes, and their eternal thrall;
Where they shall be partakers of that joy
Which will them satisfy, but never cloy;
Where Baca unto Beracha shall be
Converted, mourning into melody—
Where brinish tears shall never dim their eyes,
Nor shall their ears be frighted more with cries;

Where sorrows ne'er shall damp their hearts again,
Nor shall their senses be disturb'd with pain;
Where length of years, without the least decay
Of strength, they shall enjoy; yea, where for aye
They shall be blesséd with the love of many,
And need not fear the jealousy of any;
Where for their labor a "quietus est"
Each saint shall have, and ever be at rest;
Where life and immortality they shall
Have, for their death in Christ, and Christ for all.

MY SPIRIT LONGS FOR HEAVEN.

Mrs. Emily C. Judson.

YES, let me die! am I of spirit-birth,
And shall I linger here where spirits fell,
Loving the stain they cast on all the earth!
O, make me pure, with pure ones e'er to dwell!

'Tis sweet to die! the flowers of earthly love,
(Frail, frail spring blossoms,) early droop and die;
But all their fragrance is exhaled above,
Upon our spirits evermore to lie.

Life is a dream, a bright, but fleeting dream,
I can but love; but then my soul awakes,
And from the mist of earthliness a gleam
Of heavenly light, of truth immortal, breaks.

I shrink not from the shadows sorrow flings
 Across my pathway; nor from cares that rise
In every footprint; for each shadow brings
 Sunshine and rainbow as it glooms and flies.

But heaven is dearer. There I have my treasure;
 There angels fold in love their snowy wings;
There sainted lips chant in celestial measure,
 And spirit-fingers stray o'er heaven-wrought strings.

There loving eyes are on the portals straying;
 There arms extend a wanderer to fold;
There waits a dearer, holier One, arraying
 His own in spotless robes and crowns of gold.

Then let me die. My spirit longs for heaven,
 In that pure bosom evermore to rest;
But, if to labor longer here be given,
 "Father, thy will be done!" and I am blest.

WHO DOTH NOT CRAVE THY REST?

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better."

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
 Who doth not crave thy rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
 Where they that loved are blest?

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

Lord Jesu, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight. Amen.

MY SOUL, DON'T DELAY, HE CALLS THEE AWAY.

JOHN GAMBOLDE.

O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

The souls that believe, in Paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive:
My soul, don't delay—He calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

No mortal doth know what He can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort: go after Him, go;
Lo, onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within:
And when I'm to die, Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind:
So this is the race I am running, through grace,
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face.

And now I'm in care my neighbors may share
These blessings: to seek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

SWEET GLORIES RUSH UPON MY SIGHT.

Hymns of the Church Militant.

SWEET glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wondering eyes;
The regions of immortal light;
The beauties of the skies.

All hail! ye fair celestial shores!
Ye lands of endless day!
Swift on my view your prospect pours,
And drives my griefs away.

There's a delightful clearness now,
My clouds of doubt are gone,
Fled is my former darkness too,
My fears are all withdrawn.

Short is the passage—short the space
Between my home and me;
There! there behold the radiant place!
How near the mansions be!

Immortal wonders! boundless things!
In those dear worlds appear:
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.

O FOR THE PEARLY GATES OF HEAVEN.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!

Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint?
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!

Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.

Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord!
Oh, by Thy life laid down!
Oh, that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away Thy crown!

WHEN SHALL I BE, MY GOD, WITH THEE?

SAMUEL CROSSMAN.

SWEET place, sweet place alone,
The court of God Most High,
The heaven of heavens, the throne
Of spotless majesty!
The stranger homeward bends,
And sigheth for his rest:
Heaven is my home; my friends
Lodge there in Abram's breast.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

Earth's but a sorry tent
Pitched for a few frail days,
A short-leased tenement;
Heaven's still my song, my praise.
No tears from any eyes
Drop in that holy choir;
But death itself there dies,
And sighs themselves expire.

O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

There should temptations cease;
My frailties there should end;
There should I rest in peace,
In the arms of my best Friend.
Jerusalem on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

Thy walls, sweet city, thine,
With pearls are garnishéd;
Thy gates with praises shine,
Thy streets with gold are spread;
No sun by day shines there,
Nor moon by silent night:
Oh no! these needless are;
The Lamb's the city's light.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give;
The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
All clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned.
Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay!
No place like this on high!
Thither, Lord, guide my way!
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

LEAD US TO THY HOME.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

STAR of morn and even,
Sun of Heaven's heaven,
Saviour high and dear,
Toward us turn Thine ear;
Through whate'er may come,
Thou canst lead us home.

Though the gloom be grievous,
Those we leant on leave us;
Though the coward heart
Quit its proper part,
Though the tempter come,
Thou wilt lead us home.

Saviour pure and holy,
Lover of the lowly,
Sign us with Thy sign,
Take our hands in Thine;
Take our hands and come
Lead Thy children home!

Star of morn and even
Shine on us from Heaven;
From Thy glory-throne
Hear Thy very own!
Lord and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home!

I LOVE TO THINK OF HEAVEN.

SWAINE.

I LOVE to think of heaven, where I shall meet
My fellow travellers, and where no more
With grief or sin my mind will be disturbed;
Where holy saints and holy angels dwell
In constant harmony and mutual love.
But when my heart anticipates the sight
Of *God Incarnate*, wearing on His side
And hands and feet, those marks of love divine
Which He on Calvary for me endured,
All heaven is swallowed up in this;
And He who is my hope of heaven below
Appears the glory of my heaven above.

HASTE, MY BELOVED, RAISE MY SOUL.

ISAAC WATTS.

FROM Thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

There, where my blesséd Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

My Saviour! every smile of Thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all Thy graces spring.
Haste, my Beloved! raise my soul
Up to Thy blest abode;
Fly! for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God!

LET ME BE WITH THEE WHERE THOU ART.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and forever blest.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

I SEND THE JOYS OF EARTH AWAY.

ISAAC WATTS.

I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind!

Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had ev'n conveyed me there.

Lord! I adore Thy matchless grace,
Which warned me of that dark abyss,
Which drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
Oh for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies!

There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul!

RISE, MY SOUL, AND STRETCH THY WINGS.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

Fly me, riches, fly me, cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more!

Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

MY SAVIOUR BECKONS FROM ON HIGH.

From the London Record.

["Hush Heaven!" were the last words of the late Bishop of Durham.]

HUSH! Heaven! he whispered soft and clear,
As notes angelic caught his ear;
Then quitting earth and mortal clay,
His spirit soared to heavenly day.

Hush! stay your sorrows, loved ones, stay!
I would not linger by the way—
Now Death for me has lost its sting!
I hear the welcome of my King!

Hush! from the everlasting hills
The glorious trumpet's echo thrills,—
The mighty Conqueror leads the band,
And I must ready waiting stand.

Hush! 'tis the song of lasting peace,
All struggles now forever cease,
Each bitter pang, each weary sigh—
My Saviour beckons from on high!

Hush! sin can ne'er disturb me more,
I'm treading close on Canaan's shore!
Oh, earth! be still! for I would fain
List to this new and wondrous strain!

Hush! 'tis a charméd spirit swell
Of sweetest chords. No tongue can tell
To earth the grandeur of its flow!
'Tis Heaven! Then life has closed below!

He fled! to join the brilliant throng,
To add fresh triumph to "the song"—
And, ere the link to earth was riven,
Death was dissolved in tasting Heaven!

COME LET US JOIN OUR FRIENDS ABOVE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise;

Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,--
The narrow stream of death;
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die;
His militant, embodied host,
With wistful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast
And reach the heavenly land.

Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
And full felicity;
Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
Like theirs, with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound;
Oh that we now might grasp our Guide!
Oh that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

MEET AGAIN! YES, WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

From the German of M. A. Zille.

MEET again! yes, we shall meet again,
Though now we part in pain;
His people all
Together Christ shall call—
Hallelujah!

Soon the days of absence shall be o'er,
And thou shalt weep no more;
Our meeting-day
Shall wipe all tears away—
Hallelujah!

Now I go with gladness to our home,
With gladness thou shalt come;
There I will wait
To meet thee at heaven's gate—
Hallelujah?

Dearest, what delight again to share
Our sweet communion there—
To walk among
The holy ransomed throng—
Hallelujah!

Here, in many a grief, our hearts were one,
But there in joys alone;
Joy fading never,
Increasing, deepening ever—
Hallelujah!

Not to mortal sight can it be given
To know the bliss of heaven;
But thou shalt be
Soon there, and sing with me,
Hallelujah!

Meet again! yes, we shall meet again,
Though now we part in pain;
Together all
His people Christ shall call—
Hallelujah!

JOYS OF THE EARTH, YE FADE AWAY.

From the Christian Examiner.

THE earth, all light and loveliness in summer's golden hours,
Smiles in her bridal vesture clad, and crowned with festal flowers

So radiantly beautiful, so like to heaven above,
We scarce can deem more fair that world of perfect bliss and love.

Is this a shadow faint and dim of that which is to come?
What shall the unveiled glories be of our celestial home,
Where waves the glorious tree of life, where streams of bliss gush free,
And all is glowing in the light of immortality!

To see again the home of youth, when weary years have passed,
Serenely bright as when we turned and looked upon it last,
To hear the voice of love, to meet the rapturous embrace,
To gaze through tears of gladness on each dear familiar face,—

Oh! this indeed is joy, though here we meet again to part;
But what transporting bliss awaits the pure and faithful heart,
Where it shall find the loved and lost, those who have gone before,
Where every tear is wiped away, where partings are no more!

When, on devotion's seraph wings, the spirit soars above,
And feels thy presence, Father, Friend, God of eternal love—

Joys of the earth, ye fade away before that living ray
Which gives to the rapt soul a glimpse of pure and perfect day,—

A gleam of heaven's own light, though now its brightness scarce appears
Through the dim shadows which are spread around this vale of tears;
But thine unclouded smile, O God, fills all that glorious place,
Where we shall know as we are known, and see thee face to face!

WORTHIES THERE OF SACRED STORY.

From the German of J. G. Albinus, by H. Mills.

ALL must die! there's no redemption;
Flesh! 'tis all alike but grass!
None that live can plead exemption;
Saints through death to glory pass.
This vile body here must perish
Ere, immortal, it can cherish
Holy joys, the free reward
For the ransomed of the Lord.

Life on earth can I then covet
Longer than my God shall please?
When above he would remove it,
I will greet the soul's release.

For, through what my Saviour suffered,
Freedom from the curse is offered;
He has promised, and to faith
Gives the victory over death.

Death—for me the Saviour bore it;
Dying, won for me the prize:
Life—he will in bliss restore it;
Shall I not then joyful rise
From this world of sin and anguish
To that world for which I languish,
There the Three in One to praise,
With His saints, through endless days?

Happy spirits, ever living,
Thousand thousands all as one,
Robed in light, their worship giving,
There rejoice before the throne.
There the seraphim are shining,
Evermore in chorus joining—
"Holy! holy! holy Lord!
Be thy holy name adored!"

Worthies, there, of sacred story,
Prophets, patriarchs, are met;
There, apostles, too, in glory
Fill their thrones by Jesus set;
All the saints that have ascended,
Age on age through time extended,
There in blissful concert sing
Hallelujahs to their King.

O Jerusalem, thou fairest!
In thy King how greatly blest!
Praising thou his splendor sharest
Through thy streets of holy rest:
Joy and peace, in thee united,
By no fear of change are blighted,
Balmy fragrance cheers the day,
Which no night shall drive away.

Yes, methinks I now behold it,
That fair city of delight;
Now the robe—around me fold it,
Robe of dazzling, purest white;
There, a crown of victory wearing,
There, before the throne appearing,
Mingle with the heirs of bliss,
Where hosannas never cease.

WORLD, FAREWELL! OF THEE I'M TIRED.

From the German of J. G. Albinus, by Miss C. Winkworth.

WORLD, farewell! of thee I'm tired,
Now toward heaven my way I take;
There is peace the long-desired,
Lofty calm that nought can break.
World, with thee is war and strife,
Thou with cheating hopes art rife;
But in heaven is no alloy,
Only peace, and love, and joy.

When I reach that home of gladness,
I shall feel no more this load,
Feel no sickness, want, or sadness,
Resting in the arms of God.
In the world woes follow fast,
And a bitter death comes last,
But in heaven shall nought destroy
Endless peace, and love, and joy.

What are earthly joys? a weary
Chase of mist, or wind-borne foam.
On this desert black and dreary
Sins and vices have their home;
Thine, O world, are war and strife,
Mocking pleasures, dying life;
But in heaven is no annoy,
Only peace, and love, and joy.

Oh, the music and the singing
Of the host redeemed by love!
Oh, the hallelujahs ringing
Through the halls of light above!
Thine, O world, the scornful sneer,
Misery thy reward, and fear;
But in heaven is no annoy,
Only peace, and love, and joy.

Here is nought but care and mourning;
Comes a joy, it will not stay;
Fairly shines the sun at dawning,
Night will soon o'ercloud the day;

World, with thee we weep and pine;
Gnawing care and grief are thine;
But in heaven is no alloy,
Only peace, and love, and joy.

Onward, then; not long I wander,
Ere my Saviour comes for me,
And with Him abiding yonder,
All His glory I shall see;
For there's nought but sorrow here,
Toil, and pain, and many a fear;
But in heaven is no alloy,
Only peace, and love, and joy.

Well for him whom death has landed
Safely on yon blessed shore,
Where, in joyful worship banded,
Sing the faithful evermore;
For the world hath strife and war;
All her works and hopes they mar;
But in heaven is no annoy,
Only peace, and love, and joy.

Time, thou speedest on but slowly;
Hours, how tardy is your pace,
Ere with Him, the High and Holy,
I hold converse, face to face;
World, with partings thou art rife,
Filled with tears, and storms, and strife;
But in heaven can nought destroy
Endless peace, and love, and joy.

Therefore will I now prepare me,
That my work may stand His doom,
And, when all is sinking round me,
I may hear, not Go, but Come!
World, the voice of grief is here,
Outward seeming, care, and fear;
But in heaven is no alloy,
Only peace, and love, and joy.

YE ANGELS WHO STAND ROUND THE THRONE.

DE FLEURY.

YE angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make Him known;
Tune, tune your soft harps to His praise;
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by His power ye stood.

Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at His feet,
His grace and His glory display,
And all His rich mercy repeat;
He snatched you from hell and the grave;
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you He was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

Oh, when will the moment appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong;
I'm fettered and chained up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to His name;
I want, oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you!

WHILE ON THE VERGE OF LIFE I STAND.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scenes on either hand,
My spirit struggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

Where Jesus dwells my soul would be;
It faints my much-loved Lord to see;
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys and of your own.

That blessed interview how sweet,
To fall transported at His feet;
Raised in His arms, to view His face,
Through the full beamings of His grace;

To see heaven's shining courtiers round,
Each with immortal glories crowned,
And, while His form in each I trace,
Beloved and loving all to embrace;

As with a seraph's voice to sing;
To fly as on a cherub's wing;
Performing, with unwearied hands,
A present Saviour's high commands!

Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait Thy signal for my flight;
For, while Thy service I pursue,
I find my heaven begun below.



I LONG TO BEHOLD HIM ARRAYED.

CHARLES WESLEY.

I LONG to behold Him arrayed
With glory and light from above,
The King in His beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love;
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus has fixed His abode;
Oh, when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

With Him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word,
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord;
But when, on Thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens, in Thee.

How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive!

OH FOR THE WINGS OF FAITH AND LOVE.

MRS. ANNE STEELE.

OH for the wings of faith and love,
To bear my thoughts and hopes above
These little scenes of care!
Above these gloomy mists which rise,
And pain my heart, and cloud my eyes,
To see the dawn of heavenly day, and breathe celestial air.

Yet higher would I stretch my flight,
And reach the sacred courts of light,
Where my Redeemer reigns;
Far-beaming from His radiant throne,
Immortal splendors, joys unknown,
With never-fading lustre, shine o'er all the blissful plains.

Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues
There join in rapture-breathing songs,
And tune the golden lyre
To Jesus, their exalted Lord;
Dear name, how loved, and how adored!
His charms awake the heavenly strain, and every note inspire.

No short-lived pleasure there beguiles,
But perfect bliss forever smiles,

With undeclining ray;
Thither my thoughts would fain ascend,
But, ah! to dust and earth they bend,
Fettered with empty vanities, and chained to lifeless clay.

Dear Lord, and shall I ever be
So far from bliss, so far from Thee,
An exile from the sky?
Oh break these chains, my wishes fire,
And upward bid my heart aspire;
Without Thy aid I cannot rise; oh give me wings to fly!

THY PRESENCE BEAMS ETERNAL DAY.

Mrs. Anne Steele.

SHOULD nature's charms, to please the eye,
In sweet assemblage join,
All nature's charms would droop and die,
Jesus, compared with Thine.

Vain were her fairest beams displayed,
And vain her blooming store;
Even brightness languishes to shade,
And beauty is no more.

But ah, how far from mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells!
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.

Oh could my longing spirit rise
On strong, immortal wing,
And reach Thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King!

Thy presence beams eternal day
O'er all the blissful place;
Who would not drop this load of clay
And die to see Thy face?

TO JESUS THE CROWN OF MY HOPE.

WILLIAM COWPER.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope!
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to His throne!

My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power;

Dissolve Thou these bonds, that detain
My soul from her portion in Thee;
Ah, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free!

When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in Thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline,—

Oh then shall the veil be removed,
And round me Thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet Him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.

And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

Or, if yet remembered above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise;
They will be but new signs of Thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.

Thus the strokes which from sin and from pain
Shall set me eternally free,
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, my Saviour, to Thee.

WHEN YONDER GLORIOUS SKY.

From the Spanish of Ponce de Leon, by J. Bowring.

WHEN yonder glorious sky,
Lighted with million lamps, I contemplate,
And turn my dazzled eye
To this vain mortal state,
All dim and visionary, mean and desolate,—

A mingled joy and grief
Fills all my soul with dark solicitude;
I find a short relief
In tears, whose torrents rude
Roll down my cheeks, or thoughts which thus intrude:

Thou so sublime abode,
Temple of light, and beauty's fairest shrine!
My soul, a spark of God,
Aspiring to thy seats divine,
Why, why is it condemned in this dull cell to pine?

Why should I ask in vain
For truth's pure lamp, and wander here alone,
Seeking, through toil and pain,
Light from the Eternal One,
Following a shadow still that glimmers and is gone?

Dreams and delusions play
With man; he thinks not of his mortal fate;
Death treads his silent way;
The earth turns round; and then, too late,
Man finds no beam is left of all his fancied state.

Rise from your sleep, vain men!
Look round, and ask if spirits born of heaven,
And bound to heaven again,
Were only lent or given
To be in this mean round of shades and follies driven.

Turn your unclouded eye
Up to yon bright, to yon eternal spheres,
And spurn the vanity
Of time's delusive years,
And all its flattering hopes, and all its frowning fears

What is the ground ye tread,
But a mere point, compared with that vast space
Around, above you spread,
Where, in the Almighty's face,
The present, future, past, hold an eternal place?

List to the concert pure
Of yon harmonious, countless worlds of light!
See, in his orbit sure
Each takes his journey bright,
Led by an unseen hand through the vast maze of night.

But who to these can turn,
And weigh them 'gainst a weeping world like this,
Nor feel his spirit burn
To grasp so sweet a bliss,
And mourn that exile hard which here his portion is?

For there, and there alone,
Are peace, and joy, and never-dying love,—
There, on a splendid throne,
'Midst all those fires above,
In glories and delights which never wane nor move.

Oh wondrous blessedness,
Whose shadowy effluence hope o'er time can fling!
Day that shall never cease,—
No night there threatening,
No winter there to chill joy's ever-during spring.

Ye fields of changeless green,
Covered with living streams and fadeless flowers,
Thou paradise serene!
Eternal, joyful hours
My disembodied soul shall welcome in thy bowers.

OH FOR THE ROBES OF WHITENESS!

CHARITIE LEES SMITH.

OH for the robes ef whiteness!
Oh for the tearless eyes!
Oh for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!

Oh for the no more weeping
Within the land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above!

Oh for the bliss of dying,
My risen Lord to meet!
Oh for the rest of lying
Forever at His feet!

Oh for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face,
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place!

Jesus, Thou King of glory,
I soon shall dwell with thee;
I soon shall sing the story
Of Thy great love to me!

Meanwhile my thoughts shall enter
E'en now, before Thy throne
That all my love may centre
On Thee, and Thee alone!

WHAT JOY WHILE THUS I VIEW THE DAY

From the Latin of ZUINGER, by MERRICK.

WHAT joy, while thus I view the day
That warns my thirsting soul away,
What transport fills my breast!
For, lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to His rest.

The festive morn, my God, is come
That calls me to the hallowed dome,
Thy presence to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps Thy courts ascend,
And tread th' ethereal floor.

E'en now to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
E'en now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions, that contain
Th' angelic forms, an awful train,
And shine with cloudless day.

Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the immortal King;—

Great Salem's King, who bids each state
On her decrees dependent wait;
In her, ere time begun,
High on eternal base upreared,
His hands the regal seat prepared
For Jesse's favored Son.

Mother of cities! o'er thy head
See Peace, with healing wings outspread,
Delighted fix her stay;
How blest who calls himself thy friend
Success his labors shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

Thy walls, remote from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild wastes deplore;
There smiling Plenty takes her stand,
And in thy courts with lavish hand
Has poured forth all her store.

Let me, blest seat, my name behold
Among thy citizens enrolled;
In thee forever dwell;
Let Charity my steps attend,
My sole companion and my friend,
And Faith and Hope farewell.

WOULD GOD I WERE IN THEE.

From the German of J. M. Meyfart, by Caroline Winkworth.

JERUSALEM, thou city fair and high,
Would God I were in thee!
My longing heart fain, fain to thee would fly,—
It will not stay with me;
Far over vale and mountain,
Far over field and plain,
It hastes to seek its Fountain,
And quit this world of pain.

Oh happy day, and yet far happier hour,
When wilt thou come at last,
When, fearless, to my Father's love and power,
Whose promise standeth fast,
My soul I gladly render?
For surely will His hand
Lead her, with guidance tender,
To heaven, her fatherland.

A moment's space, and gently, wondrously,
Released from earthly ties,
The fiery chariot bears her up to thee,
Through all these lower skies,
To yonder shining regions;
While down to meet her come
The blessed angel legions,
And bid her welcome home.

Oh hail, thou glorious city! now unfold
The gates of grace to me!
How many a time I longed for thee of old,
Ere yet I was set free
From yon dark life of sadness,
Yon world of shadowy nought,
And God had given the gladness,
The heritage I sought.

Oh what the nation, what the glorious host,
Comes sweeping swiftly down?
The chosen ones on earth who wrought the most,
The church's brightest crown,
Our Lord hath sent to meet me,
As in the far-off years
Their words oft came to greet me
In yonder land of tears.

The patriarchs' and prophets' noble train,
With all Christ's followers true,
Who bore the cross, and could the worst disdain
That tyrants dared to do;
I see them shine forever,
All glorious as the sun,
'Mid light that fadeth never,
Their perfect freedom won.

And when within that lovely Paradise
At last I safely dwell,
From out my blissful soul what songs shall rise,
What joy my lips shall tell,

While holy saints are singing
Hosannas o'er and o'er,
Pure hallelujahs ringing
Around me evermore.

Innumerous choirs before the shining throne
Their joyful anthems raise,
Till heaven's glad halls are echoing with the tone
Of that great hymn of praise;
And all its host rejoices,
And all its blessed throng
Unite their myriad voices
In one eternal song.

BEYOND THE HILLS WHERE SUNS GO DOWN.

HORATIUS BONAR.

BEYOND the hills where suns go down,
And brightly beckon as they go,
I see the land of fair renown,
The land which I so soon shall know.

Above the dissonance of time,
And discord of its angry words,
I hear the everlasting chime,
The music of unjarring chords.

I bid it welcome, and my haste
To join it cannot brook delay;
Oh song of morning, come at last,
And ye who sing it, come away!

Oh song of light, and dawn, and bliss,
Sound over earth, and fill these skies;
Nor ever, ever, ever cease
Thy soul-entrancing melodies;—

Glad song of this disburdened earth,
Which holy voices then shall sing,
Praise for creation's second birth,
And glory to creation's King.

O CHRIST, HOW GOOD AND FAIR.

From the German of Paul Gerhardt.

O CHRIST, how good and fair
Will be my portion where
Thine eyes on me shall rest,
And make me fully blest,
When from this narrow earth
To Thee I shall spring forth!

What joy, unmixed and full,
Thou Treasure of the soul,
When, in that home above,
Thy heart speaks out its love
To all made one with Thee,
My brothers, Lord, and me!

What glorious light will shine
Forth from Thy face divine,
Which in that life untold
Then first I shall behold!
How will Thy goodness free
Fill me with ecstasy!

Lips, whence such words have streamed,
Eyes, whence such pity beamed,
Side, wounded once for me,
All, all I then shall see;
With reverent rapture greet
Thy pierced hands and feet!

Ah, Jesus, my "good part,"
How will my mind and heart
Vibrate with rapture through,
And all my soul grow new,
When Thou, with smiles of love,
Openest those gates above!

"Come," thou wilt say, "blest child,
Taste pleasures undefiled,
And see the gifts, how fair,
My Father's hands prepare;
Pasture thine heart forever
In joy that fadeth never."

O thou poor, passing earth!
What are thy treasures worth
Beside those heavenly crowns,
And more than golden thrones,
Which Christ hath treasured there
For those who please Him here?

This is the angels' land,
Where all the blessed stand;
Here I hear nought but singing,
See all with gladness springing;
Here is no cross, no sorrow,
No parting on the morrow.

When shall that joy begin?
When wilt Thou call me in?
Thou knowest; but my feet
Press onward Thee to meet;
And my heart, day by day,
Bears me to Thee away.

O, I HAVE HEARD HIS VOICE.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

THERE are refreshments sweeter far than sleep,
Though its soft power
Might gladly close the vigils I now keep
From hour to hour,
And hush these vain imaginings to rest,
Which silence in my heart its dearest guest.

Oh, I have heard his voice, his voice of love,
In the still night,
Sweet as the songs from seraph hearts above,
Tranced in delight!
It haunts my memory, lives within my heart,
And makes me long, yea, languish to depart.

Those who have heard it once can ne'er forget
That voice divine;
With it compared, earth's accents are not sweet.
My God, I pine
A dweller in those palaces to be,
Where I shall hear it through eternity.

Then I shall ne'er be harassed by the din
Of earthly thought;
All will be holy and serene within;
My spirit, fraught
With deepest reverence, with intense desire,
Will listen to that voice, and never tire.

MY SOUL IS LIKE SOME FLUTTERED DOVE.

ROBERT C. CHAPMAN.

MY soul, amid this stormy world,
Is like some fluttered dove,
And fain would be as swift of wing,
To flee to Him I love.

The cords that bound my heart to earth
Are broken by His hand;
Before His cross I found myself,
A stranger in the land.

That visage marred, those sorrows deep,
The vinegar and gall,
Were Jesus' golden chains of love,
His captive to enthrall.

My heart is with Him on His throne
And ill can brook delay,
Each moment listening for the voice,
"Rise up, and come away."

With hope deferred, oft sick and faint,
"Why tarries he?" I cry;
And should my Saviour chide my haste,
Sure I could make reply,—

May not an exile, Lord, desire
His own sweet land to see?
May not a captive seek release,
A prisoner to be free?

A child, when far away, may long
For home and kindred dear,
And she that waits her absent Lord
May sigh till he appear.

I would, my Lord and Saviour, know
That which no measure knows;
Would search the mystery of Thy love,
The depth of all Thy woes.

GOOD NIGHT TILL THEN.

From the German.

I JOURNEY forth rejoicing
From this dark vale of tears,
To heavenly joy and freedom,
From earthly bonds and fears,
Where Christ our Lord shall gather
All His redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit;
Good-night till then.

Go to thy quiet resting,
Poor tenement of clay;
From all thy pain and weakness
I gladly haste away;
But still in faith confiding
To find thee yet again,
All glorious and immortal;
Good-night till then.

Why thus so sadly weeping,
Beloved ones of my heart?
The Lord is good and gracious,
Though now He bids us part.
Oft have we met in gladness,
And we shall meet again,
All sorrow left behind us;
Good-night till then.

I go to see His glory
Whom we have loved below;
I go the blessed angels,
The holy saints, to know;
Our lovely ones departed
I go to find again,
And wait for you to join us;
Good-night till then.

I hear the Saviour calling;
The joyful hour has come;
The angel guards are ready
To guide me to our home,
Where Christ our Lord shall gather
All His redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit;
Good-night till then.

LET ME GO, THE DAY IS BREAKING.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LET me go, the day is breaking;
Dear companions, let me go;
We have spent a night of waking
In the wilderness below;
Upward now I bend my way;
Part we here at break of day.

Let me go; I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;
Angels wait my soul to carry
Where my risen Lord appears;
Friends and kindred, weep not so;
If you love me, let me go.

We have travelled long together,
Hand in hand and heart in heart,
Both through calm and stormy weather,
And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part;
Yet we must; farewell to you;
Answer, one and all, Adieu.

'Tis not darkness gathering round me
Which withdraws me from your sight;
Walls of flesh no more can bound me;
But, translated into light,
Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.

Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky;
I am dead; nay, by this token
Know that I have ceased to die.
Would you solve the mystery?
Come up hither,—come and see!

MY SPIRIT PINES FOR HOME.

ANONYMOUS.

THROUGHOUT the changing scenes of earth
I oft in sorrow roam;
And though all things are beautiful,
My spirit pines for home.

'Tis true the merry, happy birds,
Pour forth their notes of glee,
But, oh! my aching bosom longs
For heavenly harmony.

The summer flowers do bud and bloom,
Then quickly fade away;
But in my Father's gardens grow
Flowers that ne'er decay.

Those flowers so fair and beautiful,
Are far too pure for earth;
They only shed their sweet perfume
In their best place of birth.

Where is that blest and hallowed spot,
Where reigns eternal love?
It is beyond the sunny skies,
In Heaven's high court above.

Then wonder not that I throughout
This world all pensive roam,
For my sad spirit longs to be
Within my Father's home.



WAITING FOR HEAVEN.

All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.—Job 14 : 14.

We ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.—Rom. 8 : 23.

But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.—Rom. 8 : 25.

Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.—Titus 2 : 13.



WAITING FOR HEAVEN.

LOOK UP AND HOPE ON.

ANONYMOUS.

"A LITTLE while!" so spake our gracious Lord
To the sad band around that sacred board,
Where His long-burdened heart
Already felt the smart
Of His own Father's sin-avenging sword.

Take thou the message, weeping, weary one!
Are not all things around thee hastening on?
Thy Father's hand ordains
All these, thy griefs and pains;
"A little while," they, too, are passed and gone.

Have all the lights of love quite died away?
Does the last star withdraw its cheering ray?
Till the long night wears past,
Weeping and prayer must last,
But joy approaches with the dawning day.

"A little while"—the fetters hold no more—
The spirit long enthralled is free to soar,
And take its joyous flight,
On radiant wings of light,
To the blest mansions of the heavenly shore.

There ends the longings of the weary breast;
The good sought after here is there possessed.
Ride o'er the stormy sea,
Poor bark! Soon shalt thou be
In the calm haven of eternal rest.

"A little while," look upward and hope on!
Soon shall the troubled dreams of night be gone,
The shadows pass away
Before the abiding day—
The Saviour comes to save and bless His own!

I STAND UPON THE RIVER'S VERGE.

From the New York Observer.

I STAND upon the river's verge,
Its waves break at my feet:
And can the roar of this dark surge
Sound in my ears so sweet?
Higher and higher swells its wave,
Nearer the billows come!
And can a dark and lonely grave
Outweigh a long-loved home?

'Tis not alone the billow's roar
That falls upon my ear;
But music from yon far-off shore
Is wafted sweet and clear;

For angel harps are tuned to cheer
My faltering human faith,
And angel tongues are chanting there
Triumphal hope in death.

The everlasting hills arise,
Bright in immortal bloom;
The radiance of those sunny skies
Illumines e'en the tomb;
And glorious on those hills of light
I see my own abode,
E'en now its turrets are in sight—
The city of our God!

Welcome, the waves that bear me o'er,
Though dark and cold they be!
To gain my home on yonder shore
I'll brave them joyously;
The snowy, blood-washed robe I'll wear,
The palm of victory!
Welcome the waves that waft me there,
Though dark and cold they be!

THE ROAD IS SO LONESOME BETWEEN.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

WHEN the crickets chirp in the evening,
And the stars flash out in the sky,
I sit in my lonely doorway
And watch the children go by.

I look at their fresh young faces,
And hark to each merry word,
For to me, a child's own language
Is the sweetest e'er was heard.

And so, I sit in my doorway
In the hour that I love the best,
And think as I see them passing,
My child will come with the rest:
Think, when I hear the clicking
Of the little garden gate,
My darling's hand is upon it—
O, why has she come so late?

But the days have been slowly weaving
Their warp of toil in my life;
The weeks have rolled on me their burden
Of waiting and patience and strife;
The flowers that came with the summer
Have finished their errand so sweet,
And autumn is drooping her harvests
Mellow and ripe at my feet.

And yet my little girl comes not,
And I think she has missed her way,
And strayed from this cold, dark country
To one of perpetual day.
I think that the angels have found her,
And, loving her better than we,
Have begged the Good Father to keep her
Right on, through eternity.

Perhaps. But I long to enfold her,
To tangle my hand in her hair,
To feast my starved mouth on her kisses,
To hear her light foot on the stair.
I am but a poor, selfish mother,
And mother-hearts starve, though they know
Their children are drinking the nectar
From lilies in heaven that blow.

Some day I am sure I shall find her,—
But the road is so lonesome between,
My spirit grows sick and impatient
For a glimpse of the pastures so green;
Till then I shall sit in the doorway,
In the hour that my heart loves best,
And think, when the children pass homeward,
My child will come with the rest.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

LADY NAIRNE.

I'M wearin' awa', Jean,
Like sna'—wraiths in tha', Jean,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the Land o' the Leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's nither could, nair care, Jean,
The days are a' fair
I' the Land o' the Leal.

O, dry your glistening e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels beckon me
To the Land o' the Leal.
Ye have been gude an' true, Jean,
Your task's near ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the Land o' the Leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
And we grudged her sair
To the Land o' the Leal!
But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
And joys are coming fast, Jean,
The joy that's aye to last,
I' the Land o' the Leal.

Our friends are a' gane, Jean,
We've long been left alane, Jean,
We'll a' meet again
I' the Land o' the Leal.
Then fare thee weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's cares are vain, Jean,
We 'll meet, an' a' ll be plain,
I' the Land o' the Leal!

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

HORATIUS BONAR.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon:
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon:
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come!

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon:
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come!

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon:
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet-home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

WHERE DOST THOU LIE, O LAND OF PEACE.

ANONYMOUS.

WHERE dost thou lie, O Land of Peace?
Across what foaming ocean's swell?
My heart, with sighs that never cease,
Yearns in thy palaces to dwell;
But yet, O fair and distant land,
I cannot see thy shining strand.

Sometimes when morning's iris light
Is flaming in the eastern sky,
I say, Beneath that rose and white
The blessed realm must surely lie!
But morning's brow by noon is fanned,
And thou art still the distant land.

And oft when sunset's burnished gold
Falls warm upon the water's breast,
I say, Beyond that glorious fold
Must gleam the islands of the blest!
But stars steal out, a silent band,
And thou art still the distant land.

And then I dream—a blissful dream
That I have gained thy tranquil bowers,
And lo! life's sorrows only seem
Winds that a moment bent its flowers—
I wake, I clasp no angel hand,
And thou art still the distant land.

I watch, I long, I faint for thee!
Canst thou not open wide the door,
That I may enter in and be
Part of thy peace forevermore?
O send that sleep so sweet, so grand,
And thou shalt be no distant land!

I'M KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

From the Sunday Magazine.

I'M kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore:
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home.

A weary path I've travelled, 'mid darkness, storm and strife;
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life:
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er,
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand,
Singing in the sunshine of the sinless land;
O! would that I were with them, amid their shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song.

The friends that started with me have entered long ago;
One by one they left me struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won;
How lovingly they'll hail me when my toil is done!

With them the blessed angels that know no grief nor sin,
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in.
O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure, Thy time and way are best;
But I am wasted, worn and weary; O, Father, bid me rest!

THE LAND WHERE MY NESTLINGS BE.

JEAN INGELOW.

A SONG of a boat:
There was once a boat on a billow,
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
And bent like wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went courtesying over a billow;
I marked her course, till a dancing mote,
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind, in the dear, loved home:
And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dream upon a pillow.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short;
My boat, you shall find nothing fairer afloat,
In river or port.

Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open, desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me!
Ah, me!

A song of a nest:
There was once a nest in a hollow,
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim;
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long;
You shall never light, in a summer quest
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah, happy, happy, I!
Right dearly I loved them: but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly—
O, one after one they flew away,
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I was going too.

I pray you, what is the nest to me—
My empty nest?
And what is the shore, where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hopes have failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be:
There is the home where my thoughts are sent—
The only home for me—
Ah, me!

AS HOME WE WAFT FROM OUR ALIEN SHORE.

Bishop Coxe.

SO, in our simple creed,
We drop this frail mortality we wear,
And laud to Him who for our sakes did bleed,
And on His cross our bitter griefs did bear—
We know our ransomed nature, certain heir
Of deathless being from its dying seed.
They who nurse hopes, live every day an age,
And strive more fleet to live, by living well:
And so we hasten on our pilgrimage,
Plucking earth's flowers, but fain in heaven to dwell.
Life, in our ear, doth mean eternity;

And Time, our staff, but speeds us on our way,
 While all around, poor voyagers we see,
Who bear it, but to chronicle each day,
 And notch the hurrying hours of destiny
In fearful units, numbering for dismay
 The lavished seeds of immortality.
But, O, our souls take no account of time,
For we are gazing into worlds sublime;
 Our spirits are like song-birds, nursed to light
 In climates far too rude,
That, by a heavenly instinct, stretch their flight
 To skies where such bright plumes were made to brood.
 We know our kindred there,
In genial warmth, their golden plumage wear,
 And sing their native notes forevermore!
 We yearn for purer air,
And dream the music we were made to share,
As home we waft us, from our alien shore.

LORD, THE WAVES ARE BREAKING O'ER ME.

From Hymns of the Church Militant.

LORD, the waves are breaking o'er me and around;
 Oft of coming tempests I hear the moaning sound;
Here, there is no safety, rocks on either hand—
'Tis a foreign roadstead, a strange and dreary land:

Wherefore should I linger? others, gone before
Long since, safe are landed on a calm and friendly shore.
Now, the sailing orders, in mercy, Lord, bestow,
Loose the cable, let me go!

Lord, the night is closing 'round my feeble bark,
How shall I encounter its watches long and dark?
Sorely worn and shattered, by many a billow past,
Can I stand another rude and stormy blast?
Oh, the promised haven I never may attain,
Sinking and forgotten, amid the lonely main,
Enemies around me, gloomy depths below,
Loose the cable, let me go!

Lord, I would be near Thee, with Thee, where Thou art,
Thine own word hath said, "'Tis better to depart."
There to serve Thee better, there to love Thee more,
With Thy ransomed people, to worship and adore.
Ever to Thy presence, Thou dost call Thine own—
Why am I remaining, helpless and alone?
Oh, to see Thy glory, Thy wondrous love to know!
Loose the cable, let me go!

Lord, the lights are glancing from the distant shore,
Where no billows threaten, where no tempests roar.
Long-beloved voices, calling me, I hear!
Oh, how sweet the summons falls upon my ear!
Here, are foes and strangers, faithless hearts and cold,
There, is fond affection, fondly proved of old!
Let me haste to join them; may it not be so?
Loose the cable, let me go!

Hark! the solemn answer! hark the promise sure,
"Blessed are those servants who to the end endure!"
Yet a little longer, hope and tarry on,
Yet a little longer, weak and weary one!
More to perfect patience, to grow in faith and love,
More thy strength and wisdom, and faithfulness to prove;
Then, the sailing orders thy Captain shall bestow,
Loose the cable—let thee go!

DROPPING DOWN THE RIVER.

HORATIUS BONAR.

DROPPING down the troubled river,
To the tranquil, tranquil shore;
Dropping down the misty river,
Time's willow-shaded river,
To the spring-embosomed shore;
Where the sweet light shineth ever,
And the sun goes down no more;
O wondrous, wondrous shore!

Dropping down the winding river,
To the wide and welcome sea;
Dropping down the narrow river,
Man's weary, crooked river,
To the blue and star-lit sea;
Where no tempest wrecketh ever,
Where the sky is fair and free;
O joyous, joyous sea!

Dropping down the noisy river,
To our peaceful, peaceful home;
Dropping down the turbid river,
Earth's bustling, crowded river,
To our gentle, gentle home:
Where the rough sea riseth never,
And the vexings cannot come,
O, loved and longed-for home!

Dropping down the eddying river,
With a Helmsman true and tried;
Dropping down the dangerous river,
Mortality's dark, threatening river,
With a sure and heavenly Guide;
Even Him, who to deliver
My soul from death hath died;
Oh Helmsman, true and tried!

Dropping down the rapid river,
To the dear and deathless Land;
Dropping down the well-known river,
Life's angry, swollen river,
To the Resurrection-land;
Where the living live forever,
And the dead have joined the band,
In that fair and blessed land!

MY FEET ARE WORN AND WEARY.

S. ROBERTS.

"The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed in us."

MY feet are worn and weary with the march
Over rough roads and up the steep hill-side;
Oh, city of our God, I fain would see
Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

My hands are weary, laboring, toiling on,
Day after day, for perishable meat;
Oh, city of our God, I fain would rest;
I sigh to gain thy glorious mercy-seat.

My garments, travel-worn and stained with dust,
Oft rent by briars and thorns that crowd my way,
Would fain be made, Oh Lord, my righteousness,
Spotless and white in heaven's unclouded ray.

My eyes are weary looking at the sin,
Impiety, and scorn upon the earth;
Oh, city of our God, within thy walls,
All, all are clothed upon with the new birth.

My heart is weary of its own deep sin—
Sinning, repenting, sinning still alway;
When shall my soul Thy glorious presence feel,
And find its guilt, dear Saviour, washed away?

Patience, poor soul; the Saviour's feet were worn;
The Saviour's heart and hands were weary too;
His garments stained and travel-worn and old,
His sacred eyes blinded with tears for you.

Love thou the path of sorrow that He trod;
Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest;
Oh, city of our God, we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls, home of the loved and blest.

MY AIN COUNTREE.

Miss M. A. Lee.

I'M far frae my hame, an' I'm weary oftenwhiles
For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles;
I'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do see
The gowden gates o' heaven, an' my ain countree.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh and gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me
When I hear the angels singing in my ain countree.

I've His gude word o' promise, that some gladsome day the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hearts running owre we shall see
The King in His beauty, an' our ain countree.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me nor be remembered mair;
His bluid hath made me white, His hand shall dry mine ee,
When He brings me hame at last to my ain countree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast;
For He gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel' to His ain countree.

He's faithfu' that hath promised; He'll surely come again;
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to watch, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at any moment to my ain countree.

So I'm watching aye, an' singing o' my hame as I wait
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate,
God gie His grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countree.



IN THE DISTANCE LOOMS BEFORE ME.

EDWIN GRIFF.

SITTING lonely, dusky shadows,
Deep'ning as the moments flee,
Stretch their dreamy lengths before me,
Like weird phantoms on the lea.

Sadly, stilly in the silence,
Leaves are dropping like soft rain;
Autumn's gorgeous, crimson leaflets,
Carpeting the earth again.

In the distance, looms before me
Waters, in their glist'ning flow:
Onward still, and on forever,
Like the years that come and go.

On the river's moonlit bosom
Barks with white sails fleck the tide:
Seeming like pure spirits watching
O'er the wavelets as they glide.

Twilight passes, and resplendent
Stars now gem the azure pure;
Smiling now in sky and water,
Answering stars shine bright and clear.

Up the river streams the glory
From earth's answering hosts to-night;
On the waters far off flowing—
In the land of silver light.

Waiting lonely in our Autumn
By life's sobbing, sighing stream,
Till the boatman's oar shall echo
Through the starlit air of e'en,

May we glide safe up the river
Of Eternity alone—
Haloed with the viewless glory
Streaming from the Great White Throne.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

WEARY and worn, at close of day,
Fainting and dying by the way,
A wounded Pilgrim sleeping lay:
While Silence, stealing to his side,
And winding her soft arms around,
Sighed in her dreams and pressed his wound.
And so, he, waking, caught a sound—
A footstep on the other side.

How many weary pilgrims lie,
And watching wait, and waiting sigh
For steps that never wander nigh,
But pass upon the other side:

For steps that trampled heart and brain,
And made their lives a lingering pain,
And passed, and never came again—
Lost footsteps on the other side.

How many walk with bleeding feet,
Seeking the loved and lost to meet,
While the dear visions flit and fleet,
And vanish on the other side!
While life's fresh Love and youth's sweet Trust,
Those Eden-blooms in earthly dust,
Lie bruised and broken, stained and crushed,
'Neath footsteps on the other side.

And so we watch, and watching sigh,
While youth, and faith, and hope go by;
While life, and love, and gladness die
With footsteps on the other side.
And so we wait with ear and eye
For one dear echo floating by—
A grief, a woe, a wandering sigh,
A footstep on the other side.

O heavy hearts, that ache and break!
O heavy eyes, that droop and sleep!
Why must ye ever wake and weep
At footsteps on the other side?
Why must ye ever lie forlorn,
And ache, and wake, and weep so long
Because one footstep has gone wrong,
And passed upon the other side?

WE HAVE NO HOME BUT HEAVEN.

WE have no home but heaven;
A pilgrim's garb we wear;
Our path is marked by changes,
And strewed with many a care;
Surrounded with temptations;
By various ills oppressed;
Each passing day proclaims aloud
That this is not our rest.

We have no home but heaven;—
Then wherefore seek one here?
Why murmur at privation,
Or grieve when foes appear?
It is but for a season
That we as strangers roam,
And travellers must not expect
The comforts of a home.

We have no home but heaven;
We want no home beside;
O God, our Friend and Father,
Our footsteps thither guide;
Unfold to us its glory,
Prepare us to employ
Our soul, our life, our strength, our all,
In that blest world of joy.

We have no home but heaven ;—
How cheering is the thought !
How bright the expectations
Which God's own word has taught ;
With eager hearts we hasten
The promised bliss to share ;
We have no home but heaven ;—
O, when shall we be there ?

NOT NOW, MY CHILD.

Dublin Tract Repository.

NOT now, my child—a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billow's foam,
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
And then the sunshine of thy Father's home !

Not now, for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love ;
Not now, for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

Not now, for I have loved ones sad and weary ;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile ?
Sick ones who need thee in their lonely sorrow ;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while ?

Not now, for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing ;
Not now, for orphan tears are thickly falling ;
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

Not now, for many a hungry one is pining;
Thy willing hand must be outstretched and free;
Thy Father hears the mighty cry of anguish,
And gives His answering messages to thee.

Not now, for dungeon walls look stern and gloomy,
And prisoners' sighs sound strangely on the breeze—
Man's prisoners, but thy Saviour's noble freemen—
Hast thou no ministry of love for these?

Not now, for hell's eternal gulf is yawning,
And souls are perishing in helpless sin;
Jerusalem's bright gates are standing open—
Go to the banished ones and fetch them in!

Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy faltering heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

One little hour! and then the glorious crowning;
The golden harp-strings and the victor's palm;
One little hour! and then the Hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving psalm!

A LITTLE WHILE TO TOIL ALONG.

From the Banner of the Covenant.

A LITTLE while to toil along
This weary winding way,
And we shall join the ransomed throng,
And we shall sing love's choral song,
In yonder land of day.

A little while, for doubt and gloom,
And feeble trust in God,
And faith shall spread her eagle plume,
The soul her palm and crown assume,
Forever with the Lord.

A little while to pour our love,
On fading forms of clay,
To weep with tears of bitter grief,
With anguish that hath no relief,
And death shall pass away.

A little while to scatter smiles,
Like sunshine on our way,
With willing heart and kindly hand,
To help each trembling outcast band,
To hope, to watch and pray.

A little while to do the work
Our Master's hand hath given,
Fast fleet away the hours of grace,
Night falls upon our dwelling place,
Short space to work for heaven.

A little while to face the storm,
And breast the angry billow,
And Christ shall whisper, "Peace, be still,"
And ransomed by our Lord's sweet will,
His breast shall be our pillow.

A little while! Take heed, my soul,
These words of love and warning:
That ere thou reach the appointed goal,
Thou go to Christ, and be made whole,
And enter heaven's bright morning.

WHY SHOULD I LINGER HERE.

J. Birch.

HAIL! happy day,
When I shall soar away,
And leave all earthly care behind,
Too grov'lling for the mind;
When with untiring gaze,
My eye shall rest in sweet delight,
On that high throne divinely bright,
Where uncreated glories blaze!

While standing on this mortal shore,
That vision casts a shadow o'er
Those golden joys, and friendships dear,
My heart preferr'd before;
Why, Saviour, should I linger here,
My absence to deplore,
From that celestial blissful place,
Where the rich beauties of thy face
Shall be concealed no more!

ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

ANONYMOUS.

"Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home."

O'ER the hills the sun is setting,
And the eve is drawing on;
Slowly drops the gentle twilight,
For another day is gone;
Gone for aye—its race is over,
Soon the darker shades will come;
Still, 'tis sweet to know at even,
We are one day nearer home.

"One day nearer," sings the mariner,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant native shore.

Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his light boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture—
"I am one day nearer home."

Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim
Hails the setting of the sun;
For the goal is one day nearer,
And his journey nearly done.
Thus we feel when o'er life's desert,
Heart and sandal-sore we roam;
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are one day nearer home.

Nearer home! Yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high—
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky:
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.

THE PRELIBATION OF HEAVEN

CHARLES WESLEY.

HOW happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven;
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in Heaven;

A country far from mortal sight,—
Yet O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe,
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O! the bliss to which I tend,
Eternally shall last.

To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh my hope and love,
My heart and soul are there:
There my exalted Saviour stands
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands
To take me to His breast.

What is there here to court my stay,
Or hold me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?
Shall I regret my parted friends
Still in the vale confined?
Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends
They will not stay behind.

The race we all are running now,
And if I first attain,
They too their willing head shall bow,
They too the prize shall gain.
Now on the brink of death we stand,
And if I pass before
They all shall soon escape to land,
And hail me on the shore.

Then let me suddenly remove,
That hidden life to share;
I shall not lose my friends above
But more enjoy them there.
There we in Jesus' praise shall join,
His boundless love proclaim,
And solemnize in songs divine
The marriage of the Lamb.

Oh what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

Oh! would He more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessel break,
And let our ransom'd spirits go
To grasp the God we seek.

In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at His grace,
Through all eternity!

MY GOD, I WAIT FOR THEE.

NATHAN COLVER.

During his tedious sickness, in a night of unrest, when sleep had fled his pillow, Dr. Colver, of Chicago, sought relief by writing the following song of the night.

MY God, I wait for Thee;
My work on earth seems done;
I long my Father's face to see,
Nor less Thine only Son.

My God, I wait for Thee;
My time of toil is o'er;
There is a rest remains for me
On Canaan's happy shore.

My God, I wait for Thee;
O, when will Jesus come?
A mansion is prepared for me;
Haste, Lord, and take me home.

My God, I wait for Thee,
Nor murmur at my pains;
But long with Christ to soar away,
Where Light eternal reigns.

My God, I wait for Thee,
To end this mortal strife;
Why should Thy chariot long delay
To bring immortal life?

ONLY WAITING.

ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart, once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and grey.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor and desolate;

Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathering darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

I'VE BEEN THINKING OF HOME.

I'VE been thinking of home, of "my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be,"
Of the city whose streets are paved with gold,
Of its jasper walls, so fair to behold,
Which the righteous alone shall see.

I've been thinking of home, where they need not the light
Of the sun, nor moon, nor star;
Where the gates of pearl "are not shut by day,
For no night is there," but the weary may
Find rest from the world afar.

I've been thinking of home, of the river of life
That flows through the city so pure;
Of the tree that stands by the side of the stream,
Whose leaves in mercy with blessings teem,
The sin-wounded soul to cure.

I've been thinking of home, of the loved ones there,
Dear friends who have gone before,
With whom we walked to the death-river side,
And sadly thought, as we watched the tide,
Of the happy days of yore.

I've been thinking of home, and my heart is full
Of love for the Lamb of God,
Who His precious life as a ransom gave
For a simple race, e'en *our* souls to save
From justice's avenging rod.

I've been thinking of home, and I'm homesick now;
My spirit doth long to be
In "the better land," where the ransomed sing
Of the love of Christ, their Redeemer, King,
Of mercy so costly, so free.

I've been thinking of home, yea, "home, sweet home;"
O, there may we all unite
With the white-robed throng, and forever raise
To the triune God sweetest songs of praise,
With glory, and honor, and might!

SITTING ON THE SHORE.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

THE tide has ebb'd away:
No more wild dashings 'gainst the adamant rocks,
Nor swaying amidst sea-weed false that mocks
The hues of garden gay;
No laugh of little wavelets at their play;
No lucid pools reflecting heaven's clear brow:
Both storm and calm alike are ended now.

The rocks sit grey and lone;
The shifting sand is spread so smooth and dry,
That not a tide might ever have swept by,
Stirring it with rude moan;
Only some weedy fragments idly thrown
To rot beneath the sky, tell what has been;
But Desolation's self has grown serene.

After the mountains rise,
And the broad estuary widens out,
All sunshine; wheeling round and round about
Seaward, a white bird flies;
A bird? Nay, seems it rather in these eyes
A spirit, o'er Eternity's dim sea
Calling—"Come thou where all we glad souls be."

O life, O silent shore,
Where we sit patient: O great sea beyond,
To which we turn with solemn hope and fond,
But sorrowful no more;
But little while, and then we too shall soar
Like white-wing'd sea-birds in the Infinite Deep:
Till then, Thou, Father, wilt our spirits keep.

THE GOLDEN GATES APPEAR.

"MY Father's house on high,
Home of my soul,—how near,
At times, to Faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.

"Oh! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above."

A LITTLE LONGER YET.

From the Christian Register.

A LITTLE longer yet, a little longer
Shall violets bloom for thee and sweet birds sing,
And the lime branches, where soft winds are blowing,
Shall murmur the sweet promise of the spring.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Thou shalt behold the quiet of the morn,
While tender grasses, and awakening flowers,
Send up a golden tint to greet the dawn.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
The tenderness of twilight shall be thine,
The rosy clouds that float o'er dying daylight,
Nor fade till trembling stars begin to shine.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Shall starry night be beautiful to thee,
And the cold moon shall look through the blue silence,
Flooding her silver path upon the sea.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Life shall be thine—life with its power to will,
Life with its strength to bear, to love, to conquer,
Bringing its thousand joys thy heart to fill.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
The voices thou hast loved shall charm thine ear,
And thy true heart, that now beats quick to hear them,
A little longer yet, shall hold them dear.

A little longer still, patience, belovéd:
A little longer still, ere Heaven unroll
The glory, and the brightness, and the wonder,
Eternal and divine, that waits thy soul.

A little longer, ere life, true, immortal,
(Not this our shadowy life) will be thine own;
And thou shalt stand where winged archangels worship,
And trembling bow before the Great White Throne.

A little longer still, and Heaven awaits thee,
To fill thy spirit with a great delight;
Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten,
Our sun a darkness, and our day a night.

A little longer, and thy heart, belovéd,
Shall beat forever with a love divine;
And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,
No mortal knows and lives, shall then be thine.

A little longer yet, and angel voices
Shall break in heavenly chant upon thine ear;
Angels and saints await thee, and God needs thee;
Belovéd, can we keep thee longer here?

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

[The following is the original of the entire poem of which a part is familiar.]

I WOULD not live alway,—live alway below!
O, no! I'll not linger, when bidden to go.
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of God,
Apostles, and martyrs, so joyfully trod?
While brethren and friends are all hastening home,
Like a spirit unblest on the earth would I roam?

I would not live alway;—I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where, seeking for peace we but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where hope, when she paints her gay bow on the air,
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway,—thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory is mine ere I'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears:
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway,—no, welcome the tomb;
Immortality's lamp burns there bright 'mid the gloom;
There, too, is the pillow where Christ bowed his head;
O, soft are the slumbers on that holy bed!
And then the glad dawn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight,
When the full matin song, as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live alway? away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the songs of salvation unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in the air:
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold;
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!
O, give me, O, give me the wings of a dove!
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above;
Ay, 't is now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,
And in ecstacy bid earth adieu evermore.

NEAR TO THE PORT.

ANONYMOUS.

AN aged man, by sorrow bowed,
Looked on the sky without a cloud,

And hailed, as from his couch he rose,
Another day of pure repose.

The echoes of the Sabbath bell
Upon his chastened spirit fell.

He trod, with low and reverent air
The consecrated aisles of prayer;

And felt a glory from above,
Descending as a Heavenly Dove.

O, unto him no place so sweet,
As sitting at his Master's feet ;

For foretastes wonderful were given,
Of the Sabbatic rest of Heaven ;

And his heart cried, " Dear Lord, how long
Ere I shall sing the conqueror's song ? "

The wish had but escaped his breast,
When visions of his longed-for rest

Came to him, with o'erpowering might,
And thrilled him with excess of light.

He felt the mortal man give way,
The spirit loosened from its clay ;

And cried again, " Dear Lord, is this
The entrance into perfect bliss ! "

And, as the pearly gates swung wide,
" NEAR TO THE PORT," he breathed, and died.

NEAR TO THE PORT ! O, mariner,
The message does my spirit stir ;

And my heart cries, " Dear Lord, how long
Ere I may sing the heavenly song ?—

Ere the rough voyage of life be past,
And I anchor in the Port at last ? "

AH, THIS HEART IS VOID AND CHILL.

From the German of C. J. P. Spitta, by Gerald Massey.

AH! this heart is void and chill,
'Mid earth's noisy thronging—
For the Father's mansion still
Vehemently is longing!

In the garments once so strong
Now are rents distressing;
And the sandals borne so long
Heavily are pressing.

Ah! to be at home, and gain
All for which we're sighing—
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying!

With this load of sin and care,
Then no longer bending,
But with waiting angels, there,
On our Lord attending!

Ah! how greatly blesséd they
Who have rightly striven,
And rejoice eternally
With the Lord, in Heaven!

KEEP ME NOT HERE A VOICE IS CALLING.

GEORGE BURROWES.

"Let me go for the day breaketh."

KEEP me not here! A voice from heaven is calling,
Arise, my love, my fair one, come away;
Unearthly light around my soul is falling,
The glory—dawn of heaven's eternal day.

Keep me not here! Amid that light descending,
Angels an escort stand in bright array;
A choral welcome harps and voices blending,
They point to heaven—"Arise and come away!"

Keep me not here! Far on yon heavenly mountain
Of frankincense and myrrh, till break of day,
Is He awaiting me by life's pure fountain,—
Give me an angel's wings to soar away.

Keep me not here! The vale of death is glowing,
Its shades and terrors lighted into day;
The saints in light with wreaths triumphal strewing
Its fearful path, are beckoning me away.

Keep me not here! My deepest spirit gushing
With glowing love to Jesus, bursts this clay;
Love's deep-toned calmness, sin's last tremor hushing,
Can rest not here on earth, away! away!

Keep me not here! Around my soul is falling
Heaven's mantling robe of love, heaven's boundless day;
I hear a voice from heaven—'tis Jesus calling,
Arise, my love, my fair one, come away.

THE STRANGE SURPRISE.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

"A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again a little while, and ye shall see me; because I go to the Father."

"A LITTLE while,"
Lone pilgrim hear the word
Of thy dear absent Lord;
He said thou shouldst not see him for a while,
The dark defile
Of life doth briefly hide his tender smile.

"A little while,"
The veil may intervene,
And darkness hang between
The form thou lovest and thy weary eyes;
The mists will rise,
And that will be a sweet and strange surprise.

"A little while,"
And life's dark passing storm,
Shall change to sunlight warm,
And all with these shall be eternal calm,
And angel psalm
Shall on thy spirit pour its healing balm.

"A little while,"
And thou shalt strangely hear,
The accents soft and clear,
Of olden voices ring familiarly,
And O to thee,
How sweet will those glad words of welcome be.

"A little while,"
And softly gliding out
From this dark sea of doubt,
Thy thought will rise and wing its easy flight
Through paths of light,
And thou shalt look upon the Infinite.

"A little while,"
Thy weary pilgrim feet
Upon the golden street
Will stand, and down the shining avenue,
With radiance new,
Thine own eternal mansion thou shalt view.

"A little while,"
Pursue the way of faith,
Though toilsome be the path;
Some day the darksome haze will vanish quite,
And on the sight,
Celestial morn will drop its changeless light.



O, ANGEL OF THE LAND OF PEACE.

Mrs. C. M. Sawyer.

O ANGEL of the land of peace,
When wilt thou ever come for me?
I fain would be where sorrows cease,
I dread no more thy kind release,
I wait for thee.

Sleep shuns mine eyes—mine inner sight
Is turning dimly heavenward,
To that far off land of love and light,
Where angels all the silent night
Earth's children guard.

My yearning soul would fain demand,
O, holy angels, pure and blest,
Where, 'mid yon happy, shining band,
In all the heavenly Fatherland,
My lost ones rest!

Thou, who alone, when man forgets
His heavenly innocence, and fell,
Still pitying, lingered round the spot
To soothe the anguish of his lot—
Thou, Thou canst tell!

For Thou, with sweet and loving smile,
Didst gently lure them to Thy breast,
And bear them for this world of guile,
Thy pale, pure angel lips the while
Upon them prest.

Dark grew my soul—till down the air
Thy seraph-smile upon me fell!
And then I knew, from sin and care,
That Thou my little ones didst bear
With God to dwell!

O, angel of the land of peace!
When wilt Thou ever come for me?
I fain would be where sorrows cease;
I dread no more Thy kind release;
I wait for Thee!

LONGING FOR THE FATHERLAND.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

LONGING evermore for the Fatherland above,
Where the unquiet yearning heart shall have *enough* of love:
Longing for the evergreens on the everlasting hills—
Longing for the happy land where there are no more chills:

Longing for the safety of the blessed home in heaven,
Longing for the rest to the weary pilgrim given,
Longing for the Saviour's voice to welcome me above,
Longing for the Father's smile of kind forgiving love.

HEART-SICK WITH HOPE DEFERRED.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THIS Advent moon shines cold and clear,
These Advent nights are long;
Our lamps have burned year after year,
And still their flame is strong.
Watchman, what of the night? we cry,
Heart-sick with hope deferred:
No speaking signs are in the sky—
Is still the watchman's word.

The porter watches at the gate,
The servants watch within;
The watch is long betimes and late,
The prize is slow to win:
Watchman, what of the night? But still
His answer sounds the same—
No daybreak tops the utmost hill,
Nor pale our lamps of flame.

One to another hear them speak
The patient Virgins wise—
Surely He is not far to seek;
All night we watch and rise;

The days are evil looking back,
 The coming days are dim ;
Yet count we not His promise slack,
 But watch and wait for Him.

One with another, soul with soul,
 They kindle fire from fire:
Friends watch us who have touched the goal ;
 They urge us—" come up higher ;"
With them shall rest our waysore feet,
 With them is built our home,
With Christ—they sweet, but He most sweet,
 Sweeter than honeycomb.

There no more parting, no more pain,
 The distant ones brought near,
The lost so long are found again,
 Long lost but longer dear:
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
 Nor heart conceived that rest,
With them our good things long deferred,
 With JESUS CHRIST our best.

We weep because the night is long,
 We laugh for day shall rise,
We sing a slow contented song
 And knock at Paradise:
Weeping we hold Him fast, Who wept
 For us, we hold Him fast ;
And will not let Him go except
 He bless us first or last.

Weeping we hold Him fast to-night;
We will not let Him go
Till daybreak smite our wearied sight
And summer smite the snow:
Then figs shall bud, and dove with dove
Shall coo the livelong day;
Then He shall say—Arise! My love,
My fair one, come away!

MY SPIRIT WAITING STANDS.

ISAAC WATTS.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

'Tis He, by His almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven,
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has His own Spirit given.

We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon His word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with Thee.

THIS DARK WORLD, AND THAT BRIGHT LAND.

EARTH, with all its sin and sadness,
Pain and sickness, grief and care;
Heaven, with its unspoken gladness,
Light and love, and all that's fair;
How the two contrasted stand—
This dark world, and that bright land.

Here the eye grows dim with weeping,
Here the cheek is wan with woe,
For the loved ones who are sleeping,
For the hopes that are laid low;
In the light of heaven's ray,
Tears of earth are wiped away.

Here our toilsome way pursuing,
Compass'd round with many foes;
Pleasures are not worth the wooing,
Thorns are found with every rose;
There—the sorrowful are blest;
There—the weary are at rest.

Here a lonely watch we're keeping
On the battle-plain of life,
Lest the foe should find us sleeping,
And unfitted for the strife;
There the war and conflict cease,
Heaven's atmosphere is peace.

Here our painful cross we're bearing,
Where our Master leads the way
Here the shame and grief we're sharing,
That for us upon Him lay;
There we lay our burden down,
Change the cross into the crown.

Here the parting word is spoken,
Where our hearts the closest cling,
And upon the spirit broken,
Like a knell its accents ring;
There, before the Saviour's throne,
Parting is a word unknown.

O LAND UNKNOWN, IN THEE ALONE.

SAMUEL WILLOUGHBY DUFFIELD.

A LITTLE song has come to me,
A strain of sadness from over sea;
And I hear its music, and love it well,
Though the heart that framed it I cannot tell.

A little picture comes to me,
A dash of brightness from over sea;
There are clasping hands and a holy face—
But the name of the artist who can trace?

So I, in faith which comes to me,
Believe in a land across the sea,
Where my vaguest fancies may stand supreme,
In a grand perfection beyond my dream.

O land unknown! in thee alone
Shall formless lyrics to shape be grown;
In thee all rhapsody riseth true,
And the thoughts of beauty are ever new.

O land unknown! where all is best;
In thee is my aspiration blest;
For I toil and tarry until I may
With my broken sentences pass away.

WHEN SHALL THE DAWN OF DAY.

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN shall the dawn of day
Welcome me home?
When o'er the pleasant way
My footsteps roam?
When where the angels sing,
Shall I my treasures bring,
Borne on the seraph's wing,
Borne to my home?

When shall the gates of gold
Open for me,
Into the Shepherd's fold,
Happy and free?
Far from a world of care,
Jesus my Saviour near;
Angels of glory there
I long to see.

When shall the dawn of day
Guide me afar—
Where beams, in holy light,
The risen star?
Where Christ shall still be mine,
Where endless glories shine,
Where sorrow, joy divine,
Never can mar.

When shall the dawn of day
Welcome me home?
When o'er the pleasant way
My footsteps roam?
When where the angels sing,
Shall I my treasures bring,
Borne on the seraph's wing,
Borne to my home?



O SWEET HOME-ECHO ON THE PILGRIM'S WAY.

Mrs. Dr. META HEUSSER-SCHWEIZER, [the sweet evangelical singer of Switzerland]. Translated by JANE BORTHWICK.

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."

O SWEET home-echo on the pilgrim's way,
Thrice welcome message from a land of light!
As through a clouded sky the moonbeams stray,
So on eternity's deep shrouded night
Streams a mild radiance, from that cheering word;
"So shall we be forever with the Lord."

At home with Jesus? He who went before,
For His own people mansions to prepare;
The soul's deep longings stilled, its conflicts o'er,
All rest and blessedness with Jesus there.
What home like this can the wide earth afford?
"So shall we be forever with the Lord."

With Him all gathered! to that blessed home,
Through all its windings, still the pathway tends;
While ever and anon bright glimpses come
Of that fair city where the journey ends.
Where all of bliss is centred in one word:
"So shall we be forever with the Lord."

Here, kindred hearts are severed far and wide,
By many a weary mile of land and sea,
Or life's all-varied cares and paths divide;
But yet a joyful gathering shall be,
The broken links repaired, the lost restored,
"So shall we be forever with the Lord."

And is there *ever* perfect union here?
Ah! daily sins, lamented and confessed,
They come between us and the friends most dear,
They mar our blessedness and break our rest.
With life we leave the evils long deplored:
"So shall we be forever with the Lord."

All prone to error, none set wholly free
From the old serpent's soul-ensnaring chain,
The truths one child of God can clearly see,
He seeks to make his brother feel in vain;
But all shall harmonize in heaven's full chord:
"So shall we be forever with the Lord."

O blessed promise! mercifully given,
Well may it hush the wail of earthly woe;
O'er the dark passage to the gates of heaven
The light of love and resurrection throw!
Thanks for the blessed, life-inspiring word:
"So shall we be forever with the Lord."

MY TASK IS O'ER, MY WORK IS DONE.

From Parish Musings.

MY task is o'er, my work is done,
And spent the weary day;
I've fought the fight, the battle's won,
And I must haste away;
Henceforth there is laid up for me
A crown, through all eternity.

A crown by hands eternal wove,
Meet for a child of God—
Gemmed with the jewels of His love,
And purchased by His blood:
Which human hands could ne'er have wrought,
And human merit ne'er have bought.

Farewell the cross 'neath which so long
I've watched and fought below;
And welcome now the harp and song
That wait me where I go;
Yet, oh, that cross must still be dear,
Though borne through many a sorrow here.

And oft throughout eternity,
'Mid all that's bright and blest,
Its victory my joy shall be,
And I will love it best:
For 'twas through Him who died thereon
My fight was fought, my battle won.

DAY OF THE BEAUTIFUL, ARISE, AWAKE!

HORATIUS BONAR.

TO dream a troubled dream, and then awaken
To the soft gladness of a summer sky;
To dream ourselves alone, unloved, forsaken,
And then to wake 'mid smiles, and love, and joy!

To look at evening on the storm's rude motion,
The cloudy tumult of the fretted deep;
And then at day-burst upon that same ocean,
Soothed to the stillness of its stillest sleep!

So runs our course—so tells the church her story,
So to the end shall it be ever told;
Brief shame on earth, but after shame the glory,
That wanes not, dims not, never waxes old.

Lord Jesus, come, and end this troubled dreaming!
Dark shadows vanish, rosy twilight break!
Morn of the true and real, burst forth, calm-beaming!
Day of the beautiful, arise, awake!

THE LEAVES AROUND ME FALLING.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

THE leaves around me falling
Are preaching of decay;
The hollow winds are calling,
"Come, pilgrim, come away!"
The day, in night declining,
Says, I must too decline:
The year its life resigning—
Its lot foreshadows mine.

The light my path surrounding,
The loves to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing—
All melt, like stars of even
Before the morning's ray,
Pass upward into Heaven,
And chide at my delay.

The friends gone there before me
Are calling from on high,
And joyous angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky.
"Why wait," they say, "and wither,
'Mid scenes of death and sin?
O rise to glory hither,
And find true life begin."

I hear the invitation,
 And fain would rise and come,—
A sinner to salvation;
 An exile to his home:
But while I here must linger,
 Thus, thus, let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
 To Heaven, O Lord, and Thee.

STANDING ON THE HEADLANDS.

From Leaves Gathered.

LONG in this wild, wild country,
 Where rue and nightshade grow,
Where waters black and bitter,
 All fairest meads o'erflow.

Where from the heart all broken
 Floats forth a wailing cry;
 And days are dark and dreary,
 And years drift sadly by.

Where skies are grey and stormy;
 And mountains bleak and cold
Look down on wintry ocean,
 On barren heath and wold.

Long, in this sinful country,
 I've wandered poor and lone;
To every illness subject,
 To every weakness prone.

Now, standing on the headlands,
I greet the coming dawn;
Mine eyes drink in the glory
Of the approaching morn.

I see my dear loved Saviour,
Clad in the purest white,—
And sky and earth and headland
Are bathed in golden light.

This earth is fading from me,
No more the wild winds sigh;
No more the days, all dreary,
Go drifting sadly by.

But, watching my Lord's coming,
With loving, trusting faith,
I fold my hands—so weary—
And calmly wait—for death.

O blessed, blessed country!
No pains, nor bitter tears;
No fainting 'neath the burden,
No doubts—no cruel fears.

O bright, unchanging glory!
O radiant array!
O sweet and dream-like music!
O cloudless, endless day!

O WHAT A GLAD ASCENDING.

HORATIUS BONAR.

I LOVE yon pale blue sky; it is the floor
Of that glad home where I shall shortly be;
A home from which I shall go out no more;
From toil and grief and vanity set free.

I gaze upon yon everlasting arch,
Up which the bright stars wander, as they shine;
And as I mark them in their nightly march,
I think how soon that journey shall be mine!

Yon silver drift of silent cloud, far up
In the still heaven—through you my pathway lies;
Yon rugged mountain-peak—how soon your top
Shall I behold beneath me, as I rise!

Not many more of life's slow-pacing hours,
Shaded with sorrow's melancholy hue;—
Oh, what a glad ascending shall be ours,
Oh, what a pathway up yon starry blue!

A journey like Elijah's, swift and bright,
Caught gently upward to an early crown,
In heaven's own chariot of unblazing light,
With death untasted and the grave unknown!

UP TO THAT WORLD OF LIGHT.

"Then face to face."

WHEN shall we meet again,—
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never,—no, never!

When shall love freely flow
Pure as Life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never,—no never!

Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour:
May we all there unite,
Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never,—no, never!

WHEN I AM OVER JORDAN.

ANONYMOUS.

TOSSED on the billows far and wide,
And struggling 'gainst a whelming tide,
When shall I to the haven come,
And moor my bark, and see my home?
When I am over Jordan!

When shall I see my sins all slain?
When shall I see my Saviour reign
Victorious o'er these fears of mine,
Which dare His boundless love confine?
When I am over Jordan!

When shall I see Him face to face,
And find a blessed resting-place?
And hide me where His people hide,
Who have been washed and purified?
When I am over Jordan!

When shall my falt'ring tongue confess
The wonders of His righteousness?
And sing the song the ransomed raise,
Dearer than angels' loftiest praise?
When I am over Jordan!

Here, cast about, and faint and weak,
Dumb when I would His praises speak;
There shall my voice ring out on high,
Till heaven's wide arches give reply—
When I am over Jordan!

THE STRANGER SEA-BIRD.

HORATIUS BONAR.

FAR from his breezy home of cliff and billow,
Yon sea-bird folds his wing;
Upon the tremulous bough of this stream-shading willow
He stays his wandering.

Fanned by fresh leaves, and soothed by blossoms closing,
His lullaby the stream,
A stranger, in bewildered loneliness reposing,
He dreams his ocean-dream:—

His dream of ocean-haunts, and ocean-brightness,
The rock, the wave, the foam,
The blue above, beneath, the sea-cloud's trail of whiteness,
His unforgotten home.

And he would fly, but cannot, for the shadows
Of night have barred his way;
How could he search a path across these woods and meadows
To his far sea-home spray?

Dark miles of thicket, swamp, and moorland dreary,
Forbid his hopeless flight;
With plumage soiled, eye dim, heart faint, and wing all weary,
He waits for sun and light.

And I, in this far land, a timid stranger,
Resting by Time's lone stream,
Lie dreaming, hour by hour, beset with night and danger,
The Church's Patmos-dream:

The dream of home possessed, and all home's gladness,
Beyond these unknown hills,
Of solace after earth's sore days of stranger-sadness,
Beside the eternal rills.

Life's exile past, all told its broken story;
Night, death, and evil gone;
This more than Egypt-shame exchanged for Canaan glory,
And the bright city won!

Come then, O Christ! earth's Monarch and Redeemer,
Thy glorious Eden bring,
Where I, even I, at last, no more a trembling dreamer,
Shall fold my heavy wing.

AH! HOW EMPTY IS THE HEART.

From the German of C. J. P. SPITTA, by RICHARD MASSIE.

AH! how empty is the heart
In the midst of pleasure,
And how fain would we depart
To our heavenly treasure.

Threadbare now our garb with age,
Still repair is needing,
And our feet with pilgrimage
Painful are and bleeding.

Gladly would we be at home,
Free from toil and dangers,
And no longer houseless roam
In a land of strangers;

Gladly lay aside the load
Which our flesh inherits,
Worshipping and serving God
With the ransomed spirits.

But since Thou dost yet delay
To Thyself to take us,
Lord, prepare us while we stay,
Meet for heaven make us.

Richly shall we then be blest,
When, our warfare ending,
We enjoy the promised rest,
With our Lord ascending.

HEAVENWARD DOTH OUR JOURNEY TEND.

From SCHMOLK, Translated by CAROLINE WINKWORTH.

HEAVENWARD doth our journey tend,
We are strangers here on earth,
Through the wilderness we wend
Towards the Canaan of our birth.
Here we roam a pilgrim band,
Yonder is our native land.

Heavenward stretch, my soul, thy wings,
Heavenly nature canst thou claim,
There is nought of earthly things
Worthy to be all thine aim;
Every soul whom God inspires,
Back to Him its Source aspires.

Heavenward! doth His Spirit cry,
When I hear Him in His Word,
Showing thus the rest on high,
Where I shall be with my Lord:
When His Word fills all my thought,
Oft to heaven my soul is caught.

Heavenward ever would I haste,
When Thy Table, Lord, is spread;
Heavenly strength on earth I taste,
Feeding on the Living Bread.
Such is e'en on earth our fare
Who Thy marriage feast shall share.

Heavenwards! Faith discerns the prize
That is waiting us afar,
And my heart would swiftly rise,
High o'er sun and moon and star,
To that Light behind the veil
Where all earthly splendors pale.

Heavenward Death shall lead at last,
To the home where I would be,
All my sorrows overpast,
I shall triumph there with Thee,
Jesus, who hast gone before,
That we too might Heavenwards soar.

Heavenwards! Heavenwards! Only this
Is my watchword on the earth;
For the love of heavenly bliss
Counting all things little worth.
Heavenward all my being tends,
Till in Heaven my journey ends.

A CITY YET TO COME.

HORATIUS BONAR.

THIS is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onwards to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home.

In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, has passed away.

There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us,
By the streams of life along;
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more be sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.



O FOR THE CALM BEYOND THE STORMS.

ANONYMOUS.

OH! for the calm beyond the storms,
In the presence of the Lord,
Where with angels bright,
Both day and night,
We shall hear His sacred word!

Oh! for the body free from pain,
The spirit free from sin,
Which He will give
To the souls that live,
Who shall dwell His courts within!

Oh! for the joy no eye hath seen,
No human heart hath known!
For faint and low
Fall the echoes bēlow
Of the songs around His throne.

But, oh! for grace to serve Him here,
To rest upon His love,
To walk with God
On our earthly road,
And to anchor our joys above!

Oh! for a faith to see the Lord
Through darkness and through tears,
To hear His voice,
And still to rejoice,
And watch till the day appears!

GLIMPSES OF A HEAVENLY HOME.

ANONYMOUS.

THERE come, sometimes, brightly beaming,
Glimpses of a heavenly home,
Beautiful as childhood's dreaming,
Ere its feet have learned to roam—
Radiant visions
Of the land beyond the tomb.

They come, sometimes, quickly streaming
From the darkness of the soul,
Like the fiery lightning, gleaming
When the muttering thunders roll—
Truthful ever
As the needle to the pole.

They come, sometimes, like the morning,
Ushering in the perfect day;
Like the star, before the dawning,
Of the sun's resplendent ray—
Glorious vision,
Lighting all life's weary way.

They come, sometimes, like the waving
Of his bright locks in the west,
When the sun in glory laving,
Sinks upon old ocean's breast—
Happy visions
Of a long and peaceful rest.

They come, like the beacon glancing
Through the tempest and the gloom,
When the bark, in fury dancing,
Reels before the howling storm,
Guiding onward
To a haven and a home.

They come, like the tired bird winging
From her sea-flight toward the land;
Like the shell that's always singing
Of its native ocean strand,
With the music
Of the white wave on the sand.

They come, gently, gently chiding
When in devious paths we roam,
Pointing oft and always guiding
To our heavenly Father's home;
Upward, upward,
Far above yon starry dome.

NO SHADOWS YONDER.

HORATIUS BONAR.

NO shadows yonder!
All light and song!
Each day I wonder,
And say! How long
Shall time me sunder
From that dear throng?

No weeping yonder!
All fled away;
While here I wander
Each weary day,
And sigh as I ponder
My long, long stay.

No partings yonder!
Time and space never
Again shall sunder;
Hearts cannot sever;
Dearer and fonder
Hands clasp forever.

None wanting yonder,
Bought by the Lamb!
All gathered under
The evergreen palm;
Loud as night thunder
Ascends the glad psalm.

AS WHEN THE TRAVELLER GAINS.

JOHN NEWTON.

AS when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.

While he surveys the much-loved spot
He slights the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.

Thus when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trial fears
So he may safe arrive at last.

'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He shall wipe my tears away.

Jesus, on Thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to Thine abode:
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

HERE IN THE BODY PENT.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"FOREVER with the Lord!"
Amen; so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's far-seeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies,
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart,
Expands the bow of peace.

THE ANGEL AT THE GATE.

C. F. Burrows.

"This gate of the Lord, into which the righteous shall enter."

THERE'S a gate at the close of the pathway of light
That leads, it is said, to the land of the blest;
But the mists hide the country beyond from our sight,
And over the portal is written "rest;"
And an angel with folded wings doth wait
At the gate, at the gate.

Those most beloved we have seen draw nigh,
Till the portal's shadow is over them cast,
And the angel has opened the gate with a sigh,
And away, like a beautiful dream, they have passed.
In vain have we watched for them, early and late,
At the gate, at the gate.

We have stretched out our hands to clasp theirs once again;
We have sought for those eyes that have answered our own:
We've called on each loved name, so fondly, and then
We have waited in vain or a look or a tone.

And we've mourned, as the lost dove mourns for its mate,
At the gate, at the gate.

And we know that we, too, soon the portal shall gain,
And in the dark shadow shall lingering stand;
Our eyes gazing back on life's pleasure and pain,
But our hands stretching out to that radiant land.
We shall linger, it matters not sooner or late,
At the gate, at the gate.

And the angel will open the gate, and will guide
Our wandering feet to the country of peace;
And with those we have loved we shall ever abide,
And all our lone waitings, and watchings, shall cease
Where the angel with folded wing doth wait,
At the gate, at the gate.

O WEARY HALTING PILGRIM.

ANONYMOUS.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."

OH, weary, halting pilgrim,
Haste to thy quiet rest;
The sands of life are sinking,
Hie to thy mountain nest!
See yonder sunset glory,
Telling the wondrous story
Of ages grey and hoary!

Soon shalt thou reach that country
Where shine the golden hills;
Where, through the still, green pastures,
Glide softly-murmuring rills;
Yonder, pure airs are blowing;
Fresh, gladsome streams are flowing,
And radiant sunshine glowing.

There winds the chill, dark river,
Whose stern, relentless flow
Beareth each soul full surely
To endless bliss or woe;
There shall be cooled life's fever;
'Neath Jordan's waves forever,
From pain and sin we sever.

Just on the further border
Of Death's swift flowing tide
Riseth the holy city,
Glorious on every side!
Of pearls, and jasper fairest,
And chrysolite the rarest,
The crown of light thou wearest.

From yonder crystal portals,
Where gleams eternal light,
The King sends forth his angel
To Beulah's sunny height;
Nearer the river streameth,
Clearer the glory beameth,
Fairer the city gleameth!

Swiftly the white-robed angel,
With noiseless, wingéd touch,
Giveth the welcome summons;
"'The Lord hath need of such!'
Hear what thy King hath spoken;
Behold the royal token—
The golden bowl is broken!"

The silver cord is loosened,
Shattered the earthly shrine;
But Beulah's hill-tops echo
With rhapsody divine;
In heaven no sin or sighing,
No pain, nor any dying;
Angels with seraphs vieing.

See! where the glory streameth
Upon the farther shore;
Bright shining ones are hymning
The song of ages hoar!
In Salem's temple dwelling,
The olden story telling,
The eternal chorus swelling,
For ever, evermore!

CHRIST, LET ME COME TO THEE.

"Bid me come unto Thee."

CHRIST, let me come to Thee!
My heart is weary, and I long for rest.
Is not my earthly mission well nigh done?
I cannot bear this burden on my breast—
It weighs my spirit downward like a stone.
My saddened life is ever veiled in clouds,
And midnight darkness hath come o'er my soul.
My once bright hopes are wrapped away in shrouds,
And sorrow's heavy surges round me roll.
Sweet Christ? oh, may I come?

Christ, let me come to Thee!
Life hath a dark Sahara been to me!
The few bright flowers that bloomed along my way
Were soon transplanted—each beloved tree
To bloom perennial in the "perfect day."
My dear loved ones sit round Thy Golden Throne
And wait—a broken circle—till I come;
Let me not linger here on earth alone—
Oh, let me join them in their heavenly home!
Sweet Christ! oh, may I come?

Christ, let me come to Thee!
Behind me roars the angry ocean tide;
Each crested wave comes nearer, nearer still;
The muttering thunders in the billows hide—
I shudder at their hoarse, loud voice so chill;

I cannot meet the fierce, wild storm of Life!
I have no strength to battle with it more!
Too long I've wrestled in the painful strife,
I must lay down the burden that I bore.
Sweet Christ! oh, may I come?

Christ, let me come to Thee!
In dreams I hear Thy white-robed angels sing
The golden glories of their beauteous land;
I hear the rustle of each snowy wing,
And feel their touch upon my fevered hand.
Colder than ever seems the earth to me,
When I awake and see them flit away;
I strain my eyes the last bright glimpse to see,
And watch them vanish through the gates of day.
Sweet Christ! oh, may I come?

Christ, let me come to Thee!
I watch my toiling breath grow faint and slow;
I note the hectic deepening day by day,
And feel my life is like a wreath of snow,
Which one kind breath of heaven would melt away.
A little longer in this world of vice—
The wished-for boundary is almost passed—
I see the shining shore of Paradise,
I know my pain is almost o'er at last.
Sweet Christ! oh, let me come!

Christ, let me come to Thee!
I've seen the gates that guard Thy holy clime,
And often caught a gleam within;
I know they'll open in Thine own good time,
And let Thy weary wandering child come in.

I've had, all through this weary care and pain,
One blessed hope, that ne'er has known despair—
It cheers me like the sunshine after rain!
I know Thou'lt hear my deep and heartfelt prayer,
And let me come to Thee!

LORD GOD, NOW OPEN WIDE THY HEAVEN.

From the German of T. Kiel by Catherine Winkworth.

LORD God, now open wide Thy heaven,
My parting hour is near;
My course is run, enough I've striven,
Enough I've suffer'd here;
Weary and sad
My soul is glad
That she may lay her down to rest;
Now all on earth I can resign,
But only let Thy heaven be mine.

As Thou, Lord, hast commanded me,
Have I with perfect faith
Embraced my Saviour, and to Thee
I calmly look in death;
With willing heart
I hence depart,
I hope to stand before Thy face:
Yes, all on earth I can resign,
If but Thy heaven at last be mine.

Then let me go like Simeon
In peace with Thee to dwell,
For I commend me to Thy Son,
And He will guard me well,
And guide me straight
To the golden gate;
And in this hope I calmly die;
Yes, all on earth I can resign,
If but Thy heaven may now be mine.

WHEN AT LAST THE HOUR IS COME.

From the German of SPENER, by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

WHEN now at last the hour is come,
That I have long'd for many a time,
When God with joy should call me home
From this strange land, this wintry clime;
Thy victim, Death, escapes no more,
The hour draws on when I shall be
From all the bonds of earth set free,
And life's long battle shall be o'er.

To combat for His glory here
The Father sent me forth;—and lo!
The hour of victory draws near,
And conquer'd now is every foe;
And I have borne me in the strife
As true and fearless warriors ought,
And bravely to the last have fought
Through all the wars and woes of life.

My cry, when rough the march and dark,
 Was, watch and strive till thou hast won,
Press forward fearless to the mark!
 As now, thank God, at last I've done.
Now it is o'er, I cannot miss;
 Through every danger to the death
 True to my Lord I've kept the faith,
And freely risk'd all else for this.

It lacketh now a few short hours,
 And I am in eternity;
The wreath of fadeless heavenly flowers
 Is wound already there for me,
The crown is waiting for me there,
 Until the fight is wholly fought,
 And all my soul is thither caught,
Where shining palms the conquerors bear.

But when that morning shall appear,
 When our great Judge, the Son of God,
Shall give to those who loved Him here
 Their gracious undeserved reward,
Then in the glorious halls above,
 I too among that host shall stand,
 And take from His all-faithful hand
The crown of righteousness and love.

Nor shall I yonder stand alone,
 I see the crowned host appear,
The mighty host before His throne,
 Who shine for ever pure and clear,

The souls of those, who on their way
Were longing hour by hour here,
With burning love, and many a tear,
To see the glories of that Day.

THE HOME SICKNESS.

HORATIUS BONAR.

"O civitas sancta civitas speciosa, de longinquo te saluto, ad te clamo, te requiro."—*Augustine, De Spir. et Anim.*

AND Whence this weariness,
This gathering cloud of gloom?
Whence this dull weight of loneliness,
These greedy cravings for the tomb?
These greedier cravings for the hopes that lie
Beyond the tomb, beyond the things that die;
Beyond the smiles and joys that come and go,
Fevering the spirit with their fitful flow;
Beyond the circle where the shadows fall;
Within the region where my God is all.

It is not that I fear
To breast the storm or wrestle with the wave,
To swim the torrent or the blast to brave,
To toil or suffer in this day of strife
As He may will who gave this struggling life,—
But I am homesick!

It is not that the cross
Is heavier than this drooping frame can bear,
Or that I find no kindred heart to share
The burden, which, in these last days of ill,
Seems to press heavier, sharper, sorer still,—
But I am homesick!

It is not that the snare
Is laid around for my unwary feet,
And that a thousand wily tempters greet
My slippery steps and lead me far astray
From that safe guidance of the narrow way,—
But I am homesick!

It is not that the path
Is rough and perilous, beset with foes,
From the first step down to its weary close,
Strewn with the flint, the briar, and the thorn,
That wound my limbs and leave my raiment torn,
But I am homesick!

It is not that the sky
Is darkly sad, and the unloving air
Chills me to fainting; and the clouds that there
Hang over me seem signal clouds unfurled,
Portending wrath to an unready world,—
But I am homesick!

It is not that the earth
Has grown less bright and fair,—that these grey hills,
These ever-lapsing, ever-lulling rills,

And these breeze-haunted woods, that ocean clear,
Have now become less beautiful, less dear,—
But I am homesick!

Let me, then, weary be!
I shrink not,—murmur not;
In all this homelessness I see
The Church's pilgrim-lot;
Her lot until her absent Lord shall come,
And the long homeless here, shall find a home,

Then no more weariness!
No gathering cloud of gloom;
Then no dull weight of loneliness,
No greedy cravings for the tomb:
For death shall then be swallowed up of life,
And the glad victory shall end the strife!

WORLD FAREWELL, OF THEE I'M TIRED.

From the German of J. G. Albinus, by Catherine Winkworth.

WORLD, farewell! Of thee I'm tired,
Now toward heaven my way I take;
There is peace the long-desired,
Lofty calm that nought can break;
World, with thee is war and strife,
Thou with cheating hopes art rife,
But in heaven is no alloy,
Only peace and love and joy.

When I reach that home of gladness,
I shall feel no more this load,
Feel no sickness, want, or sadness,
Resting in the arms of God.
In the world woes follow fast,
And a bitter death comes last,
But in heaven shall nought destroy
Endless peace and love and joy.

What are earthly joys? a weary
Chase of mist, or wind-borne foam!
On this desert black and dreary
Sins and vices have their home;
Thine, O World, are war and strife,
Mocking pleasures, dying life;
But in heaven is no annoy,
Only peace and love and joy.

Oh the music and the singing
Of the host redeemed by love!
Oh the hallelujahs ringing
Through the halls of light above!
Thine, O World, the scornful sneer,
Misery thy reward, and fear;
But in heaven is no annoy,
Only peace and love and joy.

Here is nought but care and mourning,
Comes a joy, it will not stay;
Fairly shines the sun at dawning,
Night will soon o'ercloud the day;

World, with thee we weep and pine,
Gnawing care and grief are thine ;
But in heaven is no alloy,
Only peace and love and joy.

Onwards then ! not long I wander,
Ere my Saviour comes for me,
And with Him abiding yonder
All His glory I shall see ;
For there's nought but sorrow here,
Toil and pain and many a fear,
But in heaven is no annoy,
Only peace and love and joy.

Well for him whom death has landed
Safely on yon blessed shore,
Where in joyful worship banded,
Sing the faithful evermore ;
For the world hath strife and war,
All her works and hopes they mar,
But in heaven is no annoy,
Only peace and love and joy.

Time, thou speedest on but slowly,
Hours, how tardy is your pace,
Ere with Him the High and Holy
I hold converse face to face ;
World, with partings thou art rife,
Filled with tears and storms and strife,
But in heaven can nought destroy,
Endless peace and love and joy.

Therefore will I now prepare me,
That my work may stand His doom,
And when all is sinking round me,
I may hear not "Go"—but "Come!"
World, the voice of grief is here,
Outward seeming, care, and fear,
But in heaven is no alloy,
Only peace and love and joy!

WHAT NOW WE KNOW NOT THEN TO KNOW.

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN Israel reached their homes at last,
And 'neath their vines and fig-trees lay,
How sweetly, all their perils past,
Must they have mused upon God's way!
What at the time seemed hard to bear
Then could they clearly understand;
And how a Father's love and care
Each portion of their wanderings planned.

Thus, if we reach that heavenly place,
No snare to fear, no wars to wage,
Then shall we see how heavenly grace
Led us throughout our pilgrimage:

How needful was each care and cross;
How wisely our own way denied;
How mercy shielded us from loss;
How right the way, how true the Guide.

How sweet to understand His way;
What now we know not then to know;
And yield the tribute of our praise
For what mysterious seemed below!
Lord, lead us to that place of rest,
And from our own fond will defend:
Thou knowest what for us is best,
Who knowest both the way and end.

A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL.

HORATIUS BONAR.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

THERE MAY WE OUR TREASURE PLACE.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"Our Conversation is in Heaven."

WHILE through this changing world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.

Thither his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.

From earth his freed affections rise
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
And love is perfect love.

Oh, there may we our treasure place!
There let our hearts be found,
That still where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound!

Henceforth our conversation be
With Christ before the throne:
Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

THE SANDS OF TIME ARE SINKING.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

[The author's last words were, "Glory, glory, dwelleth in Immanuel's land!" The sentiments, and many of the expressions, are his; the poetry is by another hand.]

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for—
The fair, sweet morn—awakes.
Dark, dark, hath been the midnight:
But dayspring is at hand;
And glory, glory, dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

There the red Rose of Sharon
Unfolds its heartmost bloom,
And fills the air of heaven
With ravishing perfume.

Oh! to behold it blossom,
While by its fragrance fanned,
Where glory, glory, dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land!

The King there, in his beauty,
Without a veil is seen:
"It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between."
The Lamb, with his fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand;
And glory, glory, dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

O Christ! he is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love.
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand;
And glory, glory, dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Fair Anworth by the Solway,
To me thou art still dear:
E'en from the verge of heaven,
I drop for thee a tear.
Oh! if one soul from Anworth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens
In Immanuel's land!

I've wrestled on towards heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide:
Now like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time he wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with his love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garments,
But her dear bridegroom's face:
I will not gaze at glory,
But at my King of grace;
Not at the crown he giveth,
But on his piercéd hand.
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

WANDERING DOWN LIFE'S PATH.

HORATIUS BONAR.

I AM wandering down life's shady path,
Slowly, slowly, wandering down;
I am wandering down life's rugged path,
Slowly, slowly, wandering down.

Morn, with its store of buds and dew,
Lies far behind me now;
Morn, with its wealth of song and light,
Lies far behind me now.

'Tis the mellow flush of sunset now,
'Tis the shadow and the cloud;
'Tis the dimness of the dying eve,
'Tis the shadow and the cloud.

'Tis the dreamy haze of twilight now,
'Tis the hour of silent trust;
'Tis the solemn hue of fading skies,
'Tis the time of tranquil trust.

The pleasant heights of breezy life,
The pleasant heights are past;
The sunny slopes of buoyant life,
The sunny slopes are past.

I shall rest in yon low valley soon,
There to sleep my toil away ;
I shall rest in yon sweet valley soon,
There to sleep my tears away.

One little hour will soothe away
Time's months of care and pain ;
One quiet hour will dream away
Time's years of care and pain.

Laid side by side with those I love,
How calm that rest shall be !
Laid side by side with those I love,
How soft that sleep shall be !

I shall rise and put on glory
When the great morn shall dawn ;
I shall rise and put on beauty
When the glad morn shall dawn.

I shall mount to yon fair city,
The dwelling of the blest ;
I shall enter yon bright city,
The palace of the blest.

I shall meet the many parted ones,
In that one home of joy ;
Lost love forever found again,
In that dear home of joy.

We have shared our earthly sorrow,
Each with the other here ;
We shall share our heavenly gladness,
Each with the other there.

We have mingled tears together,
We shall mingle smiles and song;
We have mingled sighs together,
We shall mingle smiles and song.

I CAN TARRY BUT A NIGHT.

MARY S. B. DANA.

"They were strangers and pilgrims."

I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger:
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
Do not detain me; for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

There the sunbeams are ever shining:
I am longing, I am longing, for the sight.
Within a country unknown and dreary,
I have been wandering forlorn and weary.

Of that country to which I am going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer, is the light:
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.

A LITTLE LONGER STILL, BELOVED.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

A LITTLE longer still,—patience, beloved!—
A little longer still, ere Heaven unroll
The glory, and the brightness, and the wonder,
Eternal and divine, that waits thy soul.

A little longer ere life true, immortal,—
Not this our shadowy life,—will be thine own,
And thou shalt stand where winged archangels worship,
And trembling bow before the great white throne.

A little longer still, and heaven awaits thee,
And fills thy spirit with a great delight;
Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten,
Our sun a darkness, and our day a night.

A little longer, and thy heart, beloved,
Shall beat forever with a love divine;
And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,
No creature knows and lives, will then be thine.

A little longer yet, and angel voices
Shall ring in heavenly chant upon thine ear;
Angels and saints await thee, and God needs thee;
Beloved, can we bid thee linger here?

WAY TO HEAVEN.

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.—Rom. 8 : 18.

If we suffer, we shall also reign with him.—2 Tim. 2 : 12.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things.—Rev. 21 : 7.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.—Rev. 22 : 14.



THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

NO! NO! IT IS NOT DYING.

From the German of GERHARDT.

NO! no! It is not dying
To Jesus' self to go;
The gloom of earth forsaking,
In one's pure home awaking,
Should give no pang of woe.

No! no! It is not dying,
In heaven at last to dwell;
In the eternal glory
Of crown and harp and story
Our earthly fears to quell.

No! no! It is not dying,
To hear the gracious tone
Of the Almighty, saying,
"Come, child, wherever staying,
Behold me on the throne!"

No! no! It is not dying,
To leave this world of strife,
And seek that blessed river,
Where Christ shall lead forever,
His sheep 'neath trees of life.

No! no! It is not dying,
With lordly glory crown'd,
To join in the thanksgiving
To Him, the ever living,
With which the heavens resound.

O no! it is not dying,
Thou Saviour of Thine own!
There, from the font Eternal,
Gush life and joy supernal!
Here there are drops alone.

COME BROTHERS LET US ONWARD.

GERHARD TERSTEGEN.

COME, brothers, let us onward—
Night comes without delay,
And in this howling desert
It is not good to stay.
Take courage, and be strong,
We are hasting on to Heaven;
Strength for warfare will be given,
And glory won ere long.

The Pilgrim's path of trial
We do not fear to view;
We know His voice who calls us,
We know Him to be true.

Then, let who will contemn;—
Strong in His Almighty grace,
Come, every one, with steadfast face
On to Jerusalem!

Here, all unknown we wander,
Despised on every hand;
Unnoticed, save when slighted—
As strangers in the land.
Our joys they will not share—
Yet sing, that they may catch the song
Of Heaven, and the happy throng
That now awaits us there!

Come, gladly, let us onward—
Hand in hand still go,
Each helping one another
Through all the way below.
One family of love,—
Oh, let no voice of strife be heard,
No discord, by the angel-guard
Who watch us from above!

O brothers! soon is ended
The journey we've begun—
Endure a little longer,
The race will soon be won!
And in the land of rest,
In yonder bright, eternal home,
Where all the Father's loved ones come,
We shall be safe and blest!

HOMEWARD IN SONG.

[Wesley directed that a joyful hymn be sung when he should have breathed his last.]

O SING to me of heaven,
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness,—
Let heaven begin below.

When the last moment comes,
O, watch my dying face,
And catch the bright, seraphic gleam
Which o'er my features plays.

Then to my ravished ears
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my cold and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above!

ONLY ONE CROSSING OVER.

ANONYMOUS.

ONLY one crossing over
Waters all dark and wide:
Storms on the fearful billows,
Peace on the other side.
Only one scene of anguish,
Sorrow in sad words told;
Then a soft sound of singing,
Softened by harps of gold.

Only one crossing over,
Far from the cares of earth—
Mansions of rest are open,
There is life's newest birth;
Look, when the fond eyes closing
Speak of the sweet repose,
Far from the land of mourning;
Heaven shall soon disclose.

Only one crossing over:
Sadness, and shroud and bier
Filling one hour of parting;
Then I shall enter there.
Only one night of trial,
Borne on the swelling river;
Then to my Saviour's presence,
I shall be gone forever.

MY DAYS ARE GLIDING SWIFTLY BY.

DAVID NELSON.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly—
Those hours of toil and danger.
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, etc.

Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, etc.

Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says "Come," and there's our home,
Forever, oh! forever.
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, etc.

PILGRIMS, ON! THE DAY IS DAWNING.

ANONYMOUS.

PILGRIMS—on! the day is dawning;
Strike your tents and homeward haste;
Sleep not while the blush of morning
Calls you on the desert waste.
Though the way be dark and dreary,
Life's sharp anguish must be borne;
Courage, then! ye faint and weary—
Linger not to weep and mourn.

Pilgrims—on! the storm is beating—
Beating wildly on your way;
Tarry not—the time is fleeting—
Shall the storm your footsteps stay?
Hasten on through joy and sorrow,
Let whatever may betide;
Wait not for the calm to-morrow,
Faithful at the work abide.

Pilgrims—on! though darkness cover
All earth's pathway to the tomb;
Angels o'er that pathway hover,
'Mid the deep, surrounding gloom.
Light effulgent beams above you
From the throne of glory, where
Bright seraphic ones, who love you,
Witness all your grief and care.

Pilgrims—on! what though in dangers!
Life's eventful course pursue;
Labor on, ye friendless strangers;
Grace will guide you safely through.
What if trials must befal you!
What, if fierce temptation rise!
Shall earth's bitter strife appal you
While contending for the prize?

Pilgrims—on! the day is ending—
Life's probation day of woe;
Twilight shades e'en now are blending
With the sunbeam's faintest glow.
Soon the night of death, impending,
Shall your toilsome journey end;
Hope, like starlight smiles descending,
Cheers, while o'er the grave you bend.

SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR!

LENTHAL.

SO near, and yet so far, that fane of gold,
Where Day is lingering in the glowing West,
The shining doors seem slowly to unfold,
Opening an entrance to a home of rest;
Celestial ones fair, floating clouds upbear,
Too blest to tarry in this world of care.
Thus dream we till the night comes, stern and grey,
And sweeps the sparkling pinnacles away,
So near, and yet so far!

So near, and yet so far, the friend whose heart
Seems ever speaking in his earnest eyes:
Yet souls from souls unfathomed depths do part,-
Betwixt our minds a voiceless mystery lies.
So children in some clear stream gliding by,
Watch the reflection of the distant sky,
But cannot grasp the clouds of pearl and rose,
Which in its bosom placidly repose,—
So near, and yet so far!

So near, and yet so far, that Spirit-land
Whose gales celestial soothe the weary brow.
So near, as if the motion of a hand
Might thrust aside the mist that hides it now,
And yet so far that when earth's dear ones fly
Like birds unfettered to their native sky,
No answer comes back from the Shining Shore,
And the torn heart writhes, moaning evermore:—
So near, and yet so far!

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

From the Round Table.

[The questionings, and the answers.]

"COULD we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,—
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low!
Ah! if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

"Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us!
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah! who would fear!

"Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only!
This weary mortal coil,—were we quite sure,
Who would endure?"

Who would not go
With buoyant steps, to gain that blessed portal
Which opens to the land we long to know?
Where shall be satisfied the soul's immortal,—
Where we shall drop the wearying and the woe
In resting so!

Ah! who would fear?
Since sometimes through the distant pearly portal,
Unclosing to some happy soul a-near,
We catch a gleam of glorious light immortal,
And strains of heavenly music faintly hear,
Breathing good cheer!

Who would endure
To walk in doubt and darkness with misgiving,
When He whose tender promises are sure—
The Crucified, the Lord, the Ever-living—
Keeps us those "mansions" evermore secure
By waters pure?

O, wondrous land!
Fairer than all our spirit's fairest dreaming;
"Eye hath not seen"—no heart can understand
The things prepared, the cloudless radiance streaming.
How longingly we wait our Lord's command,
His opening hand!

O, dear ones there,
Whose voices, hushed, have left our pathway lonely,
We come, ere long, your blessed hope to share!
We take the guiding Hand, we trust it only—
Seeing, by faith, beyond this clouded air
That land so fair!

UP THE MISTY STAIR THEY CLIMB.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

DIM shadows gather thickly, and up the misty stair they climb,—
The cloudy stair, that upward leads to where the closed portals shine,
Round which the kneeling spirits wait the opening of the golden gate.
And some with eager longing go, still pressing forward hand in hand;
And some, with weary step and slow, look back where their belovéd stand,—
Yet up the misty stair they climb, led onward by the angel Time.

As unseen hands roll back the doors, the light that floods the very air
Is the dim shadow from within, of the great glory hidden there.
And morn and eve, and soon and late, the shadows pass within the gate,
As one by one they enter in, and the dim portals close once more.
The halo seems to linger round those kneeling closest to the door,—
The joy that lightened from that place shines still upon the watcher's face.

The faint, low echo that we hear of far off music seems to fill
The silent air with love and fear, and the world's clamors all grow still
Until the portals close again, and leave us toiling on in pain.
Complain not that the way is long! What road is long that leads us There?
But let the angel take thy hand, and lead thee up the misty stair,
And then, with trusting heart, await the opening of the golden gate!

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel-feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-King we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne.

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage shall cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of Peace.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

PHOEBE CARY.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I am nearer home to-day,
Than I ever was before.

Nearer my Father's House,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper-sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown.

But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

Closer, closer my steps
Come to the dark abysm;
Closer, death to my lips,
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh; if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;—
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think;—

Father perfect my trust!
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!

O HAPPY PILGRIMS, SPOTLESS FAIR.

PILGRIMS we are, to Canaan bound,
Our journey lies along this road;
This wilderness we travel round,
To reach the city of our God.
O happy pilgrims, spotless fair,
What makes your robes so white appear?
Our robes are washed in Jesus' blood,
And we are travelling home to God.

A few more days, or weeks, or years,
In this dark desert to complain;
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we shall bid adieu to pain.
O happy pilgrims, spotless fair,
What makes your robes so white appear?
Our robes are washed in Jesus' blood,
And we are travelling home to God.

IT IS TOLD ME I MUST DIE.

[Richard Langhorne, a lawyer, was unjustly condemned and put to death as a traitor, in the reign of Charles II. Just before his execution he wrote the following poem. In the language of the Quarterly Review, a poem it must be called, though it is not verse. Perhaps there is not in this, or any other language, a poem which appears to have flowed so entirely from the heart.]

IT is told me I must die;
O happy news!
Be glad, O my soul!
And rejoice in Jesus, thy Saviour.
If He intended thy perdition,
Would He have laid down His life for thee?
Would He have called thee with so much love,
And illumined thee with the light of His Spirit?
Would He have given thee His cross,
And given thee shoulders to bear it with patience?

It is told me I must die;
O happy news!
Come on, my dearest soul;
Behold thy Jesus calls thee;
He prayed for thee upon His cross;
There He extended His arms to receive thee;
There He bowed down His head to kiss thee;
There He opened His heart to give thee entrance;
There He gave up His life to purchase life for thee;

It is told me I must die;
O what happiness!

I am going
To the place of rest;
To the land of the living;
To the heaven of security;
To the kingdom of peace;
To the palace of my God;
To the nuptials of the Lamb;
To sit at the table of my King;
To feed on the bread of Angels;
To see what no eye hath seen;
To hear what no ear hath heard;
To enjoy what the heart of man cannot comprehend.

O my Father!
O thou best of Fathers,
Have pity on the most wretched of all Thy children!
I was lost, but by Thy mercy found;
I was dead, but by Thy grace am now raised again!
I was gone astray after vanity,
But I am now ready to appear before Thee.

O my Father!
Come now in mercy, and receive Thy child!
Give him Thy kiss of peace;
Remit unto him all his sins;
Clothe him with Thy nuptial robe;
Permit him to have a place at Thy feast!
And forgive all those who are guilty of his death!

OUR BELOVED HAVE DEPARTED.

LANGE.

OUR belovéd have departed,
While we tarry broken-hearted;
In the dreary empty house,
They have ended life's brief story,
They have reached the home of glory,
Over death victorious!

Hush that sobbing, weep more lightly,
On we travel, daily, nightly,
To the rest that they have found:
Are we not upon the river,
Sailing fast, to meet forever,
On more holy, happy ground?

Whilst with bitter tears we're mourning
Thought to buried love returning,
Time is hastening us along,
Downward to the grave's dark dwelling,
Upward, to the fountain welling,
With eternal life and song!

Feel ye not the breezes hieing?
Clouds, along in hurry flying—
But we haste more swiftly on—
Ever changing our position,
Ever tossed in strange transition—
Here to-day, to morrow gone!

Every hour that passes o'er us
Speaks of comfort yet before us,
Of our journey's rapid rate;—
And like passing vesper bells,
The clock of Time its chiming tells,
At Eternity's broad gate.

On we haste, to home invited,
There with friends to be united
In a surer bond than here;
Meeting soon, and met forever!
Glorious hope! forsake us never,
For thy glimmering light is dear!

Ah! the way is shining clearer,
As we journey, ever nearer
To our everlasting home;
Friends who There await our landing,
Comrades, round the Throne now standing,
We salute you, and we come!

AWAY TO THE LAND OF LIGHT.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

AWAY to the land of light;
Its gates are shining with radiant beams,
And the path in the morning sunlight gleams—
Away to the land of light.

There liveth the Holy One;
And we as we journey 'mid guilt and sin,
See the fair land, but enter not in
Till the stain from our brow be gone.

There are the friends we loved;
And the yearning heart is unsatisfied,
While the cold dark wavelets our hearts divide;
There are the friends we loved.

There is the sacred rest
For which the tired spirits sigh in vain;
There is no cry which is wrung by pain;
There are the ransomed blest.

There, there is perfect bliss:
Away from the land of the curse and woe,
Away from the depths of sin we will go,
To the home where the Saviour is.

Away to the land of light;
Lift the tired feet and press on once more,
Soon will the journey of pain be o'er;
Away to the land of light.

CALL IT A PEACEFUL REST

CALL it not dying, when we cast
This mortal part away,
And plume our wide expanding wings
For realms of cloudless day.

Call it not dying, when we see
By faith the open door,
Alluring us to that bright world
Where we shall sin no more.

Call it not dying, when we snap
Our prison bars in twain,
And our freed spirits rise above
The reach of care and pain.

Call it not dying, when we go
To that dear home above,
To life with Christ, the Crucified,
Where all the air is love.

Call it not dying, when we'll meet
The loved of other years
Where God's own hand has guided them,
And wiped away their tears.

Call it not dying, timid one,
For fear to cross the stream
That lands thee on the beauteous shore,
Where heavenly glories beam.

No! call it going home to God;
Call it a peaceful rest;
Call it departing from this world,
To dwell among the blest!

INTO THE CITY OF THE BLEST.

INTO the City, in silence deep,
The pearly gates unclosed once more;
Hushed was the fall of her parting feet,
As gently she passed the threshold o'er;

Only the light of that peaceful brow
Reflecting splendor earth never guessed,
Told that the spirit had entered in
The holy City of love and rest.

Into the City, a little way,
Our faith may follow her shining trace,
May see in vision the jasper walls,
The golden streets of her dwelling-place—
May catch the gleam of her robes of white,
As low she kneels with the seraph throng—
May see in her hand the victor palm,
And know her voice in the angel's song.

Into the City, whose purer joys
Were ne'er to prophet or saint revealed;—
To clasp the loved ones of earth, and share
The bliss of the souls that God hath sealed—
To lean for aye on the Saviour's breast,
Where Life's glad River forever flows,
And feel the Sun of the Father's smile,
The rapture that perfect love bestows.

Into the City! Why stand we here,
Gazing so steadfastly into Heaven?
An angel whisper we seem to hear,
Solemn and sweet as the breath of even.
"A few more steps of the onward way,
A little longer to watch and wait,
And ye, with sorrow and tears all past,
May enter the City through the gate."

THE SENTRY BY THE PORTAL.

THOMAS MCKELLAR.

THERE is a land immortal,—
The beautiful of lands;
And near the ancient portal
A sentry grimly stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it
Are mortal nevermore.

That glorious land is Heaven,
And Death,—the sentry grim;
The Lord, therefore, has given
The opening keys to him:
And ransomed sinners sighing,
And sorrowful for sin,
Do pass the gate in dying,
And freely enter in.

Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the door,
Yet Grace comes with the message
Of Love for evermore.
And, at the time appointed,
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to Glory's crown.

Their sighs are lost in singing
They're blesséd in their tears—
Their journey, homeward winging,
They leave to earth their fears.
Death, like an angel seemeth—
"We welcome you," they cry;
Each face with glory beameth.
'Tis Life for them to die!

I'M RETURNING, NOT DEPARTING.

HORATIUS BONAR.

I'M returning, not departing;
My steps are homeward-bound;
I quit the land of strangers,
For a home on native ground.

I am rising, and not setting—
This is not night, but day;
Not in darkness, but in sunshine,
Like a star I fade away.

All is well with me forever;
I do not fear to go;
My tide is but beginning
Its bright eternal flow.

I am leaving only shadows,
For the true, and fair, and good;
I must not, cannot linger;
I would not, if I could.

This is not Death's dark portal;
'Tis Life's golden gate to me;
Link after link is broken,
And I, at last, am free!

I am going to the angels,
I am going to my God;
I know the hand that beckons,
I see the heavenly road.

Why grieve me with your weeping?
Your tears are all in vain:
An hour's farewell, beloved,
And we shall meet again.

Jesus, Thou wilt receive me,
And welcome me above;
This sunlight which now fills me,
Is Thine own smile of love!

WHEN FOR ETERNAL WORLDS I STEER.

WHEN for eternal worlds I steer,
And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
And faith, in lively exercise,
The distant hills of Canaan rise,
My soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings—
Vain world, adieu! Vain world, adieu!
And loud her lovely sonnet sings—
Vain world, adieu! Vain world, adieu!

With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore ;
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream.
Again for joy she claps her wings
And loud her lovely sonnet sings—
I'm almost Home ! I'm almost Home !
And loud her lovely sonnet sings—
I'm almost Home ! I'm almost Home !

The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her hopes expand ;
With steady helm and flowing sail
Her anchor drops within the vale ;
Again for joy she claps her wings
And her celestial sonnet sings—
I'm safe at Home ! I'm safe at Home !
And her celestial sonnet sings—
I'm safe at Home ! I'm safe at Home !

THROUGH THE CROSS THE CROWN.

"VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS."

From the German.

THROUGH the cross comes the crown ; when the cares of this life
Like giants in strength may to crush thee combine,
Never mind, never mind ! after sorrow's sad strife,
Shall the peace and the crown of salvation be thine.

Through woe comes delight; if at evening thou sigh,
And thy soul still at midnight in sorrow appears,
Never mind, never mind! for the morning is nigh,
Whose sunbeams of gladness shall dry up thy tears!

Through death comes our life: to the portal of pain,
Through Time's thistle-fields, are our weary steps driven;
Never mind, never mind! through this passage we gain
The mansions of light and the portals of heaven.

LAUNCH THY BOAT, MARINER.

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

LAUNCH thy boat, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-bands,
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall thy plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee;
Reef in the foresail there!
Hold the helm fast!
So, let the vessel wear,
There swept the blast.

"What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?"
"Cloudy—all quiet:
No land yet—all's right."
Be wakeful, be vigilant,
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How, gains the leak so fast?
Clear out the hold;
Hoist up the merchandise,
Heave out the gold!
There, let the ingots go,
Now the ship rights;
Hurrah! the harbor's near,
Lo! the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet,
At inlet or island,
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the highland;
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Cut through the foam;
Christian, cast anchor now,
Heaven is thy home!

WOULDST THOU INHERIT LIFE WITH CHRIST?

SIMON DACH, (1640).

WOULDST thou inherit life with Christ on high?
Then count the cost and know
That here on earth below
Thou needs must suffer with thy Lord and die.
We reach that gain to which all else is loss,
But through the cross.

Oh think what sorrows Christ himself has known!
The scorn and anguish sore,
The bitter death He bore,
Ere He ascended to His heavenly throne;
And deemest thou, thou canst with right complain,
Whate'er thy pain?

Not e'en the sharpest sorrows we can feel,
Nor keenest pangs, we dare
With that great bliss compare
When God His glory shall in us reveal.
That shall endure when our brief woes are o'er
For evermore!

THE PEARLY GATES AJAR.

EMILY C. JUDSON.

I GAZED down life's dim labyrinth,
A wildering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clue,
And wild as wild could be;
And as I gazed in doubt and dread,
An angel came to me.

I knew him for a heavenly guide,
I knew him even then,
Though meekly as a child he stood
Among the sons of men—
By his deep spirit-loveliness,
I knew him even then.

And as I leaned my weary head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the peril-haunted wild
From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were more blest.

For there was light within my soul,
Light on my peaceful way,
And all around the blue above
The clustering starlight lay;
And easterly I saw upreared
The pearly gates of day.

So, hand in hand, we trod the wild,
My angel love and I—
His lifted wing all quivering
With tokens from the sky.
Strange my dull thought could not divine
'Twas lifted but to fly!

Again down life's dim labyrinth
I grope my way alone,
While wildly through the midnight sky
Black, hurrying clouds are blown,
And thickly, in my tangled path,
The sharp, bare thorns are sown.

Yet firm my foot, for well I know
The goal cannot be far;
And ever, through the rifted clouds,
Shines out one steady star—
For when my guide went up, he left
The pearly gates ajar.

PILGRIMS FROM ALL LANDS.

MARSHALL B. SMITH.

WE are pilgrims bound for the better land,
Where the stream of life laves the golden sand:
We have no continuing city here,
But our city of refuge, our home is there.

From every region of earth, we've come,
And, one in spirit, are journeying home.
Out of every kindred and tongue and clime,
From the land of the orange, the palm, and the lime.

From the chill domain of eternal snows;
From the sunny home of the vine and rose;
From the east to the place of the setting sun;
From the ice-bound pole to the torrid zone.

Of every color and tribe and race—
Allied by adoption, made one by grace—
We are journeying on to our home above,
Where sin invades not the realm of love.

We may stop to gather the wayside flowers;
We may rest awhile in the fragrant bowers,
Which God hath provided along the way,
To shield from the tempest or heat of day.

But we may not stay in this world below,
Where the cup of bliss has its dregs of woe;
Our home is on yonder illumined shore,
Where woe can embitter our bliss no more.

Where flowers bloom not to fade and die,
Where naught shall sever affection's tie;
Where affliction comes not, nor death nor night,
But where all is joyous and calm and bright.

Do not detain us, for we cannot remain
In this world of sorrow, of care and pain.
We are heirs of glory through Christ the Son,
And we may not rest till our goal is won.

The stream of death lies just before,
But our home appears on the farther shore.
We can almost discover the jasper walls,
The pearly gates, and the shining halls,

The streets of gold and of priceless stone,
The crystal sea and the great white throne;
Where cherub and seraph are bending low,
Beneath the arch of the emerald bow:—

Where the Lamb is seated at God's right hand;
Where ransomed millions in glory stand.
No night is there, neither moon nor sun,
For the light thereof is the Holy One.

We long to sunder these bonds of clay,
And on eagle pinions to soar away;
But we follow our Captain's guiding hand
And journey onward, a pilgrim band.

A few short years and our toil is done—
Our conflict finished—the victory won
We shall lay our cross and our armor down,
For the saintly robe and the kingly crown.



THE ROAD IS SHORT, THE REST IS LONG.

From the German of SACHSE.

COME forth! come on, with solemn song,
The road is short, the rest is long,
The Lord brought here, He calls away;
Make no delay,
This home was for a passing day.

Here in an inn a stranger dwelt,
Here joy and grief by turns he felt;
Poor dwelling, now we close thy door!
The task is o'er,
The sojourner returns no more.

Now of a lasting home possessed,
He goes to seek a deeper rest;
Good night! the day was sultry here,
In toil and fear;
Good night! the night is cool and clear.

Come on, ye bells! again begin,
And ring the Sabbath morning in;
The laborer's week-day work is done,
The rest begun,
Which Christ hath for his people won!

Now open to us, gates of peace!
Here let the pilgrim's journey cease;

Ye quiet slumberers, make room
In your still home,
For the new stranger who has come!

How many graves around us lie!
How many homes are in the sky!
Yes, for each saint doth Christ prepare
A place with care:
Thy home is waiting, brother, there.

Jesus, Thou reignest, Lord, alone,
Thou wilt return, and claim Thine own.
Come quickly, Lord! return again!
Amen! Amen!
Thy seal is ever, now and then!

WITH STEADY FEET THEY PRESS ALONG.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

ON, in the morn's first pleasant smile;
On, in the heat of the blazing noon;
On, when the twilight's shades beguile;
On, 'neath the light of the midnight moon.
Sing they the pilgrims' marching song,
That little band with their banners high,
As with steady feet they press along
To the King's fair palace beyond the sky.

They have left the graves of their loves behind,
Their fairest treasures are buried deep;
Their hopes are scattered by storm and wind,
And tearful watchers their vigils keep:

They have no home 'mid the pastures fair,
No resting place when the dew-drops fall;
But they hasten home, for their rest is there,
And they follow the Master's clarion call.

They go to the bright long-promised land:
Shall this tear-dimmed world steal their hearts away?
They will join the holy angelic band:
Shall the sinful, the faithless, win their stay?
They will dwell amid beautiful fadeless flowers:
Shall the weeds of this desert please their eyes?
They go where love lights the deathless hours:
Should they ever halt 'mid these vanities?

Nay, nay; they peer through the shadows dim,
And see the towers of the Father's home;
They listen, and catch the distant hymn
Which bids them to endless glory come.
On, in the morn's first pleasant smile;
On, in the heat of the blazing noon;
On, when the twilight dews beguile,
Home they press—they will reach it soon.

JESUS, GUIDE OUR WAY.

ARTHUR TOZER RUSSEL.

JESUS, guide our way
To eternal day!
So shall we, no more delaying,
Follow Thee, Thy voice obeying;
Lead us by Thy hand
To our Father's land!

When we danger meet,
Steadfast make our feet!
Lord, preserve us uncomplaining
'Mid the darkness round us reigning!
Through adversity
Lies our way to Thee.

Order all our way
Through this mortal day;
In our toil with aid be near us;
In our need with succor cheer us;
When life's course is o'er,
Open Thou the door!

I SAIL TO THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

E. D. Jackson.

ON! on! through the storm and the billow,
By life's checkered troubles oppress,
The rude deck my home and my pillow,
I sail to the land of the Blest.
The tempests of darkness confound me,
Above me the deep waters roll,
But the arms of sweet Pity surround me,
And bear up my foundering soul.

With a wild and mysterious commotion
The torrent flows, rapid and strong,
Towards a mournful and shadowy ocean
My vessel bounds fiercely along.

Ye waters of gloom and of sorrow,
How dread are your tumult and roar!
But oh, for the brilliant to-morrow
That dawns upon yonder bright shore!

O Pilot the great and the glorious,
That sittest in garments so white,
O'er death and o'er Hell "the Victorious,"
The Way and the Truth and the Light,
Speak, speak to the darkness appalling,
And bid the mad turmoil to cease:
For hark! the good Angels are calling
My soul to the haven of Peace.

Now ended all sighing and sadness,
The waves of destruction all spent,
I sing with the children of gladness
The song of immortal content.
Soar! Spirit, on bounding pinion,
The monarch of endless days;
To JESUS the Prince of dominion
Give honor, and glory, and praise.

O'ERCOME AND REIGN WITH ME.

THOMAS H. GILL.

"To him that overcometh."

WHO, Lord of Glory, will partake
Most largely of Thy bliss?
To whom, sweet Saviour, dost Thou make
Thy sweetest promises?

To him who overcomes, Thy voice
With sevenfold grace doth sound:
He who overcometh shall rejoice,
With sevenfold glory crowned.

Soul! wouldst thou from the battle shrink,
And flee before the foe?
Dost thou beneath the burden sink,
And in the dust lie low?
O! waste not there vain tears and sighs!
The trumpet soundeth clear;
O'ercome, and to my glory rise!
O'ercome, and triumph here!

Wouldst thou a fairer lot require
And lighter tasks essay?
Dost thou a brighter sun desire
And wish a smoother way?
What saith the Master? Overcome
And thou shalt feast with Me,
In Paradise shalt make thy home,
And eat of life's fair tree.

Does earth withhold from thee her smile?
Hast thou no glory here?
Do men reject thee and revile?
What saith thy Saviour dear?
O'ercome, and I will name thy name
Before my Father's throne;
Heaven from my mouth shall hear thy fame
And my true servant own.

Renewéd soul! dost thou aspire
To the glad life above?
The Holy Land dost thou desire,
The Realm of Rest and Love?
For thee it sounds—that Voice Divine
Tells thee the self-same road;
O'ercome, and thou in white shalt shine
And make with Me abode.

Thou yearnest for thy Saviour's breast:
Unto the end o'ercome!
Then on His bosom shalt thou rest;
Then shalt thou smile at home.
The glory will be all thine own:
To thee He speaks, to thee!
O'ercome, and sit upon my throne!
O'ercome, and reign with Me!

THERE'S A SOUND OF FEET IN THE DESERT TRACK.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THERE'S a sound of feet in the desert track—
Eager feet that would not turn back;
That firmly press on, where the thorns are found;
Buoyant feet that are homeward-bound.

There's a sound of song in the twilight dim,
A thrilling sound of a sacred hymn;
And the pilgrims' marching feet keep time
To the measure of that melodious chime!

Alike in the densest shades of night,
And the hottest glare of the noontide light,
On they press up the rough hillside;
On, still on through the valleys wide.

And they scarcely stay where the waters gush;
Scarcely rest in the night's deep hush;
Scarcely gather the flowers around;
Steadily on, move the "homeward-bound."

For their Father's house in the distance lies,
And thither turn the aspiring eyes;
The thought of greetings and welcome there,
Woos them on to its turrets fair.

So cheerily pass the homeward-bound
Through the stranger's land, where griefs abound,
For a little while, and the pilgrim feet
Will rest where the ransomed and holy meet.

I'M GOING HOME.

ANONYMOUS.

HOME! Oh how soft and sweet
It thrills upon the heart!
Home! where the brethren meet,
And never, never part.
I'm going home.

Home! where the Bridegroom takes
The purchase of His love:
Home! where the Father waits
To welcome saints above.
I'm going home.

Yes! when the world looks cold,
Which did my Lord revile,
A lamb within the fold,
I can look up and smile.
I'm going home.

When earth's delusive charms
Would snare my pilgrim feet,
I fly to Jesus' arms,
And yet again repeat,—
I'm going home.

When breaks each mortal tie
That holds me from the goal,
This, this can satisfy
The cravings of my soul,—
I'm going home.

Ah! gently, gently lead
Along the painful way;
Bid every word and deed,
And every look to say,—
I'm going home.

MY FATHERLAND IS YONDER.

From Lyra Germanica.

A PILGRIM here I wander,
On earth have no abode;
My fatherland is yonder,
My home is with my God.
For here I journey to and fro,
There, in eternal rest,
Will God His gracious gift bestow
On all the toil-oppressed.

For what hath life been giving
From youth up till this day,
But constant toil and striving,
Far back as thought can stray?
How many a day of toil and care,
How many a night of tears,
Hath pass'd in grief that none could share,
In lonely anxious fears!

How many a storm hath lighten'd
And thundered round my path!
And winds and rains have frighten'd
My heart with fiercest wrath;
And cruel envy, hatred, scorn,
Have darken'd oft my lot;
And patiently reproach I've borne,
Thongh I deserved it not.

Then through this life of dangers
I'll onward take my way,
For in this land of strangers
I do not think to stay.
Still forward on the road I fare
That leads me to my home.
My Father's comfort waits me there,
When I have overcome.

Ah, yes! my home is yonder,
Where all the angelic bands
Praise Him with awe and wonder,
In whose Almighty hands
All things that are and shall be, lie,
By Him upholden still,
Who casteth down and lifts on high
At His most holy will

That home have I desired;
'Tis there I would be gone;
Till I am well nigh tir'd,
O'er earth I've journey'd on;
The longer here I roam, I find
The less of real joy
That e'er could please or fill my mind,
For all hath some alloy.

Where now my spirit stayeth
It is not her true abode;
This earthly house decayeth,
And she will drop its load,

When comes the hour to leave beneath
What now I use and have,
And when I've yielded up my breath,
Earth gives me but a grave.

But Thou, my joy and gladness,
Jesus, my life and light,
Wilt raise me from this sadness,
This long tempestuous night,
Into the perfect gladsome day,
Where, bathed in joy divine,
Among Thy saints, and bright as they,
I too shall ever shine.

There shall I dwell for ever,
Not as a guest alone,
With those who cease there never
To worship at Thy throne;
There in my heritage I'll rest,
From baser things set free,
And join the chorus of the blest
For ever, Lord, to Thee!



I'M BUT A STRANGER HERE.

F. R. Taylor.

I'M but a stranger here;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my Father-land,
Heaven is my home.

What though the tempest rage,
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last;
Heaven is my home.

There, at my Saviour's side,
I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home,
There, with the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
I shall for ever rest;
Heaven is my home.

Therefore I'll murmur not,
Whate'er my earthly lot;
Heaven is my home.
For I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;—
Heaven is my Father-land,
Heaven is my home.

JESUS LIKE THE MAGNET RAISES.

From SPITTA, Translated by RICHARD MASSIE.

AS a traveller, returning
To his home from some far land,
Thinks of it with bosom yearning,
Ere his foot hath touched the strand;
So amid the noisy pleasures
Of the world, the heart oft sighs
For the nobler higher treasures
Laid up for us in the skies.

All our wish and our endeavor
Is to love and please and choose
Him, who loves us, nor will ever
What is for our good refuse.
When the soul without distraction
Sits and listens at His feet,
Then she finds true satisfaction
And a happiness complete.

Jesus, like the magnet, raises
Our dull spirits to the skies,
And we seem, in prayer and praises,
As on eagles' wings to rise;
Why we feel this strong attraction,
Why we wait for His command
In each thought, and word, and action,
Can the world not understand.

Should our enemies asperse us,
Our dear Lord, who loves us so,
Bids us bless e'en them who curse us,
And to love our greatest foe.
He, who died for our salvation,
And on us hath heaven bestowed,
Wills that by our conversation
We should glorify our God.

Can we have our hearts in heaven,
And yet earthly-minded live?
Can we, who have been forgiven,
Not forget and not forgive?
Can we hate an erring brother,
Only love when we are loved,
And not bear with one another,
By Christ's Holy Spirit moved?

Ah! no hater, or blasphemer,
None who slander and defame,
Can be one with the Redeemer,
Who was gentle as a lamb;

Love will cause assimilation
With the object of our love,
Love will work a transformation,
And renewal from above.

None, O Lord, who are unholy,
Shall thy perfect beauty see;
Teach me to be meek and lowly,
Teach me to resemble Thee.
Keep me from the world unspotted,
That I may not only be
To Thy service here devoted,
But abide in heaven with Thee.

COME LET US GO TO HEAVEN.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

COME, let us go to heaven;—the way
Like darkness, opens into day,
When from the turning-point of night,
Breaks the first beam of morning light.

Come let us go to heaven;—our guide
Is CHRIST who lived, is CHRIST who died,
And rose again; His staff and rod,
Through life and death, will lead to GOD.

Come, let us go to heaven; forsake
Sin, earth, and hell, and gladly take
His easy yoke, His pleasant load,
And brave the dangers of the road.

Come, let us go to heaven;—and press
On through the howling wilderness;
Yet fear not, little flock, though foes
Without, within, your course oppose.

Come, let us go to heaven,—no power,
Not Satan roaring to devour,
Nor all his hosts, can harm, for ye,
Through CHRIST, shall more than conquerors be.

Come, let us go to heaven;—and meet
Once and for ever, round His feet;
Yea, in CHRIST'S kingdom, as His own,
Sit down with Him upon His throne.

Can these things be?—they are, are sure
To all who to the end endure;
While unbelief cries, "can they be?"
Come, let us go to heaven and see.

TO HEAVEN WE MARCH ON.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

COME on, companions of our way,
Who travel to eternal day
Through this poor world of night;
Give to the LORD, in noble songs,
The praise that to His name belongs,
As children of the light.

Call'd out of darkness, by His voice,
Be that clear shining path our choice,
 Which CHRIST our captain trod!
Whether with flowers and fragrance crown'd,
Or thorns and thistle interwound,
 It leads the soul to GOD.

Though pilgrims in a vale of woes,
Thick-strown with snares, and throng'd with foes,
 Since JESUS journey'd through,
Plant but your steps where His have prest
The ground once curst,—that ground now blest
 Is heaven's highway for you.

To heaven, to heaven then march we on,
Go where our conquering LORD hath gone!
 Thus where He *is*, shall we
In joy behold Him face to face,
And, changed by glorifying grace,
 Resemble Him we see.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death,
 And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he;
"Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above

O not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth
And took the flowers away.

THUS I TAKE MY PILGRIMAGE.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

[The antiquated spelling is preserved.]

GIUE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staffe of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of ioye, (immortal diet!)
My bottle of saluation,
My gowne of glory, hope's true gage;
—And thus I take my pilgrimage.
Blood must be my body's balmer,
While my soule, like peaceful palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of heauen:
Other balm will not be giuen.
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar-fountains,
There will I kiss
The bowle of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon euery milken hill:
My soule will be adry before,
But after that will thirst no more.



COME LET US LIFT OUR JOYFUL EYES.

ISAAC WATTS.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame:
Our God appeared consuming fire,
And Vengeance was His name.

Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
That calmed His frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turned the wrath to grace.

Now we may bow before His feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery cherub guards His seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son:
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the Almighty throne.

To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to the eternal King,
That lays His fury by.

AS EAGER TRAVELLER TO THE GOAL.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

AS eager homebound Traveller to the goal,
Or steadfast Seeker on an unsearched main,
Or Martyr panting for an aureole,
My Fellow-pilgrims pass me, and attain
That hidden Mansion of perpetual peace
Where keen desire and hope dwell free from pain:
That Gate stands open of perennial ease;
I view the Glory till I partly long,
Yet lack the fire of love which quickens these.
O passing Angel, speed me with a song,
A melody of Heaven to reach my heart
And rouse me to the race and make me strong;
Till in such music I take up my part,
Swelling those Alleluias full of rest,
One, tenfold, hundredfold, with Heavenly art,
Fulfilling north and south and east and west,
Thousand, ten thousandfold, innumerable,
All blent in one yet each one manifest;
Each one distinguished and beloved as well
As if no second voice in earth or Heaven
Were lifted up the Love of GOD to tell.

Ah, Love of GOD, which Thine own Self hast given
To me most poor, and made me rich in love,
Love that dost pass the tenfold seven times seven,
Draw Thou mine eyes, draw Thou my heart above,
My treasure and my heart store Thou in Thee.
Brood over me with yearnings of a dove;
Be Husband, Brother, closest Friend to me;
Love me as very mother loves her son,
Her sucking firstborn, fondled on her knee:
Yea, more than mother loves her little one;
For earthly even a mother may forget,
And feel no pity for its piteous moan;
But Thou, O Love of GOD, remember yet,
Through the dry desert, through the waterflood,
(Life, Death), until the great White Throne is set.
If now I am sick in chewing the bitter cud
Of sweet past sin, though solaced by Thy Grace,
And oft-times strengthened by Thy Flesh and Blood.
How shall I then stand up before Thy Face,
When from Thine Eyes repentance shall be hid
And utmost Justice stand in Mercy's place:
When every sin I thought, or spoke, or did,
Shall meet me at the inexorable Bar,
And there be no man standing in the mid
To plead for me; while star fallen after star
With Heaven and earth are like a ripened shock,
And all time's mighty works and wonders are
Consumed as in a moment; when no rock
Remains to fall on me, no tree to hide,
But I stand all creation's gazing-stock,
Exposed and comfortless on every side,

Placed trembling in the final balances
Whose poise this hour, this moment, must be tried?
Ah, Love of GOD, if greater Love than this
Hath no man, that a MAN die for His Friend,
And if such Love of Love Thine own Love is,
Plead with Thyself, with me, before the end;
Redeem me from the irrevocable past;
Pitch Thou Thy Presence round me to defend;
Yea, seek with piercéd Feet, yea, hold me fast
With piercéd Hands—Whose Wounds were made by Love;
Not what I am, remember what Thou wast
When darkness hid from Thee Thy Heavens above,
And sin Thy FATHER'S Face, while Thou didst drink
The bitter Cup of Death, didst taste thereof
For every man: while Thou wast nigh to sink
Beneath the intense, intolerable rod,
Grown sick of Love: not what I am, but think
Thy Life then ransomed mine, my GOD, my GOD.

COME LET US OUR JOURNEY PURSUE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigor arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.
Of heavenly birth, though wandering on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

At Jesus' call we gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus' sake, our enjoyments below.
No longing we find for the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above:—

A country of joy without any alloy;
We thither repair;
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's here!

The rougher the way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies:
The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come
Shall help to the rescue, and hasten us home.

BRETHREN, WHILE WE SOJOURN HERE.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, Come home."

In the way a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart:
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon in glory be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, Come home."

But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, Come home."

THE WEARY ONES REST, FORGETTING THEIR WOE.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THEY have struggled away from the city of tears,
They have broken the bands that had bound them too long,
They have shaken off fetters that held them for years,
They are learning the notes of the heavenly song.

With firm step and rapid they march up the hill,
And keen eyes that look for the city of light,
Only halting awhile by the bright sparkling rill,
And dreaming of ladders to heaven by night.

They wake with the pilgrim's strong staff in their hands,
And gird on their armor, and cheerfully go
Where eternal suns shine on the holier lands,
And the weary ones rest them, forgetting their woe.

Faint echoes have come from the far golden shore,
Foreshadowing pictures have gladdened their eyes,
And, glad for the fatherland lying before,
They reck not if gloom clothe the winter's cold skies.

With the seal of the kingdom engraved on each brow,
And with hearts that are restless till resting at home,
They are pilgrims and strangers all sorrowful now,
But shall reign with the King when to Zion they come.

KNOW YE THE LAND AND THE WAY?

From the German, by C. T. Brooks.

KNOW ye the land? Oh! not on earth it lies
For which the heart in hours of trouble sighs;
Where flows no tear, no sorrow mars the song,
The good are happy, and the weak are strong.
Know ye the land?
The goal, the goal,
O friends, is there! Press on with heart and soul.

Know ye the way, the rough and thorny road?
The wanderer groans beneath his painful load;

He faints—he sinks; in dust he lifts his eyes;
"How long, O Lord?" the weary pilgrim sighs.
Know ye the way?
It tends, it tends
To that blest land where every torment ends.

Know ye the Friend, a man, a child of earth,
Yet more, far more than all of human birth?
That rough and thorny road his feet have trod;
Well can he guide poor pilgrims home to God.
Know ye the Friend?
His hand, his hand
Conducts us safely to our native land.

COME, ARISE, I AM THE WAY.

THOMAS B. READ.

A WEARY, wandering soul am I,
O'erburdened with an earthly weight,
A pilgrim through the world and sky,
Toward the celestial gate.

Tell me, ye sweet and sinless flowers
Who all night gaze upon the skies,
Have ye not in the silent hours
Seen aught of Paradise?

Ye birds, that soar and sing, elate
With joy, that makes your voices strong,
Have ye not at the golden gate
Caught somewhat of your song?

Ye waters, sparkling in the morn,
 Ye seas, which glass the starry night,
Have ye not from the imperial bourn
 Caught glimpses of its light?

Ye hermit oaks and sentinel pines,
 Ye mountain forests old and grey,
In all your long and winding lines,
 Have ye not seen the way?

O moon, among thy starry bowers,
 Know'st thou the path the angels tread?
Seest thou beyond thy azure towers
 The shining gates dispread?

Ye holy spheres, that sang with earth
 When earth was still a sinless star,
Have the immortals heavenly birth
 Within your realms afar?

And thou, O sun, whose light unfurls
 Bright banners through unnumbered skies,
Seest thou among thy subject worlds
 The radiant portals rise?

All, all are mute; and still am I
 O'erburdened with an earthly weight,
A pilgrim through the world and sky,
 Towards the celestial gate.

No answer, wheresoe'er I roam,
 From skies afar no guiding ray;
But hark! the voice of Christ says, "Come,
 Arise, I am the way."

IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

IT is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

THY WAY, NOT MINE.

HORATIUS BONAR.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot:
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine: so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health,
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

JESUS, STILL LEAD ON.

From the German of Count Zinzendorf

JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our fatherland.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us:
For through many a foe
To our home we go.

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,

When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

THROUGH NIGHT TO LIGHT.

From the German of KOSEGARTEN.

THROUGH night to light. And though to mortal eyes
Creation's face a pall of horror wear,
Good cheer, good cheer! The gloom of midnight flies;
Then shall a sunrise follow, mild and fair.

Through storm to calm. And though his thunder-car
The rumbling tempest drive through earth and sky,
Good cheer, good cheer! The elemental war
Tells that a blessed healing hour is nigh.

Through frost to spring. And though the biting blast
Of Eurus stiffen nature's juicy veins,
Good cheer, Good cheer! When winter's wrath is past,
Soft murmuring spring breathes sweetly o'er the plains.

Through strife to peace. And though with bristling front
A thousand frightful depths encompass thee,
Good cheer, good cheer! Brave thou the battle's brunt,
For the peace march and song of victory.

Through sweat to sleep. And though the sultry noon,
With heavy, drooping wing, oppress thee now,
Good cheer, good cheer! The cool of evening soon
Shall lull to sweet repose thy weary brow.

Through cross to crown. And though thy spirit's life
Trials untold assail with giant strength,
Good cheer, good cheer! Soon ends the bitter strife,
And thou shalt reign in peace with Christ at length.

Through woe to joy. And though at morn thou weep
And though the midnight find thee weeping still,
Good cheer, good cheer! The Shepherd loves His sheep;
Resign thee to the watchful Father's will.

Through death to life. And through this vale of tears,
And through this thistle-field of life, ascend
To the great supper in that world whose years
Of bliss unfading, cloudless, know no end!

IS THIS THE WAY, MY FATHER?

IS this the way, My Father? 'Tis, My child;
Thou must pass through this tangled, dreary wild
If thou wouldst reach the city undefiled,
Thy peaceful home above.

But enemies are round. Yes, child, I know
That where thou least expect'st thou'lt find a foe;
But victor thou shalt prove o'er all below:
Only seek strength above.

My Father, it is dark! Child, take My hand,
Cling close to Me; I'll lead thee through the land:
Trust My all-seeing care; so shalt thou stand
'Midst glory bright above.

My footsteps seem to slide! Child, only raise
Thine eye to Me; then in these slippery ways
I will hold up thy goings; thou shalt praise
Me for each step above.

O Father, I am weary! Child, lean thy head
Upon My breast. It was My love that spread
Thy rugged path. Hope on, till I have said,
"Rest, rest for aye, above."

* * *

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

J. G. Von Salis, Translated by H. W. Longfellow.

INTO the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand:
Who leads us with a gentle hand,
Thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls! The future's pledge and band!
Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted,
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

DOES THE ROAD WIND UP-HILL ALL THE WAY?

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yes, beds for all who come.

PILGRIMS OF EVERY LAND AND CLIME.

HORATIUS BONAR.

NOT from Jerusalem alone
To heaven the path ascends.
As near, as sure, as straight the way
That leads to the celestial day,
From farthest realms extends,—
Frigid or torrid zone.

What matters how or whence we start?
One is the crown to all;
One is the hard but glorious race,
Whatever be our starting-place.
Rings round the earth the call
That says, Arise, depart!

From the balm-breathing, sun-loved isles
Of the bright Southern Sea,
From the dead North's cloud-shadowed pole,
We gather to one gladsome goal,—
One common home in thee,—
City of sun and smiles!

The cold rough billow hinders none,
Nor helps the calm, fair main;

The brown rock of Norwegian gloom,
The verdure of Tahitian bloom,
The sands of Mizraim's plain,
Or peaks of Lebanon.

As from the green lands of the vine,
So from the snow-wastes pale,
We find the ever open road
To the dear city of our God,—
From Russian steppe, or Burman vale,
Or terraced Palestine.

Not from swift Jordan's sacred stream
Alone we mount above;
Indus or Danube, Thames or Rhone,—
Rivers unsainted and unknown,—
From each the home of love
Beckons with heavenly gleam.

Not from grey Olivet alone
We see the gates of light;
From Morven's heath, or Jungfrau's snow,
We welcome the descending glow
Of pearl and chrysolite,
And the unsetting sun.

Not from Jerusalem alone
The church ascends to God;
Strangers of every tongue and clime,
Pilgrims of every land and time,
Throng the well-trodden road
That leads up to the throne.

TAKE UP THY CROSS AND FOLLOW ME.

THE way seems long, dear Leader: and my feet
Are weary, pressing oft these thorns: 'twere sweet,
Methinks, to rest: this heavy cross remove:
Thou surely need'st not thus my love to prove.
"Rest not, weak heart, nor lay thy burden down:
For earth's short rest would lose thy heavenly crown."

The way is dark, dear Leader; mists arise
That hide Thy blessed presence from my eyes:
I stumble on this lonely mountain wild:
O loving Father! spare me, spare thy child.
"Dost hear my voice? Then follow as I bade:
Thou'rt safe if firm on Me thy trust is stayed."

But I am faint, dear Leader: and I sink;
My steps are well-nigh gone; upon the brink
I helpless fall: put forth thy mighty power,
And save me, loving Father, in this hour.
"Drink freely of the brook that floweth by;
Then lift thy head,—thy Leader still is nigh."

And must it thus, dear Leader, ever be?
And may we here no resting-place e'er see?
Though faint and weary, light or dark the way,
Press forward e'en to reach heaven's blessed day?
"Enough that as the Master thou shouldst live:
Faithful to death, thou shalt the crown receive."

Onward, dear Jesus! Safely by Thee led,
Faint, yet pursuing, still the path I'll tread:
Gird me with strength, then all my prayer shall be,
"Father, e'en so; it seemeth good to thee;
"And, as my days Thy strength shall ever be,
While heaven's eternal glory awaiteth me!"

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

Ascribed to HARBAUGH, an English author.

HAVE you heard of the tale of the Aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime,
By humble growth of a hundred years,
It reaches its blooming time;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Bursts into a thousand flowers;
This floral green, in its beauty seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers,
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies?

Have you further heard of this Aloe plant,
That grows in the sunny clime!
How every one of its thousand flowers,
As they fall in the blooming time,
Is an infant tree that fastens its roots
In the place where they fall to the ground,
And fast as they drop from the dying stem,
Grow lively and lovely around?
By dying it liveth a thousandfold,
In the young that springs from the death of the old.

Have you heard the tale of the Pelican,
The Arab's Gimel El Bahr!
That lives in the African solitudes,
Where the birds that live lonely are?
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
And toils and cares for their good?
It brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the sea for their food;
In famine it feeds them, what love can devise!
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the Swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake?
It noiselessly floats on the silver wave,
It silently sits on the brake—
For it saves its song till the close of life,
And then in the calm still even,
'Mid the golden rays of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars to Heaven.
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies,
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

You have heard these tales, shall I tell you one,
A greater and better than all—
Have you heard of Him whom the Heavens adore,
And before whom the hosts of them fall?
How He left His choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and pain of the cross,
And die for the life of His foes?
O Prince of the noble! O Saviour Divine!
What sorrow or sacrifice equal to Thine?

Have you heard of this tale—the best of them all,
The tale of the Holy and True?
He dies—but His life now in untold souls,
Springs up in the world anew—
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth,
As the stars fill the sky above—
He taught us to give up the love of life,
For the sake of the life of love—
His death is our life—His life is our gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all.
Our Saviour has told us the seed that would grow,
Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
And pass from the sight and die away,
And then will the fruit appear.
The grain that seems lost in the earth below,
Will return manifold in the ear.
By death comes life—by loss comes gain;
Heaven's joy for the tear—heaven's peace for the pain!



MISCELLANEOUS.

Verily there is a reward for the righteous.—Ps. 58 : 11.

Thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.—Luke 14 : 14.

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.—Matt. 13 : 43.

Wherefore comfort one another with these words.—1 Thess. 4 : 18.



MISCELLANEOUS.

A GOLDEN STRING.

W. Blake.

I GIVE you the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

HOW LONG, O LORD?

Helen L. Parmlee.

FOR us, the conflict and the toil,
The sickness and the pain;
For them—the wiping of the tears
Which shall not flow again.
For us, the path o'ergrown with thorns
And darkness round our way;
For them—the golden streets of heaven
And God's eternal day!

IN SOME HOUR OF SOLEMN JUBILEE.

S. T. Coleridge.

IN some hour of solemn jubilee
The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth come, in fragments wild,
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies—
And odors snatched from beds of amaranth,
And dews that from the crystal river of Life
Spring up on freshened wing, ambrosial gales!
The favored good man in his lonely walk
Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks
Strange bliss. which he shall recognize in Heaven.

JESUS MY HOPE OF HEAVEN.

AH! I shall soon be dying
Time swiftly glides away;
Bnt, on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day.

The day when I must enter
Upon a world unknown;
My helpless soul I venture
On Jesus Christ alone.

He once, a spotless victim,
Upon Mount Calvary bled;
Jehovah did afflict Him,
And bruise Him in my stead.

Hence all my hope arises,
Unworthy as I am;
My soul most surely prizes
The sin-atoning Lamb.

To Him by grace united,
I joy in Him alone;
And now, by faith, delighted,
Behold Him on His throne.

There He is interceding
For all who on Him rest;
The grace from Him proceeding
Shall waft me to His breast.

There with the saints in glory
The grateful song I'll raise,
And chant my blissful story
In high, seraphic lays.

DAYBREAK.

R. H. Dana.

"The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun rising: the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang."—*The Pilgrim's Progress.*

NOW, brighter than the host that all night long,
In fiery armor up the heavens high
Stood watch, thou comest to wait the morning's song,
Thou comest to tell me day again is nigh.
Star of the dawning, cheerful is thine eye;
And yet in the broad day it must grow dim.
Thou seem'st to look on me, as asking why
My mourning eyes with silent tears do swim;
Thou bid'st me turn to God, and seek my rest in Him.

"Canst thou grow sad," thou say'st. "as earth grows bright,
And sigh, when little birds begin discourse
In quick, low voices, ere the streaming light
Pours on their nests, as spring from day's fresh source?
With creatures innocent thou must perforce
A sharer be, if that thine heart be pure.
And holy hour like this, save sharp remorse,
Of ills and pains of life must be the cure,
And breathe in kindred calm, and teach thee to endure."

I feel it calm. But there's a sombrous hue
Along that eastern cloud of deep dull red;
Nor glitters yet the cold and heavy dew;
And all the woods and hilltops stand outspread
With dusky lights, which warmth nor comfort shed.
Still—save the bird that scarcely lifts its song—
The vast world seems the tomb of all the dead—
The silent city emptied of its throng,
And ended, all alike, grief, mirth, love, hate, and wrong.

But wrong, and hate, and love, and grief, and mirth,
Will quicken soon; and hard, hot toil and strife,
With headlong purpose, shake this sleeping earth
With discord strange, and all that man calls life.
With thousand scattered beauties nature's rife,
And airs, and woods, and streams breathe harmonies;
Man weds not these, but taketh art to wife;
Nor binds his heart, with soft and kindly ties:
He feverish, blinded; lives, and feverish, sated, dies.

And 'tis because man useth so amiss
Her dearest blessings, Nature seemeth sad;
Else why should she in such fresh hour as this
Not lift the veil, in revelation glad,
From her fair face? It is that man is mad!
Then chide me not, clear star, that I repine
When nature grieves: nor deem this heart is bad.
Thou look'st towards earth; but yet the heavens are thine,
While I to earth am bound: When will the heavens be mine?

If man would but his finer nature learn,
And not in life fantastic lose the sense
Of simpler things; could Nature's features stern
Teach him be thoughtful; then, with soul intense,
I should not yearn for God to take me hence,
But bear my lot, albeit in spirit bowed,
Remembering humbly why it is, and whence:
But when I see cold man, of reason proud,
My solitude is sad—I'm lonely in the crowd.

But not for this alone, the silent tear
Steals to mine eyes, while looking on the morn,
Nor for this solemn hour: fresh life is near;
But all my joys! they died when newly born.
Thousands will wake to joy: while I, forlorn,
And, like the stricken deer, with sickly eye,
Shall see them pass. Breathe calm—my spirit's torn;
Ye holy thoughts, lift up my soul on high!
Ye hopes of things unseen, the far-off world bring nigh!

And when I grieve, oh! rather let it be
That I, whom Nature taught to sit with her
On her proud mountains, by her rolling sea;
Who, when the winds are up, with mighty stir
Of woods and waters, feel the quickening spur
To my strong spirit; who, as mine own child,
Do love the flower, and in the ragged burr
A beauty see; that I this mother mild
Should leave and go with care, and passions fierce and wild!

How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft
Shot 'thwart the earth! In crown of living fire
Up comes the Day! As if they conscious quaffed
The sunny flood, hill, forest, city, spire
Laugh in the wakening light. Go, vain Desire!
The dusky lights have gone: go thou thy way!
And pining Discontent, like them, expire!
Be called my chamber, PEACE, when ends the day;
And let me with the dawn, like PILGRIM, sing and pray!

COME TO ME DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

COME to me, dreams of heaven!
My fainting spirit bear
On your bright wings, by morning given,
Up to celestial air.

Away—far, far away,
From bowers by tempests riven!
Fold me in blue, still, cloudless day,
O blessed dreams of heaven!

Come but for one brief hour,
Sweet dreams, and yet again
O'er burning thoughts and memory shower
Your soft, effacing rain!

Waft me where gales divine
With dark clouds ne'er have striven;
Where living founts forever shine,
O blessed dreams of heaven!

ON THIS SIDE SION'S HILL.

[In the Life of the Rev. Andrew Fuller, the following hymn is referred to, as being a favorite of that eminent man during the latter pensive years of his life, and especially as being often repeated while pacing his room in the agonies of his last illness. The authorship is unknown.]

I SOJOURN in a vale of tears,
Alas, how can I sing?
My harp doth on the willows hang,
Distuned in every string.
My music is a captive's-chain;
Harsh sounds my ears do fill;
How shall I sing sweet Sion's song,
On this side Sion's hill?

Yet lo! I hear a joyful sound;
"Surely I quickly come!"
Each word much sweetness doth distil,
Like a full honeycomb.
And dost thou come, my dearest Lord?
And dost thou surely come?
And dost thou surely, quickly come?
Methinks I am at home.

Come, then, my dearest, dearest Lord,
My sweetest, surest friend;
Come, for I loathe these Kedar tents;
Thy fiery chariots send.

What have I here? My thoughts and joys
Are all packed up and gone;
My eager soul would follow them
To Thine eternal throne.

What have I in this barren land?
My Jesus is not here;
Mine eyes will ne'er be blest until
My Jesus doth appear.
My Jesus is gone up to heaven,
To get a place for me;
For 't is His will that where he is
There should His servants be.

Canaan I view from Pisgah's top,
Of Canaan's grapes I taste;
My Lord, who sends unto me here,
Will send for me at last.
I have a God that changeth not,
Why should I be perplext?
My God that owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.

Go fearless, then, my soul, with God,
Into another room;
Thou, who hast walkéd with him here,
Go see thy God at home.
View death with a believing eye;
It hath an angel's face;
And this kind angel will prefer
Thee to an angel's place.

The grave seems but a 'fining pot
Unto believing eyes;
For there the flesh shall lose its dross,
And like the sun shall rise.
The world, which I have known so well,
Hath mocked me with its lies;
How gladly could I leave behind
Its vexing vanities!

My dearest friends, they dwell above;
Them will I go and see;
And all my friends in Christ below
Will soon come after me.
Fear not the trump's earth-rending sound,
Dread not the day of doom;
For He that is to be thy Judge,
Thy Saviour is become.

Blest be my God, that gives me light,
Who in the dark did grope;
Blest be my God, the God of love,
Who causeth me to hope.
Here the words, signet, comfort, staff,
And here is grace's chain;
By these, Thy pledges, Lord, I know
My hopes are not in vain.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

I HAVE a home above,—2 Cor. v. 1
From sin and sorrow free;—Rev. xxii. 3
A mansion which eternal love—John xiv. 2
Designed and formed for me.—Matt. xxv. 34

My Father's gracious hand—Eph. i. 3
Has built this sweet abode,—Heb. ix. 16
From everlasting it was planned,—Eph. i. 11
My dwelling-place with God.—Exod. xv. 17

My Saviour's precious blood—Heb. xi. 11, 12
Has made my title sure;—Heb. xi. 14
He passed through death's dark raging flood—Ps. xlii.
To make my rest secure.—Heb. x. 15

The Comforter is come,—Acts ii. 2, 4
The Earnest has been given;—Eph. i. 13, 14
He leads me onward to the home—Rom. viii. 14
Reserved for me in heaven.—1 Pet. i. 4, 5

Bright angels guard my way;—Heb. i. 14
His ministers of power,—Ps. ciii. 20
Encamping round me night and day,—Ps. xxxi.
Preserve in danger's hour.—2 Kings iv. 16, 19

Loved ones are gone before,—1 Thess. iv. 14
Whose pilgrim days are done;—Heb. xi. 13
I soon shall greet them on that shore—1 Thess. ii. 19
Where partings are unknown.—1 Thess. iv. 17

But more than all I long—Exod. xxxiii. 18
HIS glories to behold,—John xvii. 24
Whose smile fills all that radiant throng—Ps. iv. 7
With ecstasy untold.—1 Cor. ii. 6

That bright yet tender smile—Num. iv. 25, 26
(My sweetest welcome there)—Matt. xxv. 34
Shall cheer me through the "little while"—John xiv. 18, 19.
I tarry for Him here.—1 Thess. i. 10

Thy love, Thou precious Lord,—S. Song i. 2
My joy and strength shall be,—John xv. 10, 11
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word—S. Song ii. 10
That bids me rise to Thee.—S. Song ii. 13

And then through endless days,—Ps. cxlv. 2
Where all Thy glories shine,—Rev. xxi. 23
In happier, holier strains I'll praise—Rev. v. 9, 10
The grace that made me Thine.—Eph. ii. 8

Before the great I AM,—Ex. iii. 14
Around His throne above,—Rev. xiv. 3
The song of Moses and the Lamb—Rev. xv. 3
We'll sing with deathless love.—S. Song viii. 7

THE SPIRIT GLEAMS.

SARAH L. RUSSELL.

YE come to me, in midnight dreams,
Oh glorious thoughts of heaven;
And glorious are the spirit-gleams,
That to my soul are given
Of that fair clime, across whose sky,
No storm-clouds ever sweep;
Where grief ne'er dims the radiant eye,
And none are seen to weep.

Ye come to me amid the care,
That clouds the weary day,
And far from earth's polluted air,
Ye waft my soul away.
And when some grief beyond control
Has bowed me unto earth,
Ye whisper to my fainting soul,
Of its immortal birth.

Still come the tenderest thoughts of thee
When evening hours creep on,
And sad, regretful memory,
Recalls the loved and gone.
And though these mortal eyes no more
Their cherished forms may see,
Yet somewhere on thy radiant shore
I know they wait for me.

Like fragrant zephyrs, from the shore
 Of some far ocean isle,
Ye pass my fainting spirit o'er,
 And every care beguile.
Oh when the dews of death hang chill
 Upon my dying brow,
Sweet thoughts of heaven, be with me still
 And cheer my heart as now.

THAT BEAUTIFUL WORLD!

WE'RE going home, we've had visions bright
 Of that holy land, that world of light,
Where the long, dark night of time is past,
And the morn of eternity dawns at last;
Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
But dwell in a happy, peaceful home:
Where the brow with sparkling gems is crown'd,
And the waves of bliss are flowing round.
 Oh, that beautiful world! oh, that beautiful world!

We're going home, we soon shall be
Where the sky is clear, and all are free!
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plains,
And the seraph's anthems blend with its strains;
Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,
And beams on a world that is fair and good;
Where stars, once dimm'd at nature's doom,
Will ever shine o'er the new earth's bloom.
 Oh, that beautiful world! oh, that beautiful world!

'Mid the ransom'd throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
Mid the holy city's gorgeousness ;
Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angels' cheer,
'Mid the saints that round the throne appear ;
Where the conqueror's song, as it sounds afar,
Is wafted on the ambrosial air ;
Through endless years we then shall prove
The depth of a Saviour's matchless love.
Oh, that beautiful world ! oh, that beautiful world !

CHRIST IN HEAVEN.

WHEN on my new-fledged wings I rise
To tread those shores beyond the skies,
What object first should meet my eyes,
And where should I begin my joys ?
I'll run through every golden street
And ask each blissful soul I meet,
Where is the God whose praise ye sing ?
O lead me, stranger, to your King !

SAINTS COMMUNING IN HEAVEN.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH.

OFT in my mansion would some elder saint
(For dignity was there humility)
Linger and tell his story, or ask mine ;
Or I would listen from an infant's lip
A tale of such delightsomeness as poured

New meaning into words henceforth. And oft
A group of the beautified, enlink'd
In all the bonds of holy lineage,
Would cluster underneath the trees of life,
One eye kindling another, one deep thought
Waking another thought, and this another,
Until all bosoms overflow'd with love,
And all perforce would hasten to the throne,
And at their Father's footstool pour their hearts
In one full tide of rapture forth.

Sweet was the intercourse of saint with saint;
Nor less of saints with angels. Now appear'd
The lustrous promise which ordain'd at first
That in Messiah's Bridal, angelhood
Should find its perfected felicity:
Whether rejoicing in the Bridegroom's joy;
Or drinking in the beauty of the Bride;
Or with some ward, as Oriel oft with me
Retracing in astonish'd retrospect,
How good from evil, light from darkness sprang
By counsel of All-wise, Almighty love.

DEGREES IN HEAVEN.

Bishop MANT.

IF loftier posts superior state declare;
More virtuous acts if ampler meeds requite;
If brightest crowns on noblest prowess light,
And well-sown fields a fuller harvest bear;

If thrones, dominions, princedoms, powers there are
 Which God's inferior hosts excel in might,
 If day's bright orb outshine the lamp of night.
And Hesper's radiance the remotest star:
Then shall the younger brethren of the sky,
 If right I scan the records of their fate,
In varied ranks of social harmony
 God's mount encircle. Glorious is the state
E'en of the lowest there: but seats more nigh
 The Sovereign's throne His greater servants wait.

DESCRIPTION OF HEAVEN.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH.

BEFORE us now it rose, builded aloft
 Upon the heavenly Zion. Never eye
Of mortal man had seen, nor ear had heard,
Though ravish'd with the distant fame thereof,
Glory like this; the handiwork of God,
And fashion'd of heaven's choice material, light,
Through which the Light of Light translucent shone:
The mansion of Creation's Architect;
The palace of the Everlasting King:
Its gates of pearl, its edifice of gold;
Its very streets of pure crystalline gold;
Its walls on twelve foundations superposed
(Of which divine realities the earth
Can only lend its feeble semblances),
The jasper streak'd with many a tender dye,
The sapphire of celestial blue serene,

The agate once Chalcedon's peerless boast,
The fathomless repose of emerald,
The ruby, and blood-tinctured sardonyx,
The chrysolite like amber sheathing fire,
The beryl emulous of ocean's sheen,
The opal-tinted topaz clear as glass,
The soft pale purple of the chrysoprase,
The Melibœan hyacinth, and last
The lucid violet of amethyst.
But not of pearly gates, or golden streets,
Or bulwarks, or foundations built of jewels
Thought we that day, or linger'd to admire;
For we were on our way to meet our God.

The city had no temple; for itself
From wall to wall, from base to pinnacle,
Was one harmonious veilless sanctuary,
One Holiest of all: of which the shrine
Reveal'd amid the clouds of Sinai
Yielded the earliest pattern. This the house
Which Israel's royal seer in symbol saw,
And by the Spirit's hand on his described.
This the beloved apostle, rapt in spirit
To some high watch among the lasting hills,
Beheld. Most blessed, beatific sight!
Here veil'd in radiant clouds, clouds only call'd
From the supreme of brightness they enfolded,
Was set the throne of Majesty in heaven.
In front seven ever-burning lamps of fire,
Which are the Spirits of God: and round about
Mysterious cherubim, instinct with eyes,
Fourfold in glory, symbolized in forms

Of lion-like imperial royalty,
Of patient sacrificial ministry,
Of human, more than human sympathy,
Of soaring eagle-plumed intelligence,
Most highest of all creatures, whereof each
Caught and reflected some peculiar rays,
Some distinct aspect of his Lord; but all
Uniting in one everlasting song,
Cried, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord of hosts."
And here around were four-and-twenty thrones
In wider circuit, like a starry belt,
And on them four-and-twenty hierarchs
In priestly apparel, but with kingly crowns,
Sitting sublime. And in mid view, behold,
What seem'd the likeness of a sea of glass.
But not on glassy sea, or royal priests,
Or cherubim of glory gazed we then;

PARADISE IN A SYMBOL.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

GOLDEN-WINGED, silver-winged,
Winged with flashing flame,
Such a flight of birds I saw,
Birds without a name:
Singing songs in their own tongue
(Song of songs) they came.

One to another calling,
Each answering each,
One to another calling

In their proper speech:
High above my head they wheeled,
Far out of reach.

On wings of flame they went and came
With a cadenced clang,
Their silver wings tinkled,
Their golden wings rang,
The wind it whistled through their wings
Where in Heaven they sang.

They flashed and they darted
Awhile before mine eyes,
Mounting, mounting, mounting still
In haste to scale the skies—
Birds without a nest on earth,
Birds of Paradise.

Where the moon riseth not,
Nor sun seeks the west,
There to sing their glory
Which they sing at rest,
There to sing their love-song
When they sing their best:

Not in any garden
That mortal foot hath trod,
Nor in any flowering tree
That springs from earthly sod,
But in the garden where they dwell,
The Paradise of GOD.

THE LAND TO WHICH I'M GOING.

WHEN the death-dews dim my eyes,
And my bosom panting lies,
Ebbing life's receding sighs
Shorter, fainter growing;
Ere my spirit breaks her way,
Through her prison-walls of clay,
Into realms of endless day—
The land to which I'm going.

May the dear familiar band
Of weeping friends that round me stand,
Watching the decreasing sand,
Fast and faster flowing,
Chant some low strain, blending well
With the solemn passing bell,
Of the holy home to tell;—
The land to which I'm going.

Let them sing "Thy Saviour, guide,
For thy guilty sake that died,
Even now is by thy side,
Comfort-thoughts bestowing.
Angelic forms their arms extend,
And smileth many a long-lost friend
Glad welcome to thy journey's end--
The land to which thou'rt going.

Then, as the burden of their song
In faint sweet cadence dies along,
One happy, radiant look among
That group of mourners throwing;—
Just as they faded from my view,
I fain would breathe one fond adieu,
Till in that land we meet anew—
The land to which I'm going.

THEY ARE NOT DEAD.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."

"There is no death,—what seems so, is Transition."

I CANNOT feel them dead,
Those loved ones in the sky!—
To leave the paths that mortals tread,
And soar where seraph feet are led,
O'er sapphire pavements overhead,—
Sure this is not to die!

To go, with pleasant dreams,
To rest beneath Death's wave,—
And wake where flow immortal streams,—
Where everything in sunshine gleams,—
Amid the bright Shekinah's beams!—
Is not to find a grave!

To slumber 'neath the sod,—
Like flowers at Frost-King's breath,—
Then bursting from his icy rod,

Shake off the valley's cumb'ring clod,
And rise all beautified to God!—
This does not seem like death!

How can it e'er be said
Of those who live on high?—
When the dark river round them spread,
They meekly bowed their waiting head,
And laid it on a downy bed!—
But Christians do not die!

They only go to rest,—
As goes the bird and bee;—
They wake the white-robed angels' guest!—
Like them in wedding garments drest,—
With them to share the banquet blest
Of immortality!

Oh! no,—they are not dead!
For Christians cannot die!—
But if like them we patient tread
The hidden path where they were led,—
I know a voice all truth hath said,
We'll meet them by-and-by!

THE CHARMER.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

["*Socrates.*—'However, you and Simmias appear to me as if you wished to sift this subject more thoroughly, and to be afraid, like children, lest on the soul's departure from the body, winds should blow it away.'

"Upon this, Cebes said, 'Endeavor to search us better, Socrates. . . Perhaps there is a childish spirit in our breast, that has such a dread. Let us endeavor to persuade him not to be afraid of death, as of hobgoblins.'

"'But you must *charm* him every day,' said Socrates, 'until you have quieted his fears.'

"'But whence, Oh Socrates,' he said, 'can we procure a skilful charmer for such a case, now *you* are about to leave us.'

"'Greece is wide, Cebes,' he replied, 'and in it surely there are skilful men, and there are also many barbarous nations, all of which you should search, seeking such a charmer, sparing neither money nor toil, as there is nothing on which you can more reasonably spend your money.'"—*Last conversation of Socrates with his disciples, as narrated by Plato in the Phaedo.*]

WE need that CHARMER, for our hearts are sore,
With longings for the things that may not be,
Faint for the friends that shall return no more,
Dark with distrust, or wrung with agony.

What is this life? and what to us is death?
Whence came we? whither go? and where are those
Who, in a moment, stricken from our side,
Passed to that land of shadow and repose?

Are they all dust? and dust must we become?
Or are they living in some unknown clime?
Shall we regain them in that far-off home,
And live anew beyond the waves of time?

O Man divine!—on Thee our souls have hung,
Thou wert our teacher in these questions high,
But ah! this day divides Thee from our side,
And veils in dust Thy kindly guiding eye.

Where is that CHARMER, whom thou bid'st us seek?
On what far shores may His sweet voice be heard?
When shall these questions of our yearning souls
Be answered by the bright Eternal Word?

So spake the youth of Athens, weeping round
When Socrates lay calmly down to die;
So spake the sage, prophetic of the hour
When earth's fair Morning Star should rise on high.

They found Him not, those youths of soul divine,
Long seeking, wandering, watching on life's shore—
Reasoning, aspiring, yearning for the light,
Death came and found them—doubting as before.

But years passed on—and lo! the CHARMER came—
Pure, silent, sweet, as comes the silver dew,—
And the world knew him not—he walked alone—
Encircled only by his trusting few.

Like the Athenian sage rejected, scorned,
Betrayed, condemned, his day of doom drew nigh,
He drew his faithful few more closely round,
And told them that *his* hour was come to die.

"Let not your heart be troubled," then He said;
My father's house hath mansions large and fair;
I go before you to prepare your place;
I will return to take you with me there.

And since that hour the awful Foe is charmed,
 And life and death are glorified and fair.
Whither He went we know—the way we know—
 And with firm step press on to meet Him there.

THE ALPINE SHEPHERD.

Mrs. Maria Lowell.

AFTER our child's untroubled breath
 Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
 Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round with us to weep
 Her little spirit's swift remove,
This story of the Alpine sheep
 Was told to us by one we love :—

" They, in the valley's sheltering care,
 Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
 The shepherd strives to make them climb,

" To airy shelves of pastures green,
 That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
 And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

" But naught can tempt the timid things
 That steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
 And seared below the pastures lie,—

"Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
Then, heedless of the lifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rocks and snow.

"And in those pastures lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed."

This parable, by nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south-wind free
O'er frozen brooks that float unsheathed
From icy thraldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the good shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the stony way.

Holding *our* little lamb asleep;
And, like the burden of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "*Arise, and follow me.*"

VIEW OF HEAVEN.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH.

FOR we were on our way to meet our God,
Children about to see their Father's face.
. But at last

It seem'd as rising from the sapphire throne
Messiah led us forth at large to view
The city Himself had builded and prepared
After His Father's counsel for His Bride,
A city, or a temple, or a home,
Or rather all in one. Enrich'd it was
With every exquisite design of love,
And every form of beauty. Not a film
Stain'd its bright pavement of transparent gold;
Not a harsh murmur vex'd its silences,
Or with the melodies of angels jarr'd.
No cloud darken'd its empyrean. Joy
Held court here in its own metropolis.
And through the midst the crystal river flow'd
Exhaustless from the everlasting throne,
Shaded on either side by trees of life
Which yielded in unwearying interchange
Their ripe vicissitude of monthly fruits
Amid their clustering leaves medicinal;
Of fruits twelve manner: for eternity,
Measured by ages limitless to man,
Has intervals and periods of bliss
And high recurring festivals that stand
On the sidereal calends mark'd in light.
Through these celestial groves the Lamb of God
Led us delighted. Every sight and sound
Ravish'd the sense: and every loving heart
Reflected joy to joy and light to light,
Like crystals in a cave flashing with fire,
And multiplied our bliss a million-fold.
O blessed royal priesthood! priests and kings
Under the Great High Priest and Prince of Peace,

Who now in tender grace assign'd to each
His priestly abode within the House of God
(So Solomon around his temple built
The chambers for its stated ministries),
Where each might be alone with God, or mix
In converse with his fellow-saints at will,
Adorn'd with those peculiar gifts He knew,
Who knows us better than we know ourselves,
Would gratify those tastes and feelings most
Himself had planted: delicate delights;
If little, loving from their littleness,
Which nought but Love could ever have devised;
If rich and large, more precious from the love
That gave them than from excellence or cost;
The bounties of a Father's thoughtfulness,
The tokens of the Bridegroom's tenderness.
Gifts of the Spirit and with His love instinct.

DESIRING HEAVEN.

L. Hartsough.

LET me go where saints are going,
To the mansions of the blest;
Let me go where my Redeemer
Has prepared His people's rest.
I would gain the realms of brightness,
Where they dwell for evermore;
I would join the friends that wait me,
Over on the other shore.

Let me go; 'tis Jesus calls me;
Let me gain the realms of day;
Bear me over, angel pinions;
Longs my soul to be away.

Let me go where none are weary—
Where is raised no wail of woe;
Let me go and bathe my spirit
In the raptures angels know.
Let me go, for bliss eternal
Lures my soul away, away,
And the victor's song triumphant
Thrills my heart; I cannot stay.

Let me go; why should I tarry?
What has earth to bind me here?
What but cares and toils and sorrows?
What but death and pain and fear?
Let me go, for hopes most cherished,
Blasted round me often lie,
O! I've gathered brightest flowers,
But to see them fade and die.

Let me go where tears and sighing
Are for evermore unknown,
Where the joyous songs of glory
Call me to a happier home.
Let me go—I'd cease this dying,
I would gain life's fairer plains,
Let me join the myriad harpers,
Let me chant their rapturous strains.

Let me go, O speed my journey,
 Saints and seraphs lure away,
O! I almost feel the raptures
 That belong to endless day.
Oft methinks I hear the singing
 That is only heard above,
Let me go, O! speed my going,
 Let me go where all is love.

DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

Mrs. F. D. Hemans.

DREAM'ST thou of heaven?—what dreams are thine,
 Fair child, fair, gladsome child,
With eyes that like the dew-drop shine,
 And bounding footsteps wild?

Tell me what hues the immortal shore
 Can wear, my bird, to thee,
Ere yet one shadow hath passed o'er
 Thy glance and spirit free?

"O, beautiful is heaven and bright,
 With long, long summer-days;
I see its lilies gleam in light,
 Where many a fountain plays.

"And there, unchecked, methinks I rove,
 And seek where young flowers lie,
In vale and golden-fruited grove,
 Flowers that are not to die!"

Thou poet of the lonely thought,
Sad heir of gifts divine!
Say, with what solemn glory fraught
Is heaven in dreams of thine?

"O, where the living waters flow
Along that radiant shore,
My soul, a wanderer here, shall know
The exile-thirst no more.

"The burden of a stranger's heart,
Which here along I bear,
Like the night-shadow shall depart,
With my first wakening there.

"And, borne on eagles' wings afar,
Free thought shall claim its dower,
From every realm, from every star,
Of glory and of power."

O woman! with the soft, sad eye
Of spiritual gleam,
Tell me, of those bright worlds on high,
How doth thy fond heart dream?

By thy sweet, mournful voice I know,
On thy pale brow I see,
That thou hast loved in fear and woe;
Say, what is heaven to thee?

"O, heaven is where no secret dread
May haunt love's meeting hour;
Where from the past no gloom is shed
O'er the heart's chosen bower;

"Where every severed wreath is bound;
Where none have heard the knell
That smites the heart with that deep sound,
Farewell, beloved—farewell."

EMPLOYMENT IN HEAVEN.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH.

SERVICE there is rest,
Rest, service: for the Paradise of saints,
Like Eden with its toilless husbandry,
Has many plants to tend, and flowers to twine,
And fruit trees in the garden of the soul,
That ask the culture of celestial skill.
Some wander'd amid vines and flowery meads,
And from the grateful lips of angels learn'd
More virtues than he knew who spake of trees
From cedars to the hyssop on the wall.
Some perfected their skill in dance and song,
With lyre or lute accompanied, and made
These woods and valleys vocal with sweet sounds,
Sweeter than those which from a thousand birds
Fill Vallombrosa's vale in spring-time. Here
It was perpetual spring. Some clomb with ease,
Swift as the winds, the everlasting hills,
And from their summit bathed in light survey'd
The glorious landscape. Some in silence mused:
Heaven has its calm unbroken solitudes
For prayer and lonely meditation meet.
And some in clusters, walking or recline,

Heard from an elder saint or guardian spirit
The awful story of the past, or bent
Over the mystic chart of prophecy,
Brother to brother saying, "It is done.
The day-spring is at hand."

ENTERING HEAVEN.

HERE is no bootless quest;
The city's name is Rest;
Here shall no fear appall;
Here love is all in all;
Here shalt thou win thy ardent soul's desire;
Here clothe thee in thy beautiful attire.
Lift, lift thy wondering eyes!
Yonder is Paradise,
And this fair shining band
Are spirits of that land!
And these that throng to meet thee are thy kin,
Who have awaited thee, redeemed from sin!
The city gates unfold; enter, O enter in!

EPITOME OF HEAVEN.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH.

ZION is our home;
Jerusalem, the city of our God.
O happy home! O happy children here!
O blissful mansions of our Father's house!

O walks surpassing Eden for delight!
Here are the harvests reap'd once sown in tears;
Here is the rest by ministry enhanced:
Here is the banquet of the wine of heaven,
Riches of glory incorruptible,
Crowns, amaranthine crowns of victory,
The voice of harpers harping on their harps,
The anthems of the holy cherubim,
The crystal river of the Spirit's joy,
The Bridal palace of the Prince of Peace,
The Holiest of Holies—God is here.

ESTIMATE OF HEAVEN.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

WHAT a poor value do men set on heaven!
Heaven, the perfection of all that can
Be said, or thought, riches, delight, or harmony,
Health, beauty; and all this not subject to
The waste of time; but in their height eternal;
Lost for a pension or a poor spot of earth,
Favor of greatness, or an hour's faint pleasure,
As men, in scorn of a true flame that's near,
Shall run to light their tapers at a glow-worm.

LAND IN SIGHT.

[The old commander drew near the end of the eventful voyage of life, and became too feeble to hold any connected conversation; he said to the friends who gathered about his dying bed, in the impressive language of the sea, "Land in sight." Once more, just before he expired, he was asked how he now felt, and if Christ was still precious to him. He replied faintly, "Let go the anchor," fell back upon his pillow, and died.]

LAND in sight,
The glorious land of light!
E'en now its pearly gates my eyes behold,
Adorned with jewels rare,
Oh, sight most wondrous fair!
And streets with pavements all of shining gold.

Land in sight,
The glorious land of light!
E'en now its happy, sainted throng I see,
And on my eager ear,
Full, sweet, and rising clear,
Swells the glad tide of holy harmony.

Land in sight,
The glorious land of light!
There sits the Holy One, once crucified,
Who all our sufferings bore
When human flesh he wore
And shed for us his blood, a crimson tide.

Upon the strand
Of the bright, better land,

My anchor cast secure within the veil,
Oh, blest and heavenly soil,
No pain, nor care, nor toil,
Nor load of sin thy children ere bewail.

The stream is past,
Heaven's portal gained at last!
Never again, my soul, from Christ to roam.
Shout thou through endless days
His great and endless praise,
Who brought the captive exile safely home.



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THE END.

NOTICES

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